DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
PITTSBURGH PA.

Collier's

OCTOBER 2, 1953 • FIFTEEN CENTS

FICTION EVENT OF THE YEAR

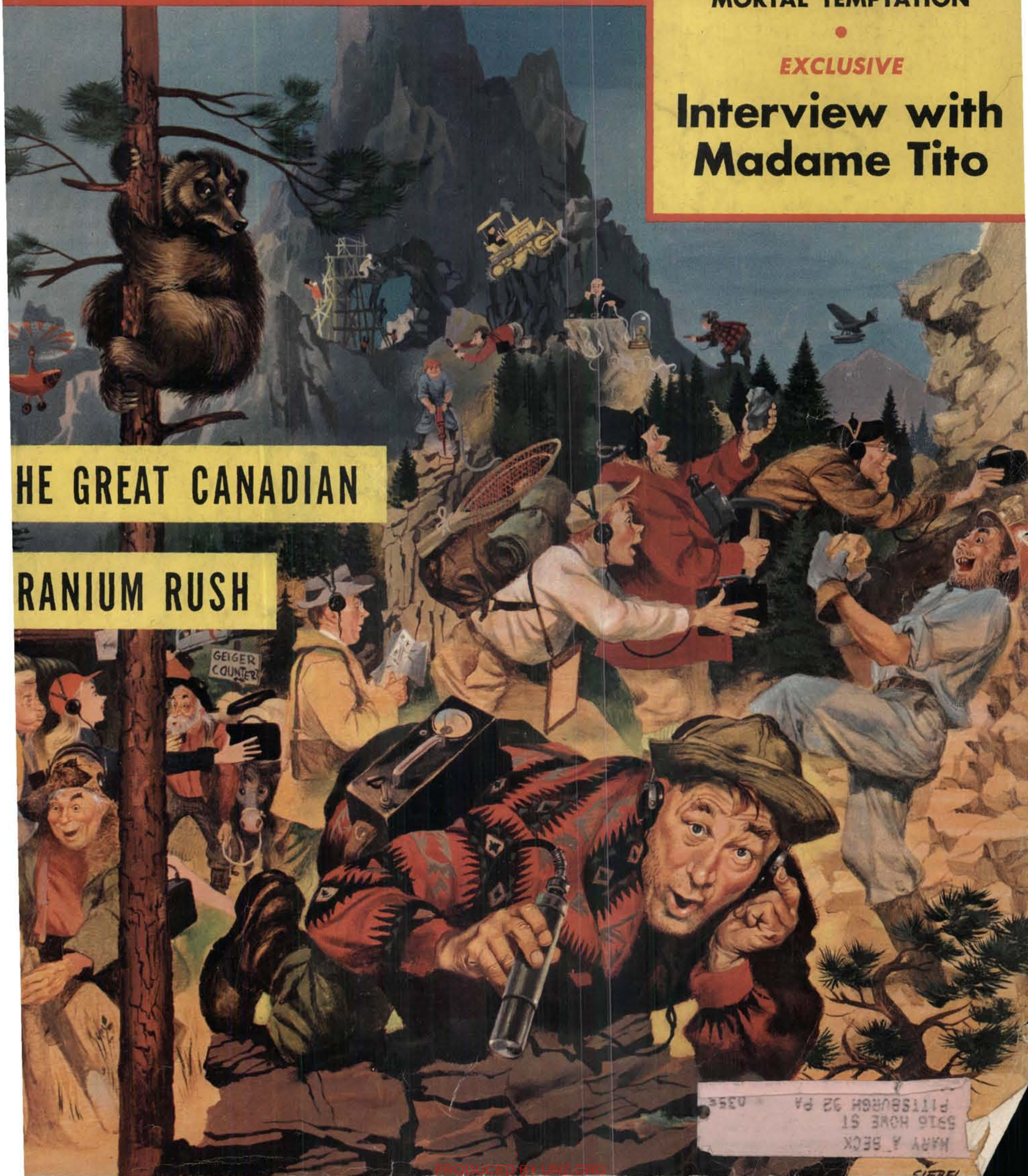
The Shadows Of the Images

A POWERFUL STORY OF MORTAL TEMPTATION

•

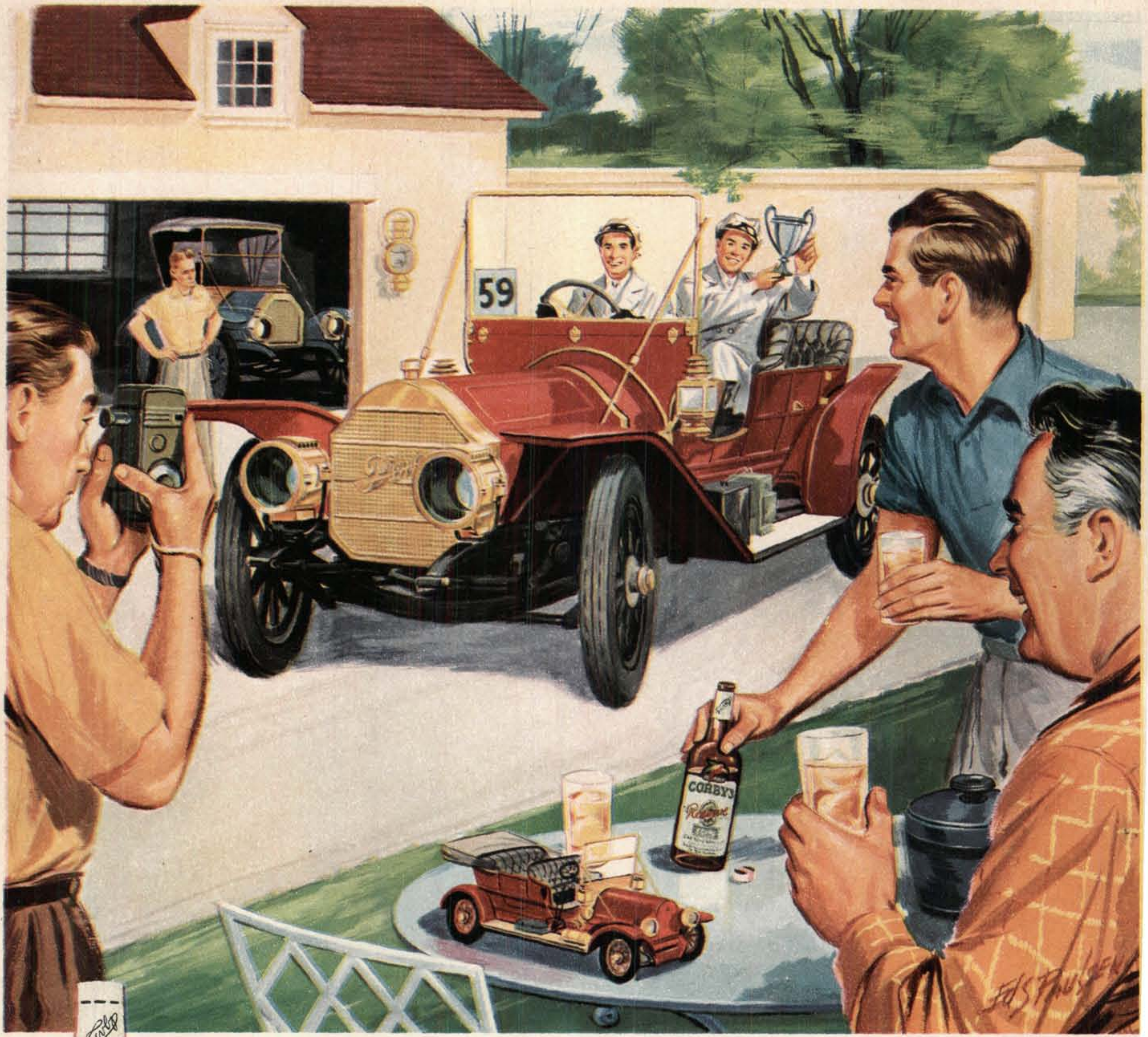
EXCLUSIVE

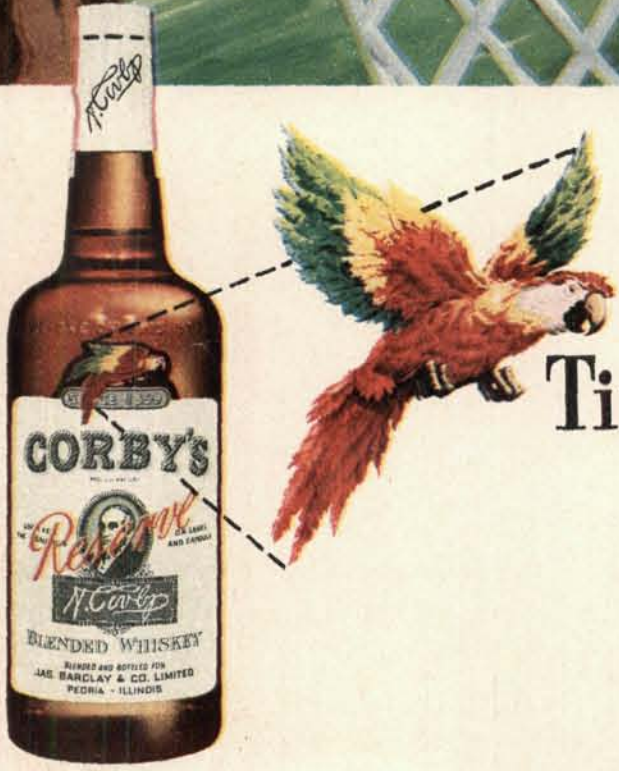
Interview with Madame Tito



HE GREAT CANADIAN RANIUM RUSH

MARY A BECK
5916 HOWE ST
PITTSBURGH 32 PA


59
CORBY'S
Reserve

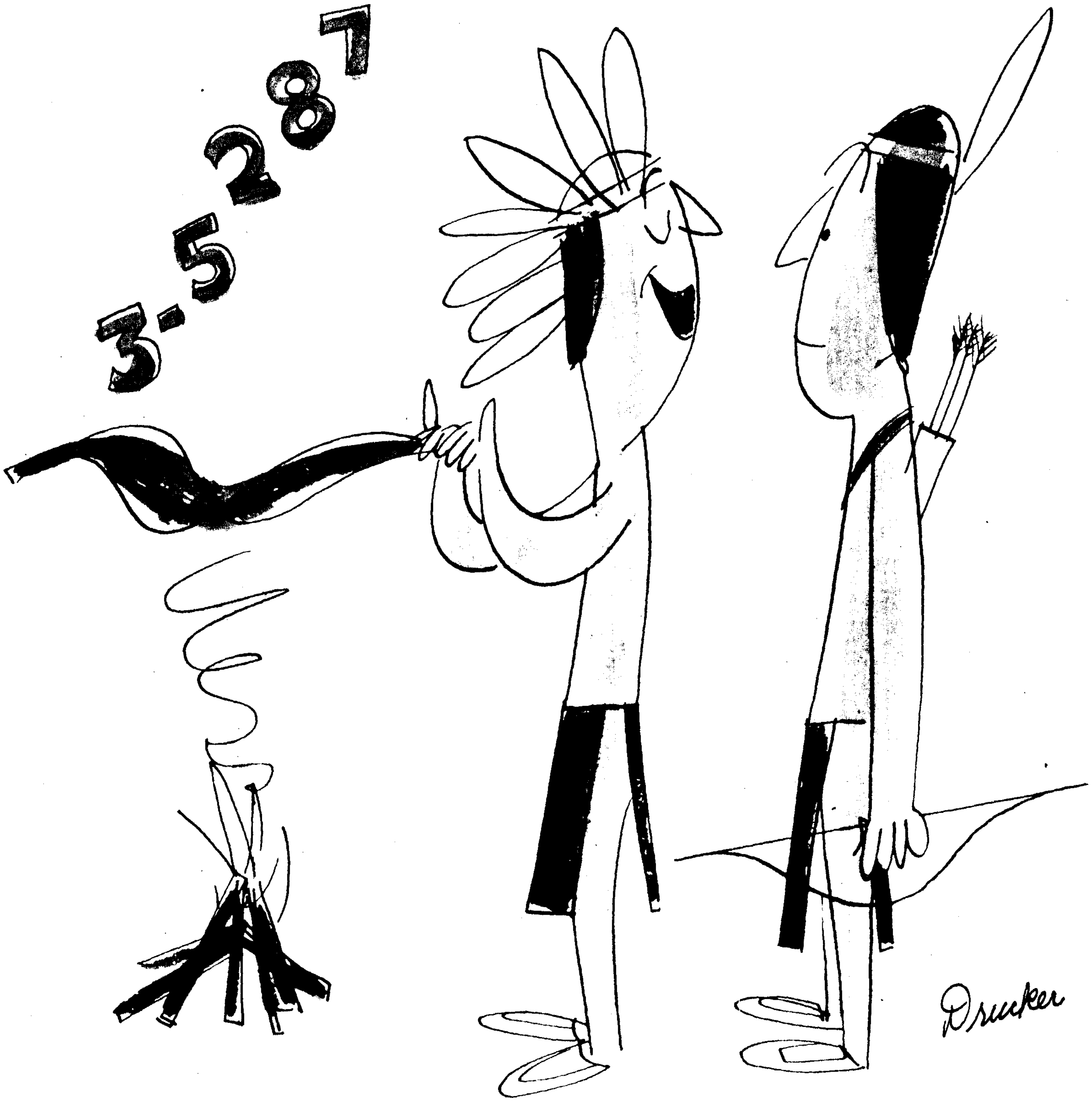

CORBY'S
Reserve
N. Corby
BLENDED WHISKEY
BLENDED AND BOTTLED FOR
JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LIMITED
PEORIA · ILLINOIS

Look for the parrot on every bottle of Corby's!

Time to say CORBY'S

Next time the occasion calls for a sociable drink, say "Corby's" and know real pleasure. The parrot on the bottle will tell you that it's Corby's. The smooth, unvarying quality will tell you that you've made a find. Here is one of America's best-liked whiskeys —at home and in the nation's bars and taverns.

RESERVE BLENDED WHISKEY—86 PROOF—68.4% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS—©1953 JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LIMITED, PEORIA, IL



"CHIEF SAY CALL BY NUMBER BEST WAY!"

CALLS GO THROUGH FASTER WHEN YOU CALL BY NUMBER

You save time on out-of-town calls when you give the Long Distance operator the number you want.

So here's a helpful hint. Write down the out-of-town numbers you already know. If there's a new number you don't have—or an old one you may have forgotten—be sure to add it to the list when the operator gives it to you.

Would you like an attractive booklet for your telephone numbers? Just ask your local Bell Telephone Company.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

LOCAL *to serve the community.* NATIONWIDE *to serve the nation.*

Outdates Messy Oils

V-7

New Vitalis
Grooming Agent
is Greaseless

VITALIS
Grooms the Hair
Prevents Dryness
Stimulates the Scalp
BRISTOL-MYERS CO

Keep Your Hair Neat All Day this New Greaseless Way!

No animal, mineral or vegetable oil in new Vitalis. It keeps your hair neat with V-7, new greaseless grooming discovery. Never a gummy film or "oil-slick" look!

Prevents Hair Dryness

What's more, Vitalis gives you special protection from annoying dryness. New laboratory findings show that even excessively dried-out hair gets back its normal moisture content *faster* with Vitalis than with any other leading hair tonic. Try new Vitalis!

NEW, FINER
VITALIS®
Hair Tonic with V-7
Product of Bristol-Myers

Collier's

OCTOBER 2, 1953

ALBERT E. WINGER
Chairman of the Board

CLARENCE E. STOUCH
President

EDWARD ANTHONY
Publisher

ROGER DAKIN
Editor

GORDON MANNING
Managing Editor

RICHARD CHAPLIN
Assistant Publisher

DAVID MANESS
Assistant Managing Editor

ELEANOR STIERHEM MACMAN
Fiction Editor

WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN
Art Director

JAMES A. QUIGNEY
Photo Editor

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
JEROME BEATTY, JR.
WARREN BROWN
SEY CHASSLER
HOWARD COHN
ARTHUR C. FIELDS
EVELYN HARVEY
DIANA HIRSH
HOMER JENKS
JERRY KORN
JOHN C. PELLEW
CORNELIUS RYAN
JAMES THRASHER
GURNEY WILLIAMS

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
WALTER DAVENPORT
BILL DAVIDSON
HELEN WORDEN ERSKINE
CHARLOTTE KNIGHT
JOHN LEAR
TOM MEANY
BILL STAPLETON
FRANCIS WALLACE
ELIZABETH WOODY

EDITORIAL ASSOCIATES
BARBARA BLAKEMORE
ROBERT BLINN
JEAN B. CAMPBELL
JOHN CONCANNON
EARL FULTZ
ALFRED M. LANSING
RONALD OLIPHANT
ROGER PIPPETT
LOUIS SARDELLA
JANET SHEPS
CHARLES SMITH
MARTHA WEINMAN

EDITORIAL RESEARCH
ROSANNE McVAY, *Research Chief*
MADELIN ALK
DOROTHY D. BENNETT
LEE CAMPBELL
DIANE DOWNS
ALAN M. LEVENSOHN
JOHN NEWHOUSE

●

FRANKLIN C. LORANGER, *Proofroom*
DOROTHY HINZ
MARTIN IMER
FRANKLIN C. REILEY

BUREAUS

WASHINGTON
JAMES C. DERIEUX, *Chief*
TODD WRIGHT

WEST COAST
THEODORE STRAUSS, *Chief*
ROBERT CAHN
JOHN FLOREA

MIDWEST (Chicago)
BILL FAY

FAR EAST (Tokyo)
PETER KALISCHER

ARTICLES

THE SOLDIER WHO MARRIED THE DICTATOR . . . . Helen Worden Erskine 24
ANYONE FOR KNUCKLE BALLS? . . . . Tom Meany 28
CANADA'S GREAT URANIUM RUSH . . . . Bill Stapleton 32
WHAT DO WE DO NOW ABOUT RED CHINA? . . . . . . Ernest A. Gross 54
TOOTSIE ROLE. 60
THE ENGINEERS—THEY HAVE NO FEARS. . . . . Karl Schriftgiesser 64
MIXING THE MAMBO . . . . Collier's Color Camera 82
"IT'S TOUGH, VERY TOUGH, TO BUCK THE SYSTEM" . . . . Albert Deutsch 84
(Continuing The Plight of the Honest Cop)
THE MEN NOBODY WANTED . . . . Bill Fay 90

SHORT STORIES

THE HUSBAND WHO WOULDN'T WAKE UP . . . . Lee Rogow 10
(The Short Short Story)
WHY TELL YOUR WIFE . . . . Victor Wolfson 42
THE LONG OUT . . . . Charles Einstein 48
THE ADVENTURE OF THE RED WIDOW . . . . Adrian Conan Doyle 107
(Another new Sherlock Holmes Story)

SERIALS

THE SHADOWS OF THE IMAGES . . . . William E. Barrett 21
(Part One of Five Parts)
SILVER ROCK (Conclusion) . . . . Luke Short 72

FEATURES

COLLIER'S CREDITS . . . . Gurney Williams 8
48 STATES OF MIND . . . . Walter Davenport 14
NOISE . . . . Martha Blanchard 16
LETTERS. 18
EDITORIALS 112

THE COVER . . Frederick Siebel

There's a new kind of hunter prowling through the wilderness of Canada these days. From the Arctic Circle to the United States border, the woods are full of eager-eyed prospectors armed with Geiger counters, their quarry the most important mineral of the atomic era—uranium. Our neighbor to the north is experiencing a bonanza, twentieth-century style, and fabulous tales of new-found wealth have been drifting back across the border. Collier's Bill Stapleton, equipped with camera and notebook, recently headed northward to see the phenomenon for himself. His colorful report starts on page 32

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT
204 West High Street, Springfield, Ohio

EDITORIAL and EXECUTIVE OFFICES
640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

COLLIER'S, Vol. 132, No. 9.

PUBLISHED by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N.Y. Albert E. Winger, Chairman of the Board; Clarence E. Stouch, President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, Edward Anthony, E. P. Seymour, John W. McPherrin, Wm. A. Sittig, William A. H. Birnie, Paul C. Smith, Shepard Spink, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer.

COPYRIGHT, 1953, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A. Sold simultaneously in the United States and Canada. Copyright under International Copyright Convention. All Rights Reserved. Printed in U.S.A.

TITLE "COLLIER'S" Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: United States and Possessions, Canada and Philippine Islands, 1 year (26 issues) $3.50; 2 years (52 issues) $6.00; 3 years (78 issues) $8.00; 4 years (104 issues) $10.00. Pan-American countries in the Postal Union, 1 year $4.50. All other countries, 1 year $7.50. Payments from foreign countries, except Canada, must be in United States funds, and addressed to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company. Springfield. Ohio.

ENTERED as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield. Ohio. under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

MANUSCRIPTS or art submitted to Collier's should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.

THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY
Publishers of COLLIER'S, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

BALANCE is important in DIABETES, too . . .

IN A WAY, the skillful performer on the tight wire and people with diabetes have certain things in common.

The performer depends principally on proper balance and control to accomplish his difficult act. Likewise, diabetics must be equally concerned with balance and control . . . if they are to live nearly normal, active lives.

The three essential factors which diabetics must keep in proper balance are diet, exercise, and insulin.

1. Diet is a vital part of the treatment of every diabetic. In many mild cases, *especially when diabetes is discovered early*, diet alone can control the disease.

2. Exercise, or active work, is also important in the treatment of diabetes, because it helps to increase the ability of the body to use sugars and starches.

3. Insulin does not cure the disease, but it has often given diabetics a new lease on life. Insulin enables diabetics to utilize food and convert it into energy in a normal way.

New and different types of insulin, which vary in speed and duration of action, now make possible more effective control of diabetes. Many research studies are now under way to learn more about the chemistry of insulin and how it is used by the body. These and other investigations will probably bring an increasingly hopeful outlook for most diabetics.

When diagnosed early, diabetes is easier to control, and serious complications can often be avoided. Fortunately, diabetes can be readily detected by having a urinalysis . . . preferably with your periodic health examination. This usually permits its discovery before the appearance of typical symptoms, such as: *excessive hunger or thirst, frequent urination, loss of weight, or constant fatigue.*

No one should neglect regular medical examinations . . . particularly *overweight people who are past 40 and also those with a family history of diabetes.*

Metropolitan's booklet, called "Diabetes," tells how diabetics can usually live practically normal, active lives. It also includes facts about the progress made by medical science in the treatment of diabetes, and information which may be helpful in guarding against this disease.

[illegible]

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

1 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

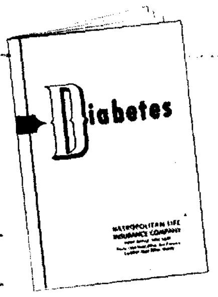
Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.
1 Madison Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of your booklet, 1153-C.

Name________________________

Street________________________

City________________ **State**____________



The commuter and the conductor agree: "it's wright for me!"

The commuter: "Oops, sorry about the feet. I was just admiring my Wright Arch Preservers."

The conductor: "Don't blame you a bit. And they *feel* as good as they look!"

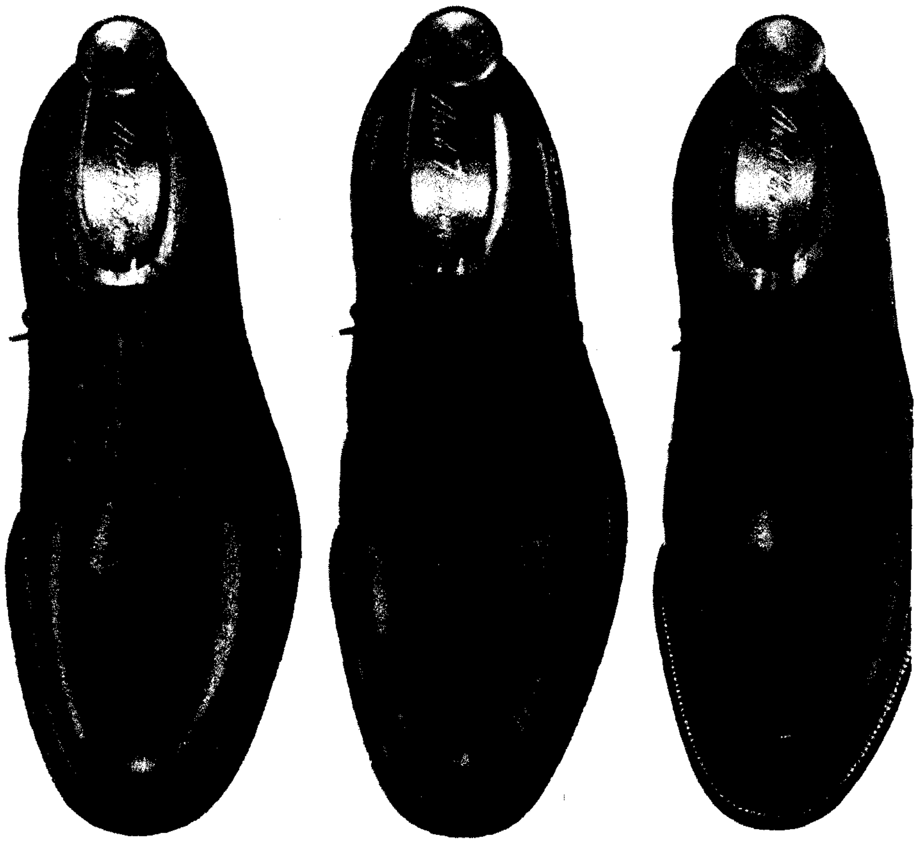
The commuter: "So you're a Wright man, too! Wonderful shoes, aren't they?"

Wonderful shoes indeed—these Wright Arch Preservers. They're handsome, yes. As smartly styled as the finest shoes you ever wore. The difference is *inside.* In the hidden construction features no other shoes have. Try on a pair soon. Your nearest Wright Arch Preserver shoe store is listed in the classified telephone book.

E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Rockland, Massachusetts.

wright arch preserver shoes

9 out of 10—
buy them again!



PLAIN TOE IN DEEP-STAINED AMBER SCOTCH GRAIN. ALSO AVAILABLE IN BLACK OR BROWN CALF.

NARROW BROGUE IN DEEP-STAINED AMBER SCOTCH GRAIN. ALSO AVAILABLE IN BLACK OR BROWN CALF.

CUSTOM MOCCASIN IN HA
STAINED AMBER VEAL. ALSO AV
ABLE IN BLACK CALF.

FOR WOMEN, SELBY SHOE CO., FOR BOYS, GERBERICH-PAYNE, IN CANADA, FOR MEN, SCOTT-McHAL

The Literary Guild's Greatest Offer in 26 Years

ANY THREE

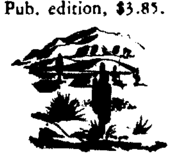
(Value up to $24.95 in publishers' editions)

$2.00

IF YOU JOIN THE LITERARY GUILD NOW

OF THESE GREAT BOOKS—YOURS FOR ONLY

THE SILVER CHALICE *by Thomas B. Costain.* A towering novel of adventure, love, faith and passion with literature's greatest theme—the birth of Christianity! By America's best-loved story-teller. Pub. edition, $3.85.



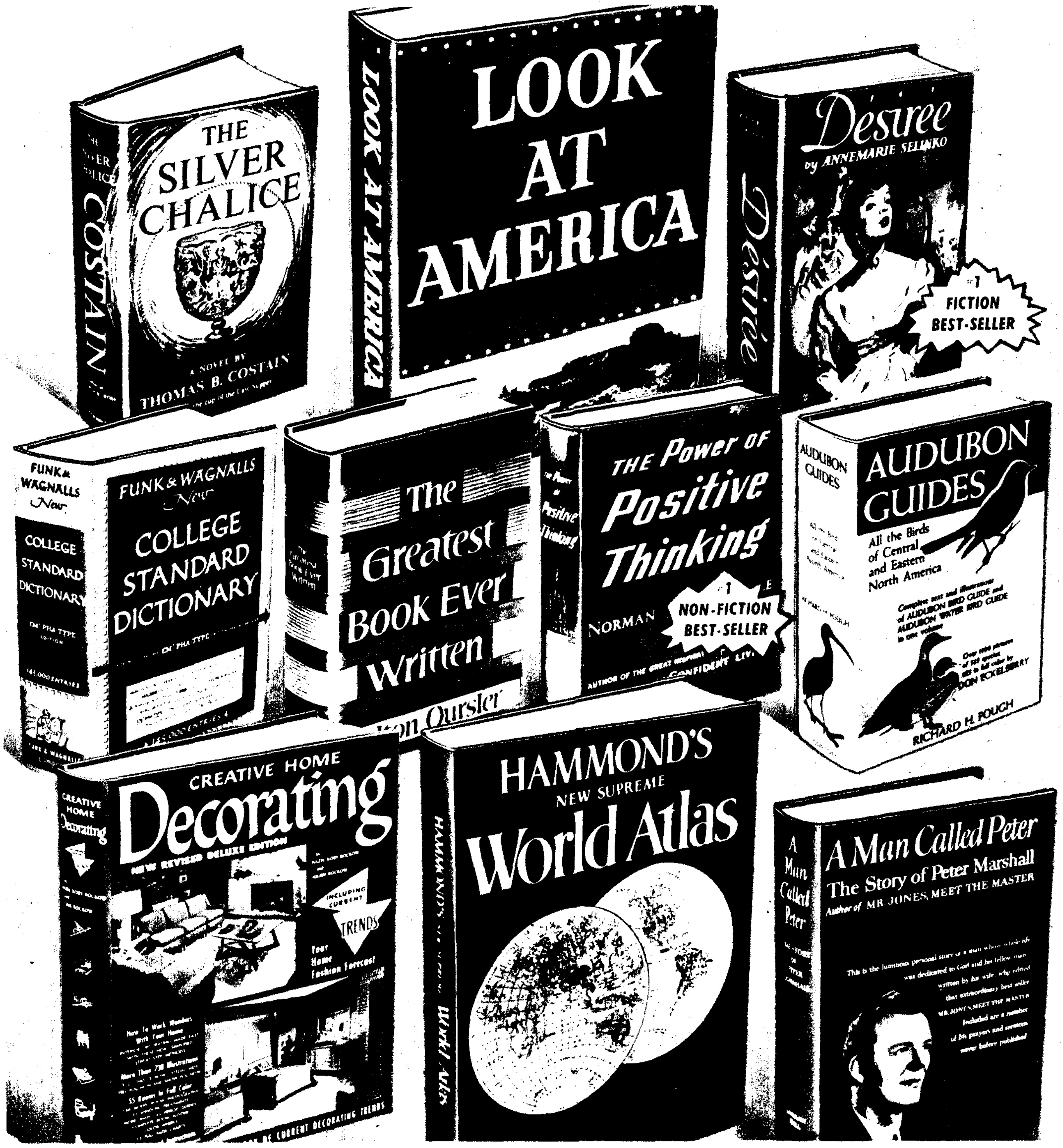
LOOK AT AMERICA *by the Editors of* Look. Here is *your* America in a monumental pictorama! Almost 500 thrilling pictures, many pages in gorgeous color. Exciting text. Size is 9" x 12"! Orig. pub. edition, $12.50.

First Basically Different Dictionary in a Decade!

Funk & Wagnalls COLLEGE STANDARD DICTIONARY. The big word guide containing 145,000 entries, over 1,000 illustrations and featuring the famous EM'•PHA•TYPE system everybody likes so much! Pub. edition, $5.50.

THE GREATEST BOOK EVER WRITTEN *by Fulton Oursler.* A reverent retelling of the Old Testament—the story of Adam and all the Biblical immortals in simple, beautifully-written narrative form. Pub. edition, $3.95.

CREATIVE HOME DECORATING *by the Rockows.* Work wonders with this new, revised manual! Covers latest trends; contains 700 pictures, dozens of charts and "show-how" rooms. *Step-by-step* methods. Pub. edition, $5.95.


THE SILVER CHALICE
A NOVEL BY THOMAS B. COSTAIN
COSTAIN
LOOK AT AMERICA
Désirée by ANNEMARIE SELINKO
#1 FICTION BEST-SELLER
FUNK & WAGNALLS New COLLEGE STANDARD DICTIONARY
The Greatest Book Ever Written
Fulton Oursler
THE Power OF Positive Thinking
NORMAN VINCENT PEALE
#1 NON-FICTION BEST-SELLER
AUDUBON GUIDES
All the Birds of Central and Eastern North America
RICHARD H. POUGH
CREATIVE HOME Decorating
NEW REVISED DELUXE EDITION
INCLUDING CURRENT TRENDS
HAMMOND'S NEW SUPREME World Atlas
A Man Called Peter
The Story of Peter Marshall

DESIREE *by Annemarie Selinko.* The world whispered about this flame-mouthed young girl who shared Napoleon's vision of empire, yet who married another man to found a Royal dynasty! 594 pages! Pub. edition, $4.50.

THE POWER OF POSITIVE THINKING *by Norman Vincent Peale.* Our era's most inspired writer and thinker gives us the *rules that work* to win success, popularity, love and happiness. A book that may change your life.

AUDUBON BIRD GUIDES *by Richard H. Pough.* All land and water birds east of Rockies described and illustrated with *almost 1,000* glorious *full-color* pictures. Most complete ever published. Originally pub. in 2 vols. at $6.50.

HAMMOND'S New Supreme WORLD ATLAS. At last, a top-notch, *all-new* atlas—with over 100 maps in full color, the *latest complete* Census figures, 16 history maps. Actually measures 9¾" x 12¾". Indispensable!

A MAN CALLED PETER *by Catherine Marshall.* This wonderful life story of the minister who was loved by millions may inspire *your* life, open new doors of hope and faith. A *must* for family reading. Pub. edition, $4.00.

A LITERARY GUILD BOOK CLUB OFFER THAT MAY NEVER BE MADE AGAIN!

For 26 years the Literary Guild has been saving its members up to 50% of the retail prices of each year's best books. Almost without exception, Guild selections have been at or near the top of best-seller lists. Many, many of them have been made into great movies; most of them have been the most widely-read and discussed books of their day. For example, this Fall our members are receiving books by A. J. Cronin, James Hilton, John Steinbeck, Samuel Shellabarger.

Why We Make This Unusual Offer

Nearly a million readers now belong to the Guild. We want *you* to know about its advantages—to discover *from experience* how convenient it is to get the books you want when you want them! We want you to realize how great your savings are—how you can get a $3.00, $3.50 and occasionally a $4.00 book for just $2.00 (plus shipping charge). We want you to know about the Bonus Books members receive FREE. Above all, we want you to be assured of the quality of the books the Literary Guild offers you — from which you select only the ones *you* want.

That is why, as an inducement, we offer to send you THREE of the books shown on this page on approval—*two* as your Gift for joining the Literary Guild and *one* as your first selection. If you are pleased, you pay only $2.00 and join the Guild on a trial basis; if not, you simply return the books and owe nothing.

How the Literary Guild Operates

Each month publishers submit their best books to our editors. From among them *one* is selected and fully described in "Wings", the beautifully-illustrated book-review magazine members receive monthly. As a member, whether or not you take a selection is up to you. If you decide you don't want a selection, you may choose one of the *alternate* books offered, or simply tell us not to send *any* book. It is not necessary to accept a book every month; you can take as few as *four* a year from the 50 or more offered. You pay postman nothing; your bill is due only after you examine the books you want. With each fourth book accepted, you will receive a new fiction or non-fiction best-seller, or a handsomely-bound "Collector's Library" volume as a FREE Bonus Book. You may cancel membership at any time after accepting four books.

Send No Money—Just Mail Coupon

But you cannot appreciate all the advantages of membership until you try it! Why not do so *now* while you can have THREE books (a value up to $24.95 in the publishers' editions) on approval! You may return them within 7 days and owe nothing, or pay only $2.00 for all three and become a Guild member on a trial basis. Your sole obligation then will be to accept only *three more* books at $2.00 each during the coming year. So mail the coupon *today*—before you forget!

LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA, INC., Publishers, Garden City, New York

MAIL THIS COUPON

Which 3 Books Do You Want for only $2

IF YOU JOIN THE LITERARY GUILD NOW

Literary Guild of America, Inc., Publishers
Dept. 10CW, Garden City, N. Y.

Please send me at once the THREE books I have checked below as my Membership Gift Books and first selection, and bill me only $2.00, plus few cents shipping, for all three:

- ☐ Audubon Bird Guides (1 vol.)
- ☐ Creative Home Decorating
- ☐ Désirée
- ☐ Funk & Wagnalls Dictionary
- ☐ Greatest Book Ever Written
- ☐ Hammond's World Atlas
- ☐ Look At America
- ☐ A Man Called Peter
- ☐ Power of Positive Thinking
- ☐ The Silver Chalice

Enroll me as a member of the Literary Guild and send me "Wings" every month so I can decide whether or not I want to receive the Guild selection described. My only obligation is to accept four selections, or alternates, per year at only $2.00 each (plus shipping charge), regardless of the higher publishers' prices. For each four books I accept, I will receive a free Bonus Book—and I may resign at any time after purchasing four books.

SPECIAL NO-RISK GUARANTEE: If not delighted I will return all books in 7 days and this membership will be cancelled!

Mr.
Mrs. ....
Miss (Please Print)

Street and No. ....

City .... Zone .... State ....

Age, if under 21......... Selection price in Canada, $2.20 plus shipping. Address 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Ontario. Offer good only in U.S.A. and Canada.

Suave FOR MEN

The Luxury Hairdressing

men who care "Suave" their hair

SUAVE — the hairdressing created for the one man in four who'd rather pay a little more to get a lot more in grooming satisfaction. The kind of hairdressing you've always wanted, but never found before. The only hairdressing in the world with secret formula Curtisol — insures perfect hair grooming naturally. Won't stain hat-band. To look suave, use Suave daily.

In alligator-grained plastic squeeze flask

Special Offer!

The Luxury Hairdressing in unbreakable spill-proof flask

only $1.00 plus tax

regularly $1.60

Money back and keep the "try me" flask...if not delighted
Suave FOR MEN
Introductory offer!
only $1.00 plus tax
regularly $1.60
Money back and keep the "try me" flask if not delighted
60¢ flask NO EXTRA COST with $1 size
Suave FOR MEN

COLLIER'S CREDITS..

Bill Stapleton (right) and mining engineer Albert Susi

THROUGHOUT contributing editor Bill Stapleton's conscientious rundown on Canada's Great Uranium Rush you'll meet some unusual characters. But Stapleton, a genial gent generally addressed as Stape, expressly left out Dr. G. C. (Slim) Mouture, chief of the Mineral Resources Division, Mines Branch, Ottawa, in order that this department could pass along a tall story. A full-blooded Mohawk Indian, Slim was once treed by wolves, which, frustrated at not being able to reach him, sent for some beavers to gnaw the tree down. When the beavers appeared, Slim Mouture sang O Canada at the top of his lungs. Thereby reminded of their patriotic duty, the beavers stood at attention and saluted. The wolves gave up in disgust and Dr. Mouture safely escaped. He told Bill Stapleton, dead-pan.

* * *

Helen Worden Erskine, who wrote the page-24 piece about Mrs. Tito, supplied us with a lengthy side line Memo on Yugoslavia from which we quote brief excerpts:

"The average worker earns 14,000 dinar ($45) a month . . . The dairy products are blamed for a high tuberculosis rate . . . Dress material by the yard comes high, but the women scrimp and save to buy it. Cotton and rayon from America, and wool from Australia and England, are locally woven. Besides pretty clothes, the women pine for lipstick, rouge, face powder, eye make-up and hair dye . . . The work day starts at 7:00 A.M. and ends at 2:00 P.M., when the people crowd the sidewalk cafés and drink Turkish coffee, *iraky* (a local plum brandy) and a native white wine with charged water. The government also manufactures a dreadful whisky—raw as paint varnish—which masquerades under various famous trade names but is all moonshine from the Serbian hills. Pepper shakers in restaurants and private homes are filled with paprika, because ordinary black pepper costs 4,600 dinars (almost $15) a kilo (2.2 pounds)." The workday sounds good, but the Yugoslavs can have the other items.

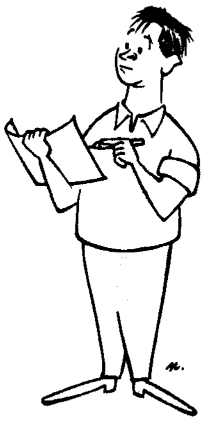
* * *

Preliminary investigation regarding the possibility of an article by Mr. Ernest Gross, then Deputy U.S. representative to the General Assembly of the UN, was begun months ago by associate editor Howard Cohn, who late one day discussed various angles with the former ambassador in the UN building. The project boiled slowly all summer and finally jelled, as you'll see when you reach page 54.

However, getting back to colleague Cohn . . . At the conclusion of one conference with the ambassador, he was invited to share a ride home. Down in the subterranean parking space of the building, Cohn was ushered into a UN car he describes as being a block long and equipped with a liveried pedal pusher. After a pleasant ride, the limousine halted in front of Cohn's apartment and he stepped out. Then, after thanking the ambassador and having concluded the serious business of international affairs in terms of a Collier's treatment, Cohn hurried into his premises and plunged into the mundane chores of domesticity. It was his turn to lug the family wash to the neighborhood push-button laundry (soap extra).

* * *

An interoffice note from assistant managing editor Dave Maness asks if the cartoon caption on page 56 was researched for accuracy. It was, in a confusing sort of way. Artist John Norment says he found some of the current teen-age slang in various publications, picked up a few terms from sundry nieces and nephews and just plain invented several he wistfully hopes may be added to the adolescent argot. In a Southern drawl, which years in New York haven't erased, Norment recalls his boyhood in Birmingham, Alabama, where he ate all the grits and gravy he could stand for the rest of his life. "Maybe that will help you understand why I credited the girl in the cartoon with using grits and gravy as a term for unwanted articles," he enlightened us. "As for some of the other expressions, a 'chopped car' is a low-slung job; 'Parrumph' is an undesirable neighborhood; a 'bloater-floater from East Dakota' is a Tom, or jerk, who makes, then breaks, a date. On the other hand, there are *some* desirable characters in this set-up. 'George' means superexcellent. He's reet. He's the most. 'Exotic Edgar' is an interesting guy, even if he isn't tops. A 'cool mother' is the modern 'hot mama' but applies to either sex. Teen-agers' fathers are often called 'cool mothers' as a term of endearment. The phrase 'mixed up and nervous' means just about what it used to mean, except it's extremely malleable—needs gestures and inflections to put over the meaning." And so it goes. Twenty-three skiddoo, kid.



Norment, by John Norment

* * *

Our Tom Meany reports he "borrowed" use of Madison Square Garden as the setting for photographer Lew Merrim's knuckle-ball illustrations, pages 28 and 29. "This touch," Tom admits, "is far and away the best one I've yet made as a sports writer. My collateral was the fact that Ned Irish, executive vice-president of the Garden, and I were once fellow high-school space writers for the Brooklyn Eagle. It's a short world, isn't it?"

* * *

When you buy a copy of William E. Barrett's forthcoming book, The Shadows of the Images, which makes its serialized bow on page 21, you'll run across some unusual Spanish-American names we were compelled to eliminate for space reasons. The novelist explains he christened his unsavory characters by qualities rather than by such real life names as Hernandez, Martinez, Lopez. Didn't want to hurt anybody's feelings. For example, in our serial version you'll find Tony Pelado, which is Spanish for ragged bum. As we said, there are others in the book. Such is the ingenuity of writers.

Barrett, a devout Roman Catholic and creator of the still talked-about novel, The Left Hand of God (1951), further informs us that he had much to do with the sculpturing of Satan as represented in the story. "Although he is a great figure in allegory, in folk lore and in religious history," Barrett confides to several million readers, "it is amazing how difficult it is to find in art any model for Satan to correspond with his legend. Some librarians I appealed to told me that, on a similar assignment for a school pageant, they could find only the Mephistopheles of Faust and the Pluto Water trade-mark. The school chose Pluto. I chose neither, preferring to create the image for my own purposes."

The Manhattan-born author, now living in Denver, recently flew back to discuss expedient revisions with Collier's fiction editor, Eleanor Stierhem MacMannis. As is customary under such circumstances, we promptly alerted a photographer to expose the conference pictured below.

* * *

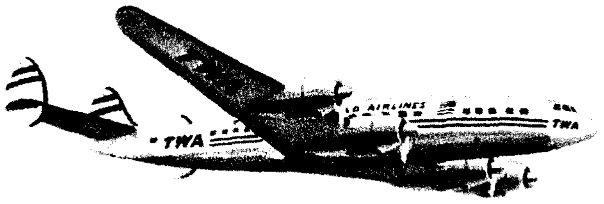
We advise all fascinated followers of Luke Short's currently concluding serial, Silver Rock, that this memorable piece of fiction will be published simultaneously on October 26th by Ballantine Books and Houghton Mifflin. Just in case you misplace the four issues of Collier's that have carried it.

—GURNEY WILLIAMS

Fiction editor Eleanor MacMannis and novelist William E. Barrett

Who says, "IT'S A MAN'S WORLD"?

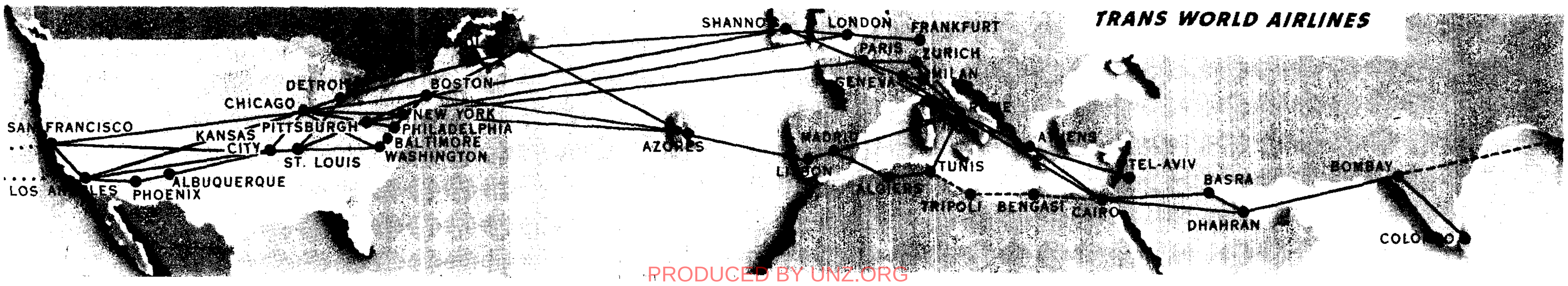
Not the woman who flies TWA. For since she's discovered the swiftness of TWA Constellation flight, her whole outlook has changed. Her horizons are broader . . . she's found new freedom and greater opportunity to see and enjoy. Not only that, she can travel alone without a worry in the world, enjoying service that befits a queen. Meals are served right at her seat; friendly TWA hostesses are always on hand to help smooth her way. Yes, women of all ages are going more places in the world today because of world-proved TWA.


TWA
TWA AIRLINES
TWA

Where in the world do you want to go? For information and reservations, call TWA, or see your travel agent.

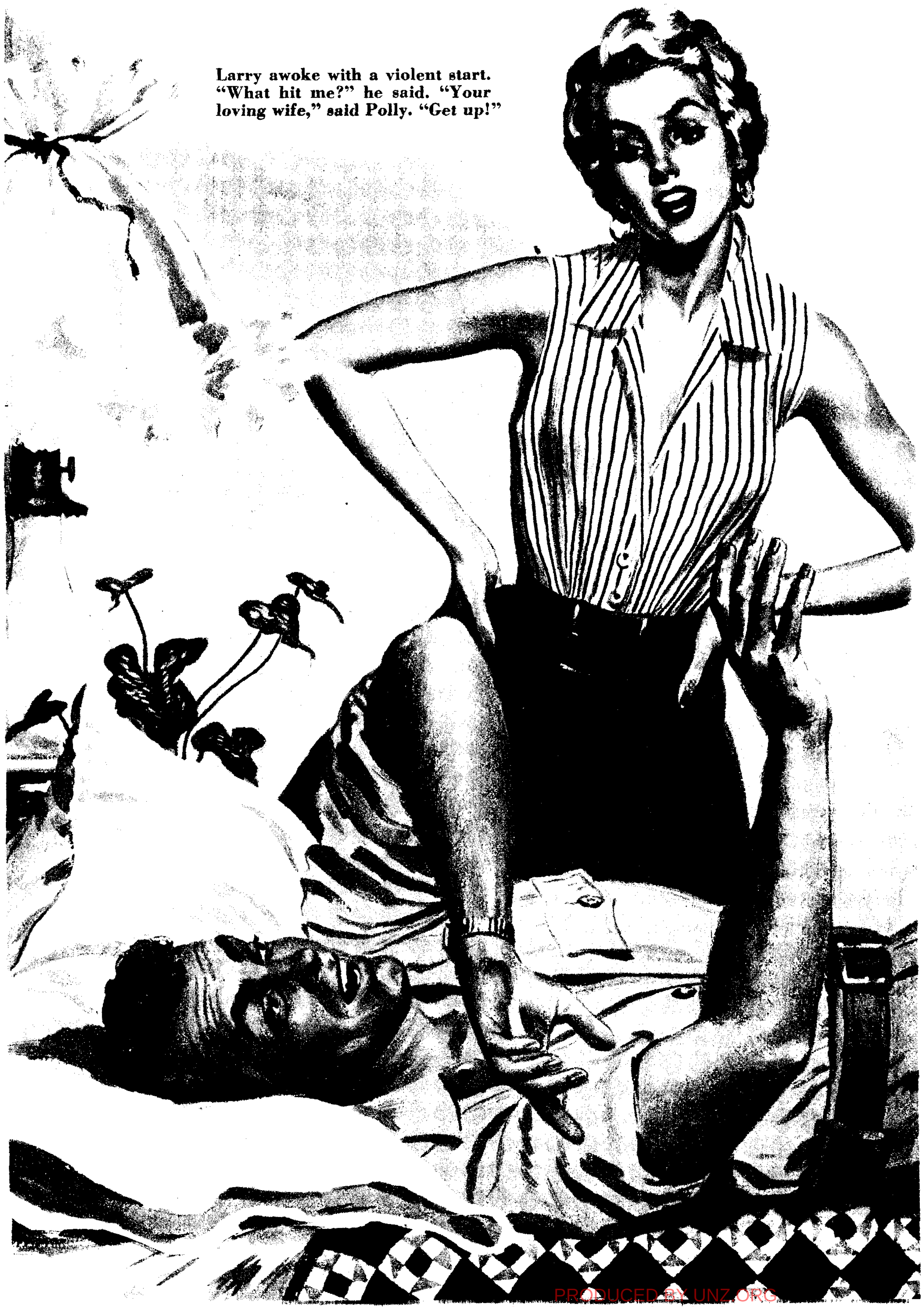
Fly the finest... FLY TWA

TRANS WORLD AIRLINES


SAN FRANCISCO
LOS ANGELES
PHOENIX
ALBUQUERQUE
KANSAS CITY
ST. LOUIS
CHICAGO
DETROIT
PITTSBURGH
BOSTON
NEW YORK
PHILADELPHIA
BALTIMORE
WASHINGTON
AZORES
SHANNON
LONDON
FRANKFURT
PARIS
ZURICH
GENEVA
MILAN
MADRID
LISBON
ALGIERS
TUNIS
TRIPOLI
BENGASI
ATHENS
CAIRO
TEL-AVIV
BASRA
DHAHRAN
BOMBAY
COLOMBO

The Husband Who Wouldn't Wake Up

By LEE ROGOW



Larry awoke with a violent start. "What hit me?" he said. "Your loving wife," said Polly. "Get up!"

COLLIER'S SHORT SHORT

POLLY KINGSLEY'S husband was good-looking in a lean, tall sort of way, like the Western-movie marshal who walks right up to the bad guy and takes the gun from his hand. Polly Kingsley's husband wore high laced boots and whipcord breeches, because he was a construction supervisor, and he looked wonderful in them. On special occasions, or on no occasion at all, he would bring home odd little presents, like a bunny stuffed with jelly beans, Polly's favorite candy. Everything was peaches with Polly Kingsley except for one little thing. Almost every night of the week her husband fell asleep after dinner.

It would happen like this. Each evening when Larry Kingsley returned from his construction job, he would lift Polly up in the air and kiss her for keeps. Then he would go into the bathroom and wash up, making sounds like a man wrestling a swamp alligator. Then he would eat a dinner that would get respect from a farmer at harvesttime. While Polly stacked the dishes in the automatic dishwasher, Larry would take himself into the bedroom and lie down on the bed to read the evening papers.

On one such evening, after an indefinite time had passed, Larry Kingsley awoke with a violent start. "What hit me?" he said.

"It was I, your loving wife," said Polly. "Get up."

"What time is it?"

"Eight thirty."

"Moses in the mountains!" Larry exclaimed. "I'm late for work."

"Steady, man. The job begins in eleven hours, and you're already dressed."

Larry Kingsley looked at his rumpled clothes. "I must have just closed my eyes after dinner," he decided.

"That's what Rip van Winkle said."

"Now, wife, don't chivvy me when I'm just getting up," Larry pleaded.

"I never see you except when you're just getting up, or just going to sleep. I feel like a Pullman porter."

"Cease fire for a minute, wife. My teeth feel as if they have socks on them."

Polly followed him into the bathroom and squeezed out some tooth paste on his brush. "Brush your hair, too," she said. "We'll go to a movie, and we'll show up those homely actors."

"Oh, now, honey," said Larry, "I'm too drowsy. Let's just sleep through. We'll get a good rest and be fresh in the morning."

"I'm *fresh this evening*," Polly said. "I'd like to see a movie once so I can describe it to my grandchildren."

"You can see movies on television," Larry said as they went back to the bedroom.

Polly sat down on the bed. "Darling," she said, "what do I care about movies? I just want to be with you. I wouldn't care if you just stayed up and helped me with the dishes."

"Haven't you got an automatic dishwasher?"

"Television, dishwasher—everything in this house lights up and hums except my husband. I'm going to start sending valentines to the electric company."

"Tomorrow night," said Larry, taking off his shirt. "Tomorrow night we'll take the town apart. I'll show you the rumba I learned while building a Navy base in Cuba. Right now, if you don't mind, I'm terribly sleepy."

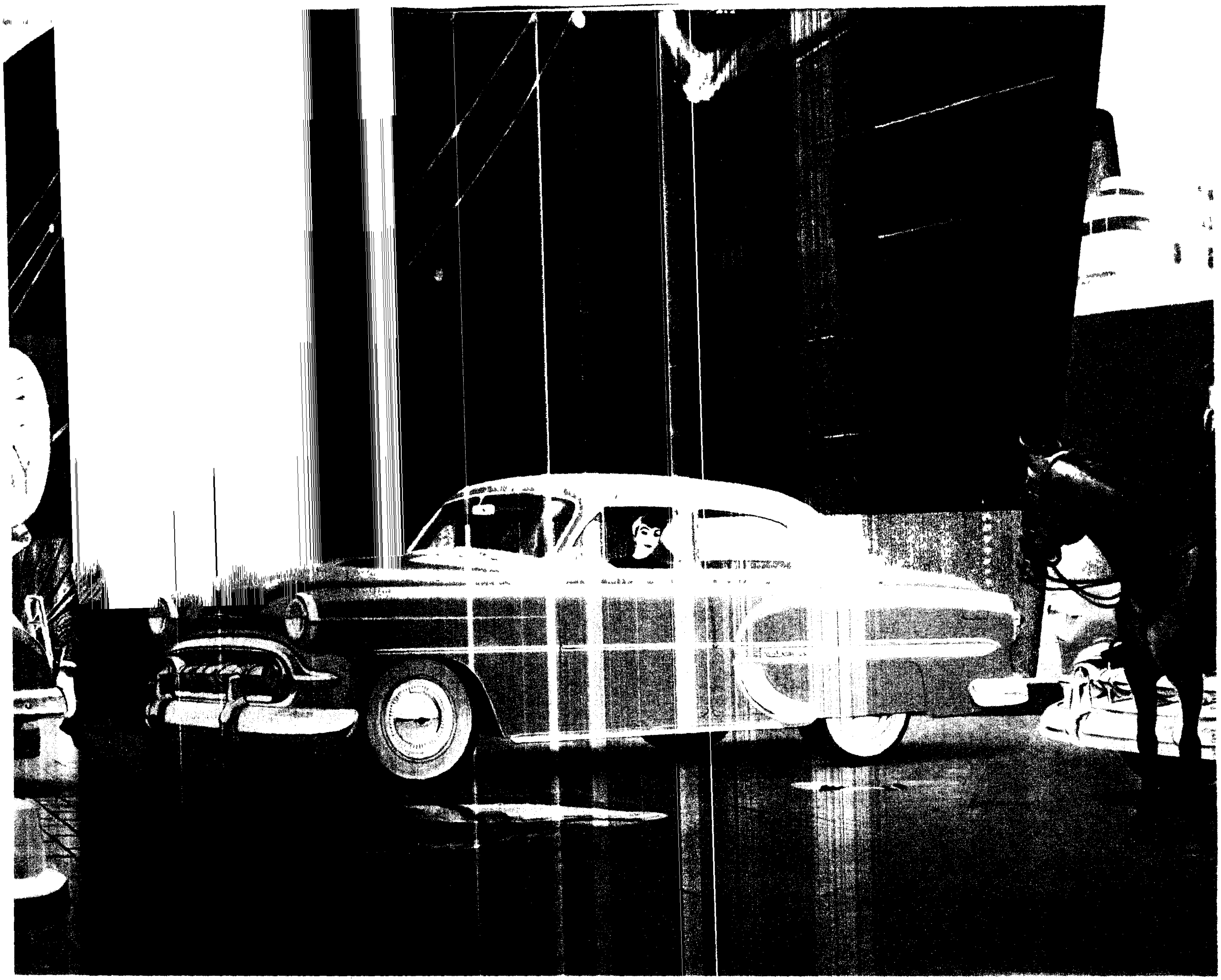
"Everybody sleeps," Polly told him. "Hibernation is another story."

"I work hard all day in the open air. It knocks me out. I'm trying to get us some security in our young age."

Polly put her arms around him and kissed him. "I'm sorry, darling," she said. "I know you work hard. Running the house is a bit of a job too. Before we have kids it would be nice if we could have a little fun together. Do you think you'll ever get all rested up?"

"I have a theory about that," said Larry, putting on his pajamas. "I don't think anybody ever really gets enough sleep. I think it's a myth about eight hours a night being enough. I think if they forgot about this eight-hour business and worked it all out on a natural basis they'd discover people really

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY



The striking new Bel Air 4-Door Sedan. With 3 great new series, Chevrolet offers the widest choice of models in its field.

Why is it, wherever people travel, you see more Chevrolets than any other car. . .

Suppose you should get off one of those ships up there into that fine, new Chevrolet.

Then suppose you should start out to drive across the U. S. A. and keep on until you came to water's edge at the other ocean.

All along the way and everywhere you went, you could count on seeing far more Chevrolets than any other car.

The reason for that, of course, is simply that more people *drive* Chevrolets. The fact is, about *two million* more people now drive Chevrolets than any other car.

Is this fact important to you as a car owner and car buyer? Well, it is when you stop and consider it in this way:

People *must* like Chevrolets better or they wouldn't buy more of them. On the other hand, Chevrolet *must* offer the most value in order to attract the most buyers.

And doesn't that suggest something else worth considering? More buyers mean more production. More production means greater facilities for manufacturing, research and engineering. And this means production economies and advantages that permit Chevrolet to build a better car and sell it at lower cost!

That's why Chevrolet can bring you so many fine-car features and qualities in *the lowest priced line in the low-price field.*

For example, there's the extra luxury and beauty of Body by Fisher. There's the finer, thriftier performance of Chevrolet's two high-compression engines—the 115-h.p. "Blue-Flame" engine with Powerglide* and the 108-h.p. "Thrift-King" engine in gearshift models.

Then there's Powerglide automatic transmission with new responsiveness and economy. And there's Chevrolet Power Steering* to give you the easiest, safest kind of driving yet developed.

Why not plan to drive a new Chevrolet soon? Your Chevrolet dealer will be happy to oblige. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan

**Optional at extra cost. Combination of Powerglide automatic transmission and 115-h.p. "Blue-Flame" engine available on "Two-Ten" and Bel Air models only. Power Steering available on all models.*

MORE PEOPLE BUY CHEVROLETS THAN ANY OTHER CAR!

CHEVROLET

Keeps hair naturally well-groomed!

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic makes your hair look naturally neat—and keeps it looking neat! Why? Because it checks dry scalp—blends in with the natural oils in your hair!

checks
dry
scalp

Just a few drops a day relieves loose dandruff . . . tames unruly hair that so often accompanies a dry, **oil-starved** scalp.

contains no alcohol

Vaseline
HAIR
TONIC
CHECKS DRY SCALP
AND LOOSE DANDRUFF
GROOMS THE HAIR
Chesebrough Mfg Co

Contains no alcohol or any other scalp-drying "mystery" ingredients.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

TRADE MARK ® VASELINE is the registered trade mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd

need ten or even twelve hours' sleep a night."

"Napoleon only slept four hours a night."

"All right, look what happened to him," said Larry, getting into bed.

"Oh, let's make a double date with the Harmons tomorrow," Polly said. "There's a place out on the road where they play really dreamy music. They play rumbas too, I hear. Do you think you still remember what you learned in Cuba? Do you, Larry?"

But Larry was already asleep.

Polly looked at the black fringe of his eyelashes lying against his deeply tanned skin. She looked at the firm jut of his chin. "You're handsome and I love you and tonight I forgive you," she said sighing. "Tomorrow I'll be smart and give you two cups of coffee at dinner, and we'll go out dancing and have a crazy time. It's a plain case of mind over mattress."

The next evening the coffee did not keep Larry from his rendezvous with Morpheus, nor did it the next. Over the week end the weather turned fair and Larry worked in the garden, landscaping and hauling rocks. It was a new house, and Larry was the sort of fellow who could not rest until he had it squared away. He fell into bed after dinner as if he had been tagged on the head with a safe.

Then there were nights when Polly skipped the dinner dishes and kept talking to Larry to keep him awake. Deprived of his nap, he staggered around like a man in a trance, so that finally she would say, "All right, Stuporman, go to sleep. This is too cruel."

SOMETIMES the small irritations in a marriage pass and are forgotten. Sometimes, especially in the first year of marriage, they become magnified until they seem to color the entire relationship. When it comes to magnifying a small irritation, there is nothing like the services of a good friend. Polly's good friend was Horty Farraday. Horty lived two houses away on Elmhurst Drive, and she often said that the nicest thing about herself was that she had a knack for smoothing things over when people had quarreled.

"The beast," said Horty one afternoon. "He did it again last night?"

"Out like Sleeping Beauty. Except when I kissed him, he didn't wake up."

"Well, at least he isn't trying to switch off your favorite television show so he can watch the fights," Horty said.

"Is that what your husband did?"

"Both my husbands were before television. We staged our own fights."

A tear appeared at the corner of Polly's eye and sparkled there like a tiny jewel before it ran slowly down her nose. "What good am I around here if my husband doesn't want to be with me? Every day I'm being undermined. I'm young, I'm pretty. But I feel as if I'm a drab nothing, a thousand years old."

"That's just the point," said Horty. "You are young and pretty. You can get out of this trap and still have your whole life before you. I've got a lawyer who makes a specialty of wives with sleepy husbands."

"I don't need a lawyer. I need some moral support from my husband."

"It can't do any harm to talk to a lawyer," said Horty. "A girl should know her rights."

"I suppose so," Polly agreed, "but I don't want to start anything."

"Of course not," said Horty. "We'll just go and talk."

Horty's lawyer had his office in the center of the business district, and traffic was terrible. Then it turned out he had a great deal to say. The lawyer had correspondence arrangements with other lawyers in Arkansas, Florida, Mexico, the Virgin Islands. He could make hotel and train reservations. Apparently a girl had nothing to do except pick the climate that suited her best.

IT WAS six thirty before Horty turned her car into the suburban-bound traffic. Polly huddled against the door in the front seat. "Mexico would be nice," said Horty. "The silver jewelry is so cheap. But you always get such a wonderful burn in Florida."

"I've already been burned," said Polly grimly.

"Don't be blue," said Horty.

"I will be blue," said Polly. "But blue, green or red, I'm going to get straightened out with this situation before I'm too old to try."

Horty stopped the car in front of Polly's house. Larry's coupé was in the driveway, and there was a light in the kitchen. "I'm an hour late for his lordship's dinner," said Polly.

"If he makes a fuss, come over to my place," Horty advised.

Polly stepped out of the car and squared her shoulders. "Just let him yawn," she said. "Let him rub an eyelid, and I'll be over."

Horty drove on two additional houses to her own place. Polly started for the front door. It was two minutes after seven when she entered the house. Forty-eight minutes later she came out and cut across the front lawn on the way to Horty's. Horty answered the door with her hair in curlers.

"That's right," said Horty. "Come right in, poor baby."

"I came over to thank you," said Polly.

"For what?"

"For taking me to the lawyer's office, Horty."

"Are you going to Mexico or Florida?"

"Neither. I'm going back to the house."

"Did he have his dinner yet?"

"He had dinner for five. But he's chipper as a chipmunk, thanks to you, Horty."

"I don't get it, honey," Horty said. "What did I do?"

"You kept me out late this afternoon. Now I know the formula."

"What formula?"

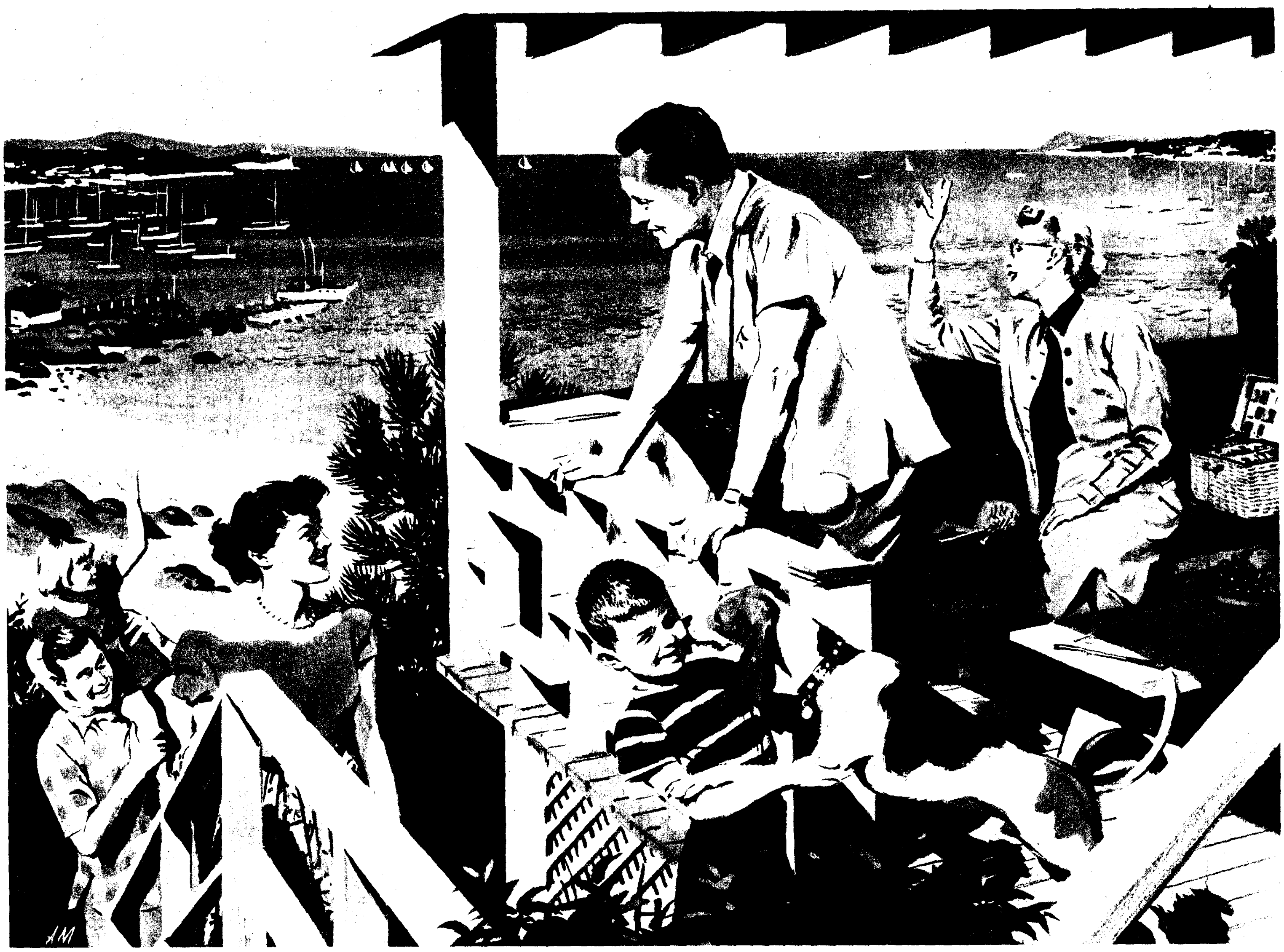
"It's very simple. I put his meal on the table at seven o'clock, instead of at six. The poor darling has come home so tired from work that he takes his nap before dinner."

"And after?"

The light from the door lamp reflected brilliantly from Polly's shining eyes, glinted from her white teeth, danced over her earrings, glowed softly on her smiling face. "Right now," said Polly, "we're going out to do the rumba."

And then Polly Kingsley went back to her husband, who was in the bathroom making washing-up sounds like a man strangling an octopus. And tha is the end of this little story.

—LEE ROGOW



"When Our Ship Comes In"

The little girl rested her elbows on the table, cupped her chin in her hands and said, "Mommy, do we have a ship?"

Peg Grayson looked up from the hem she was stitching and said, "Why, Gloria! What an odd question! Why do you ask that?"

"Well, yesterday when you and Daddy were talking about why we couldn't go to the lake this summer, Daddy said that maybe we'd all go on a long trip when our ship comes in, and. . . ."

Peg Grayson laughed. "Oh, *that!* It's just something people say, Gloria. It means—well, that they hope good fortune will come to them some day. Not a real, actual ship, but. . . ." She went on to explain as well as she could.

No, it was not a real, actual ship, Peg thought after Gloria had left her to her sewing. But wouldn't it be nice if. . . . She frowned at the hem she was turning. With the cost of living what it was, she and Ben would be lucky if they *ever* managed to do anything extravagant. And then, on top of it all, Jack Wilson had been trying to get Ben to take out some more life insurance, of all things.

That, she decided, was not the way for a husband to spend his money. After all, if worse *did* come to worst, she could always get a job doing something. Housecleaning, even. To Peg, death and insurance went hand in hand—and she preferred not to think of either.

That evening Jack Wilson stopped in to talk with Ben and Peg Grayson about the life insurance again, and during the discussion Peg mentioned their daughter's question about their "ship." Both men laughed. "It *would* be wonderful, though," Peg said, "to discover some day that suddenly we were able to go on a nice long cruise or something like that. . . ."

Jack Wilson smiled. "Look, folks—that's *exactly* the point I've been trying to make! Because even though the primary purpose of this insurance is to protect Peg and Gloria, it can also build up into a nice-sized cash fund for your later years."

Peg suddenly found herself listening with greater interest.

* * *

It's almost thirty years since that discussion took place, and a great many things have happened since. Gloria, the "little girl," is married now and has two children of her own—a boy, six, and a girl, three. Her parents, Peg and Ben Grayson, have moved to a cottage in a little seaside town, where they are living quietly and peacefully on income from Ben's New York Life insurance policies. They have a small boat which they keep anchored in a nearby cove, and they go fishing quite a lot.

You wouldn't call the boat a ship, exactly. But it *did* come in!

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

THE NEW YORK LIFE AGENT
IN YOUR COMMUNITY
IS A GOOD MAN TO KNOW

Naturally, names used in this story are fictitious.

Nunn Bush
Brighton Last
Style 2545
Flex-Fashioned
Tan Briar Calf
Rubber Heel
Clyde Last
Style 2349
Flex-Fashioned
Tan Briar Calf
Rubber Heel

Now... *Featherweight Softness* in Sturdy-Soled Styles

An ingenious structural development by Nunn-Bush now provides amazing pliability in heavyweight styles ... yet full *sole thickness* remains where it counts most. Ask to see the Nunn-Bush *Flex*-Fashioned models. Like regular Nunn-Bush styles, each one is also *Ankle-Fashioned* for added dollar-saving miles of smartness.

See Your Local Nunn-Bush Dealer

Nunn-Bush

Write for Elaborate Nunn-Bush Catalog

NUNN-BUSH SHOE COMPANY • MILWAUKEE 1, WISCONSIN

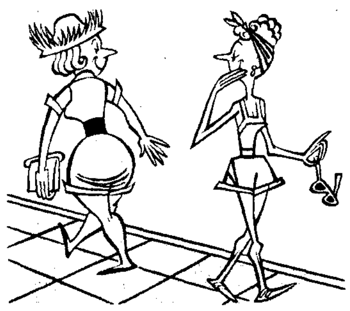
48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Mr. Purser Hewitt of the Jackson, Mississippi, Clarion Ledger thinks it would be all right to tell you that the Air Force now has a plane so fast that it can fly all the way around the world before becoming obsolete.

* * *

Glancing through the Donalsonville (Georgia) News, we collided with an awful truth: "Shorts is a garment that if some women knew how they looked wearing them, wouldn't."



* * *

Tourist inquired at the offices of the Cody, Wyoming, Enterprise: "How do I get to a little place called Valley?" Fellow behind the desk got pretty indignant. "What do you mean, little place?" demanded he. "Valley's no jerk town. It's bigger than Spotted Horse, Recluse, Split Rock, Savageton, Lonetree, Bill or Bigtrails. Bigger'n all of them put together. Valley's got a population of fifty, mister."

* * *

If our government really wants to save money, it can stop sending us formulas for computing the cost of living. We have devised our own. You merely take your gross income, add 50 per cent and there you are.

* * *

A few intelligences of minor importance have managed to find room to lie down on this desk. At the current rate of siltation, Garrison Dam in North Dakota is expected to be full of silt by the year 2053. And an animal husbandry expert in California has discovered that the cow isn't a placid creature after all. But don't let these facts get you down.

* * *

A newspaper piece about sex appeal says it's 25 years old, having started with Clara Bow in 1928. Our memory isn't as sharp as it used to be, but it seems to us that the women used something pretty fetching before that. Can't remember what it was.

* * *

We've been able to get along pretty well for quite a while without a parakeet. Moreover, something permanently corrective should be done to people who teach the creatures to chirp, "Hi, honey" and similar cute cracks; "Come closer, big boy," for example. However, Diana Hirsh, one of our associate editors, knows a lady whose parakeet tweets, "Birdies don't talk." One of those Fifth Amendment birds.

* * *

Thus far, reports Dr. Arthur Robinson, in Volcano, California, he has seen no picket lines parading up and down in front of the churches demanding an increase in the wages of sin.

* * *

Editor of a small but alert Texas newspaper dropped in. Said he'd just mailed his journal a soul-searching editorial. "Couldn't make up my mind," he said, "whether to blast the tax situation or the British. So I compromised by taking a strong stand against the menace of goldenrod."

* * *

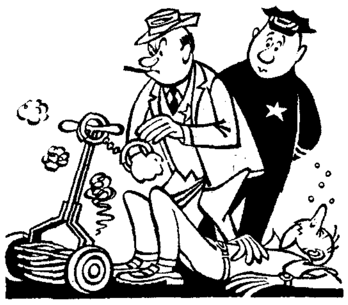
If you should drop in for a cup of coffee at the shop at 2579 Indianola Avenue, Columbus, Ohio, try keeping your gripes to yourself. The proprietor will appreciate it. High, so all may read, he has hung a sign containing one word: KWITCHURBELIAKIN.

* * *

A writer in the Montgomery, Alabama, Advertiser makes the solemn assertion that "it's a pretty good idea to substitute fried chicken, baked ham, homemade biscuits and lemon pie for barbecue every now and then." Moscow papers please copy.

* * *

Encouraged by our recent brief note about the Nebraskan who was stabbed by a sunflower, Mrs. Edna Lorenzen, of Painesville, Ohio, reports that one of her neighbors, Mr. Robert Heinbaugh, has been shot by a lawn mower. Mr. Robert Heinbaugh's grass cutter ran over a live cartridge.



IRWIN CAPLAN

* * *

Until wiser words are uttered on the subject, our vote goes to Mr. Yates Cook, Baltimore, Maryland, building inspector. Says he: "We are awed by the size of the problem, so we try to clear the products of the slums and not the slums themselves." ▲▲▲

OLD THOMPSON

THE WED·IN·THE·WOOD WHISKEY

WED • IN • THE • WOOD

Instead of being bottled immediately after blending, Old Thompson is put back into barrels to assure uniformity.

MADE BY GLENMORE

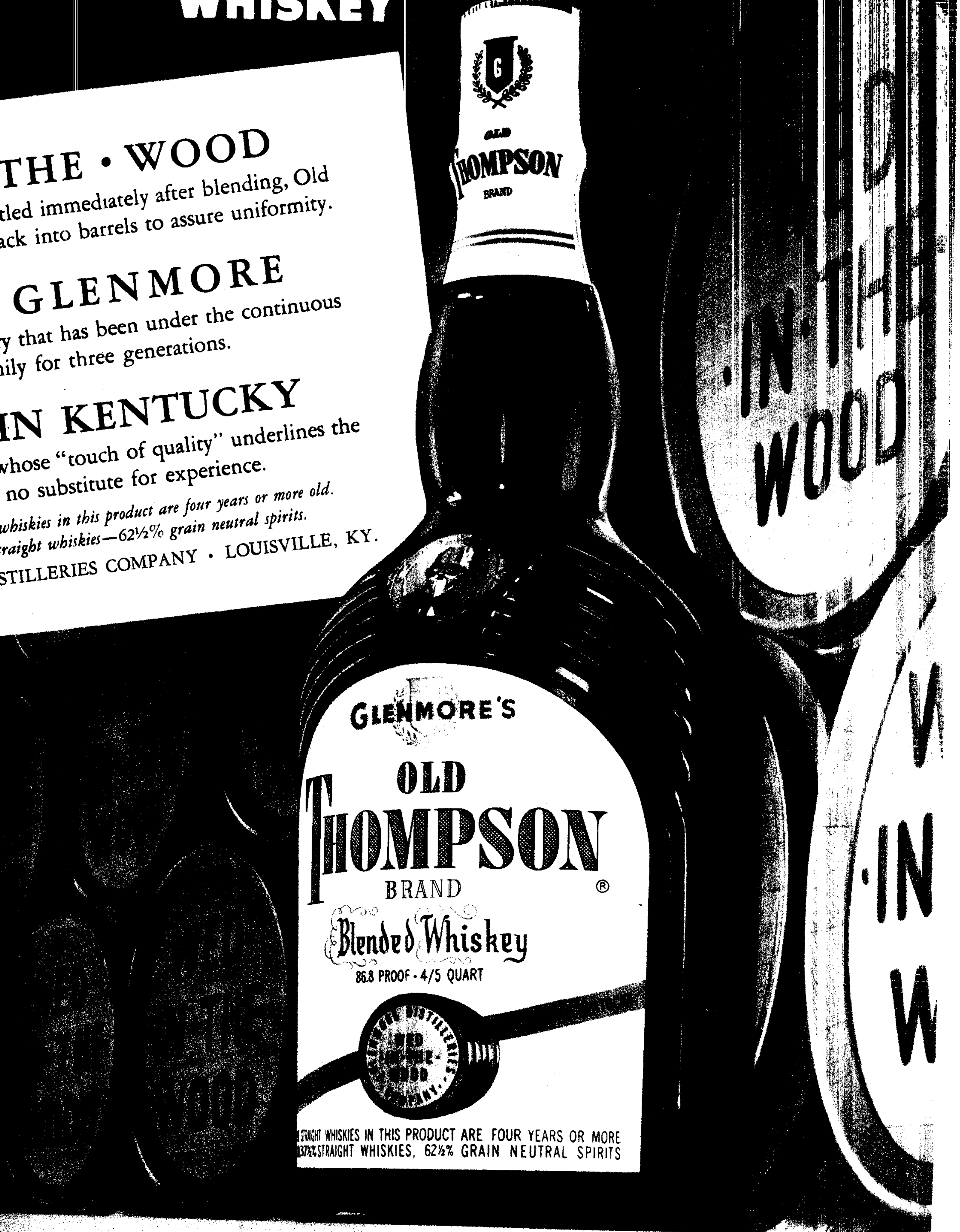
the famous distillery that has been under the continuous control of one family for three generations.

BLENDED IN KENTUCKY

by Kentuckians whose "touch of quality" underlines the fact that there is no substitute for experience.

The straight whiskies in this product are four years or more old. 37½% straight whiskies—62½% grain neutral spirits.

GLENMORE DISTILLERIES COMPANY • LOUISVILLE, KY.


OLD THOMPSON BRAND
GLENMORE'S
OLD THOMPSON
BRAND
Blended Whiskey
86.8 PROOF • 4/5 QUART
WED IN-THE-WOOD
STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN THIS PRODUCT ARE FOUR YEARS OR MORE
37½% STRAIGHT WHISKIES, 62½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
·IN·THE WOOD
·IN W

HANGE TO OLD THOMPSON AND KEEP THE CHANGE

MAN ALIVE!

LOOK IT! FEEL IT! in famous

Albert Richard by Drybak

A Classic for easy wearing. In Butternut, Navy, or Copper Suede. Lined, of course! Ask for the Albert-Richard by Drybak "BEAUMONT." About $22.50 men's size, $19.95 boys' size.

"For young men of all ages"

The "smart-tempo" styling of Albert-Richard by Drybák sports outerwear is matched only by the exceptional quality that distinguishes each and every coat and jacket bearing this famous label. Look for it as your guide to the finest range of weather-wise attire meeting every outerwear need of the men and boys in your family this fall and winter.

Albert-Richard Division
THE DRYBAK CORPORATION
Binghamton, New York

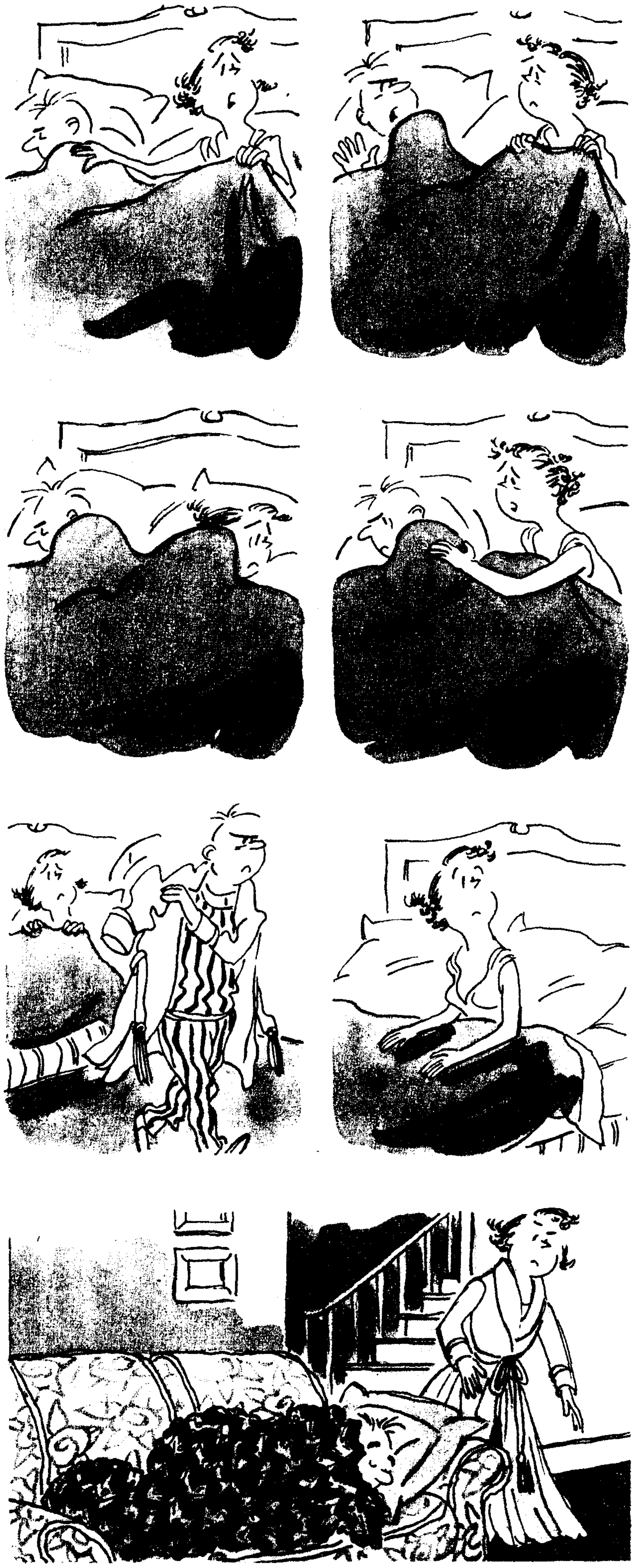
WARMTH WITHOUT WEIGHT
Albert by Drybak

Water-repellent, crease-resistant finest cavalry twill in Brown, Skipper Blue, Dark Green and Taupe. The collar is Beavertex. The "STORMY PETREL" is interlined with Spun Sun made of Fiberglas for maximum warmth...minimum weight. About $18.95 Juniors' size, $22.50 boys' size, $24.95 men's size.

AT THESE AND OTHER LEADING MEN'S WEAR AND DEPARTMENT STORES... Browning King, New York; Jacob Reed's Sons Co., Philadelphia; F & R Lazarus, Columbus, Ohio; Nebraska Clothing Co., Omaha, Nebraska.

NOISE

By MARTHA BLANCHARD



Action Packed!

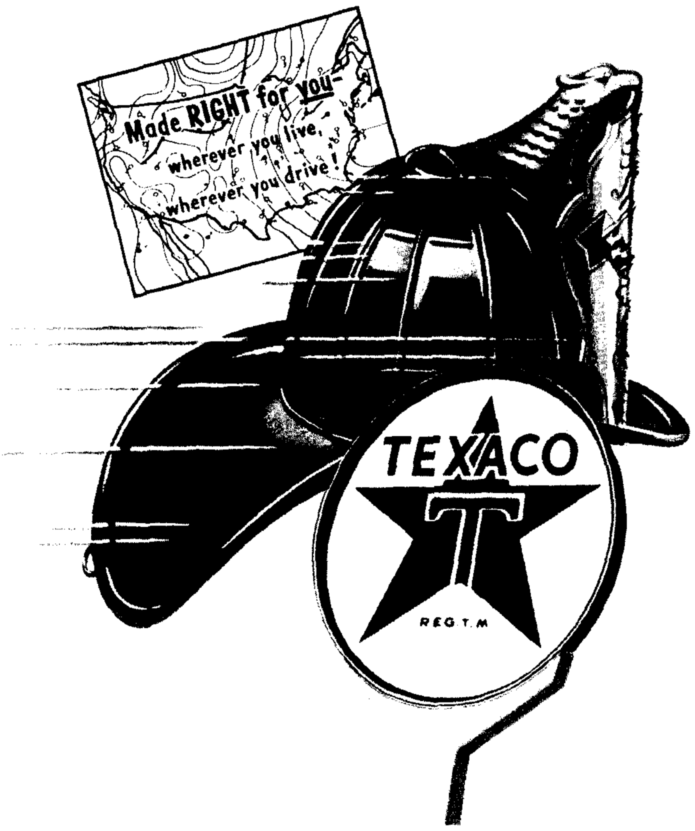
...because Texaco *FIRE-CHIEF* gasoline is 100% *CLIMATE-CONTROLLED!*

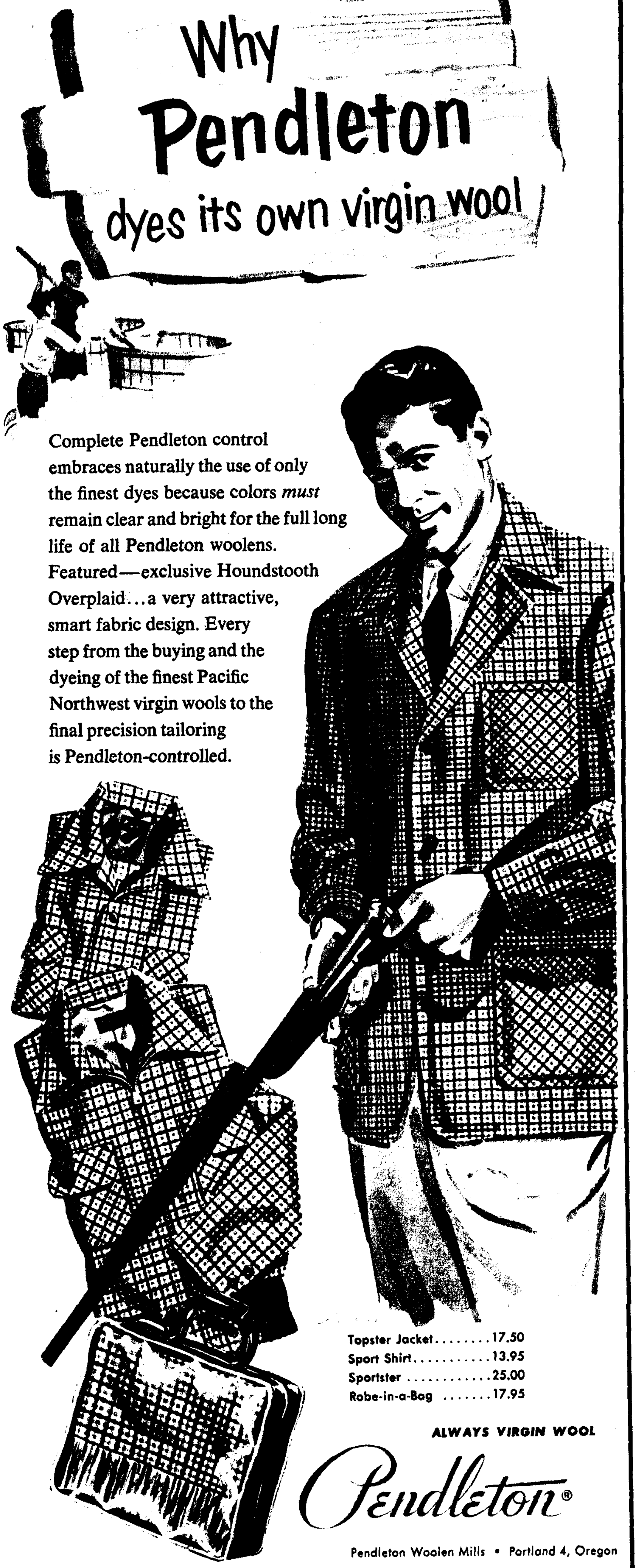
Famous Texaco Fire-Chief is 100% *Climate-Controlled* for the area you live in—and in *each one* of the 25 weather areas in the U. S. A.* That means you get livelier going *wherever* you fill 'er up. What's more, this weather-wise Fire-Chief sells at *regular* gasoline prices. See your Texaco Dealer—*the best friend your car has ever had.*

**Texaco engineers analyzed more than 40 years of weather records . . . then divided the U. S. into 25 weather areas.*

THE TEXAS COMPANY
TEXACO DEALERS
in all 48 states

TEXACO PRODUCTS ARE ALSO DISTRIBUTED IN CANADA AND LATIN AMERICA


Made RIGHT for you—
wherever you live,
wherever you drive!
TEXACO
T
REG T M



Why Pendleton dyes its own virgin wool

Complete Pendleton control embraces naturally the use of only the finest dyes because colors *must* remain clear and bright for the full long life of all Pendleton woolens. Featured—exclusive Houndstooth Overplaid... a very attractive, smart fabric design. Every step from the buying and the dyeing of the finest Pacific Northwest virgin wools to the final precision tailoring is Pendleton-controlled.

Topster Jacket	17.50
Sport Shirt	13.95
Sportster	25.00
Robe-in-a-Bag	17.95

ALWAYS VIRGIN WOOL

Pendleton®

Pendleton Woolen Mills • Portland 4, Oregon

Letters...

?*$!$&%*@& ?#*@&#¢$%?%& ?@!#*&¢@?#!$*%&¢@?

The O'Dwyer Story

Editor: In your first article on William O'Dwyer—The Man Who Won't Come Home (Aug. 7th), you mention that the embassy in Mexico is considered second only to St. James's and Paris.

I realize that the State Department can hardly admit publicly that one embassy is more important than another, but there must be some precedence. It would seem that the ambassadors to Italy, Germany, Brazil and Japan would outrank the Mexican ambassador, as might possibly our representatives to Brazil, Argentina and Russia.

Richard Brown, Yardley, Pa.

The State Department, as Mr. Brown suggests, does not rank its embassies in order of importance. The statement which he cites refers to the size of the embassy staff in Mexico City.

... William O'Dwyer was one American ambassador I was really proud of. I have lived in a number of foreign capitals where our envoys were too often too numb or, as the natives thought, too snobbish to acquaint themselves with the language and life of the country.

To the Mexican people he was *muy embajador* or ambassador par excellence, *simpático,* or charming, and, as one housewife put it, a man who was a hit with even the *tiernos,* or newborn babes.

I am convinced of the integrity of Mr. *Embajador,* who is one of the truly great in our day.

T. D. Eckert, San Francisco, Cal.

... Being an art teacher, I was especially interested in the August 7th cover of William O'Dwyer. It is very clever, but cruel. I somehow have had a lot of sympathy for O'Dwyer, and after reading the article I have even more sympathy.

Jeanette Farmer, Utica, N.Y.

Frankie's Friends

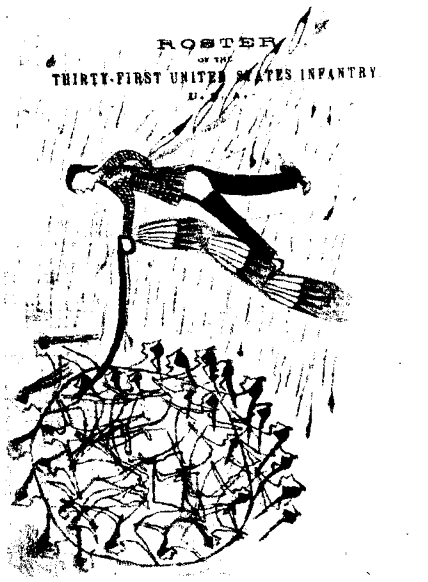
Editor: Your brief but brilliant article From Here to Eternity (August 7th) was terrific. It's about time someone said something in favor of Frank Sinatra. I don't know what or who started the recent Sinatra Stinks campaign, but it just goes to show you that you can't keep a good man down.

Don Sumner,
Keesler Air Force Base, Miss.

... Frank has proved endlessly that he's a top song-and-dance man, and we know after From Here to Eternity he'll be recognized as a top dramatic actor. We Sinatra fans are sincerely proud of our boy.

Patricia Kinkaid, Philadelphia, Pa.

The 31st's Grandpappy



Editor: In the article Sitting Bull Was an Artist Too (July 18th), I notice that on page 37 you mention the 31st Infantry Regiment muster sheets in the year of 1870 at Fort Buford, and that Sitting Bull made his sketches on the reverse sides.

I would like to know what 31st Infantry Regiment it was? The 31st Regiment, Regular Army, is the youngest infantry regiment in the Army and the only one never to have set foot on the mainland of the U.S. till after the end of World War II. It was stationed at Manila for most of the time.

Carl Truet, Cochran, Ore.

Above, in confirmation, is a photograph of a 31st Infantry muster sheet with Sitting Bull's sketch.

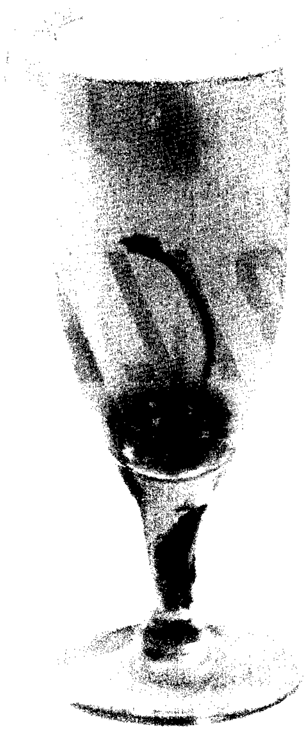
Facts on Forest Fires

Editor: Because of our long years of interest in the control and prevention of forest fires, we in the Izaak Walton League offices were extremely interested in the article Forest Fire! (Aug. 7th). We believe Collier's has performed a public service in publishing this beautifully illustrated story on efforts to learn more about the way wild-land fires behave.

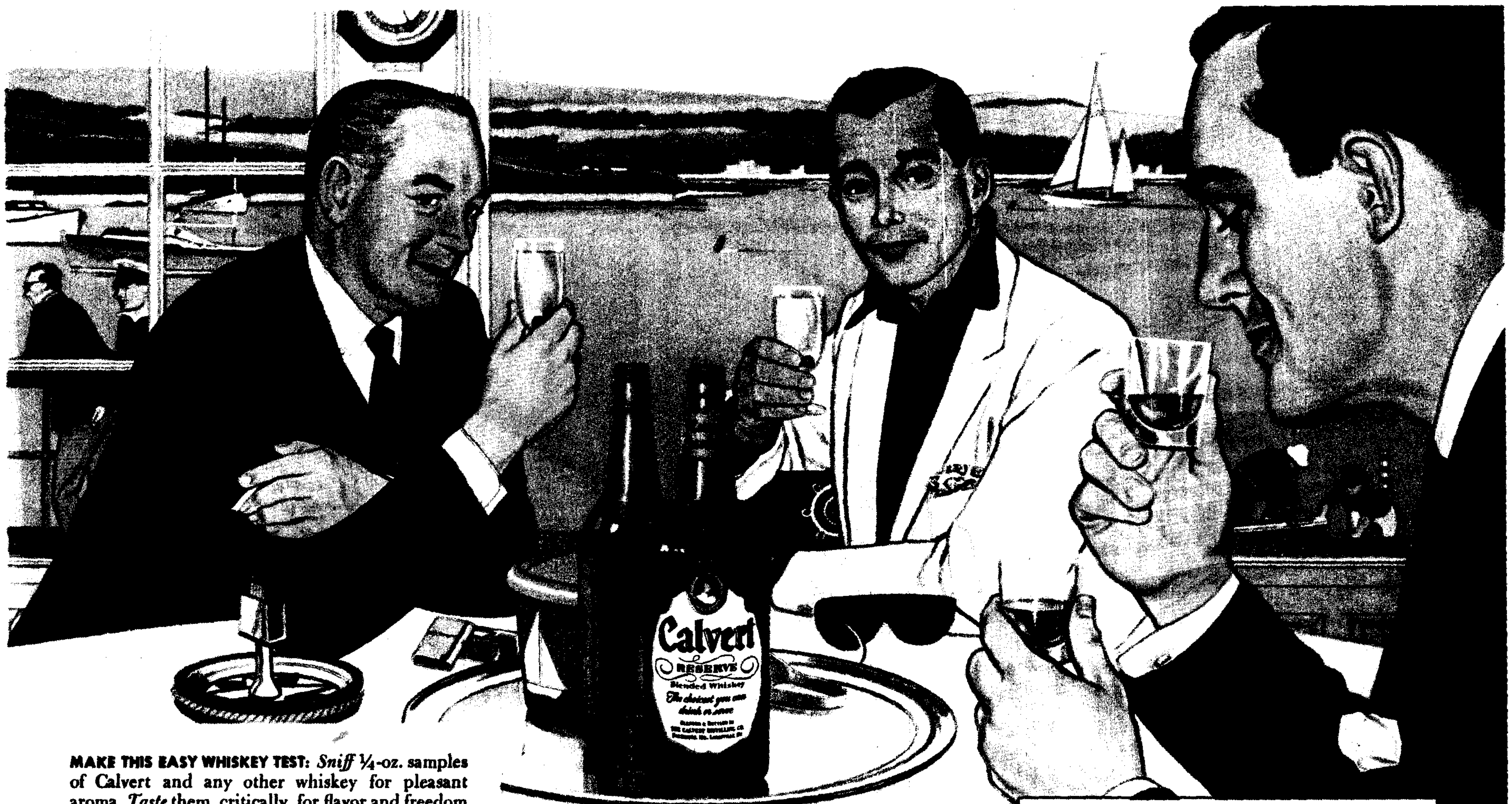
William Voigt, Jr., Executive
Director, Izaak Walton League of
America, Inc., Chicago, Ill.

... Your color story called Forest Fire! was wonderful. I'm sure it will help people realize the awful things that a wildwood fire can do.

Charles M. Fitch,
Mamaroneck, N.Y.



Which Whiskey Sour has the Calvert?


Calvert
RESERVE
Blended Whiskey
The choicest you can drink or serve

MAKE THIS EASY WHISKEY TEST: *Sniff* ¼-oz. samples of Calvert and any other whiskey for pleasant aroma. *Taste* them, critically, for flavor and freedom from bite. *Choose* the one that suits *your* taste.

BET YOU CAN'T GUESS which one is the Calvert Whiskey Sour—just by looking. Both are all dressed up for a party. They're wearing their finest fruit. They've been expertly shaken, equally chilled.

But your taste will not be fooled. A sip of each will tell you which is the smoother, tastier drink...the one made with Calvert.

You can taste the difference—and the *big difference is in the whiskey.*

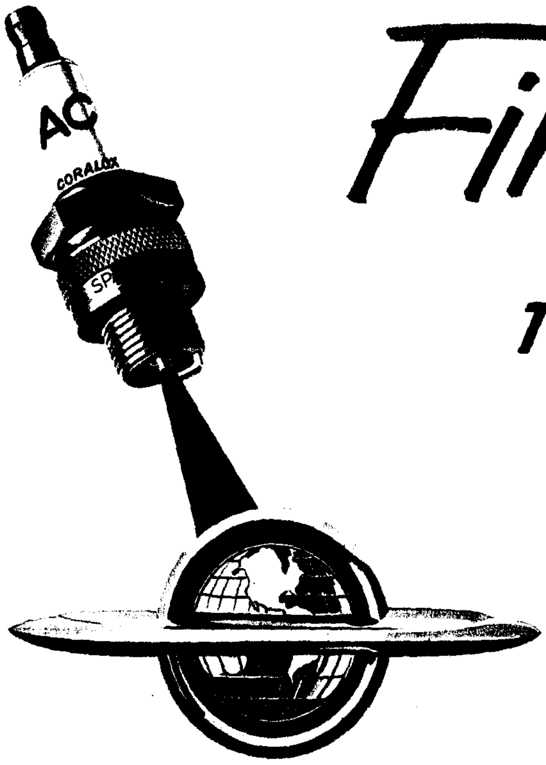
That's why we say, *test* whiskies, like the man in the picture above, before you make or order your next whiskey drink.

Once you compare, we feel sure that your next Whiskey Sour, or any whiskey drink, will be *the one that has the Calvert!*

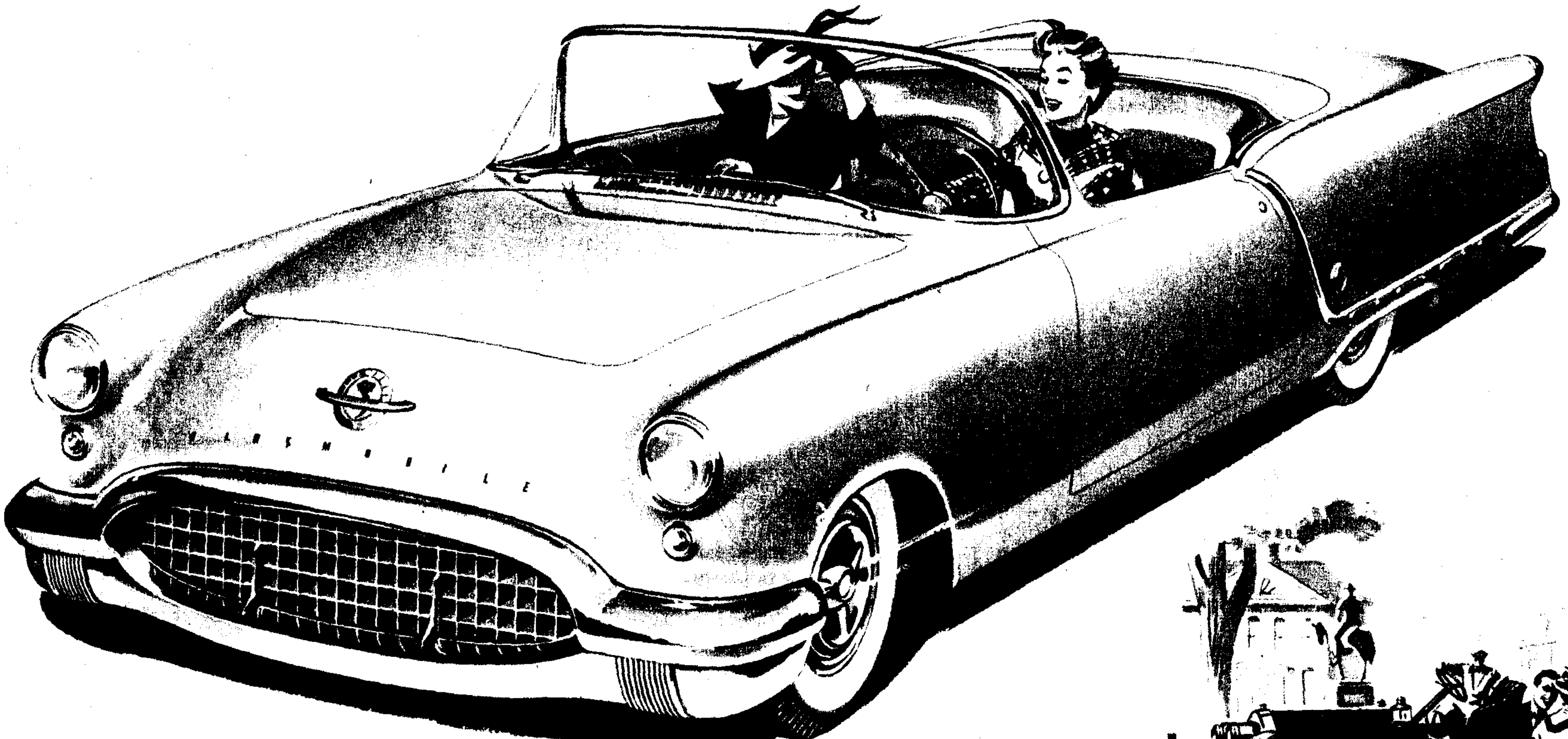
TEST BEFORE—AND ENJOY THIS WHISKEY SOUR MORE! Into shaker put: Juice of ½ lemon, 1 teaspoonful of sugar, 2-ozs. of smooth Calvert. Fill shaker with ice. Shake well and strain into 6-oz. glass. Trim with orange slice, cherry—and MM-mmm, delicious!

Compare...
and you'll switch to
Calvert

CALVERT RESERVE BLENDED WHISKEY—86.8 PROOF—65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS—CALVERT DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY



Firing THE OLDSMOBILE *Starfire*



And Factory Equipment On Every Oldsmobile Since 1911

AC SPARK PLUGS

PATENTED *CORALOX* INSULATOR

Original Equipment on Nearly as Many New Cars as All Other Makes Combined

The fabulous Starfire, Oldsmobile's experimental "laboratory on wheels," is the last word in daring new design. Its 200 h.p. "Rocket" engine has a compression ratio of 9 to 1 – much more punishing to spark plugs than the average engine – yet ACs, because of their patented *CORALOX* insulator, perform perfectly in the Starfire!

CORALOX – the greatest spark plug development in 40 years – resists the formation of oxide and carbon deposits far better than any previous insulator.

These deposits can drain away a portion of the sparking energy, causing the plugs to miss intermittently, especially when power is increased to pass another car on hills or the open highway.

This intermittent miss can cause –

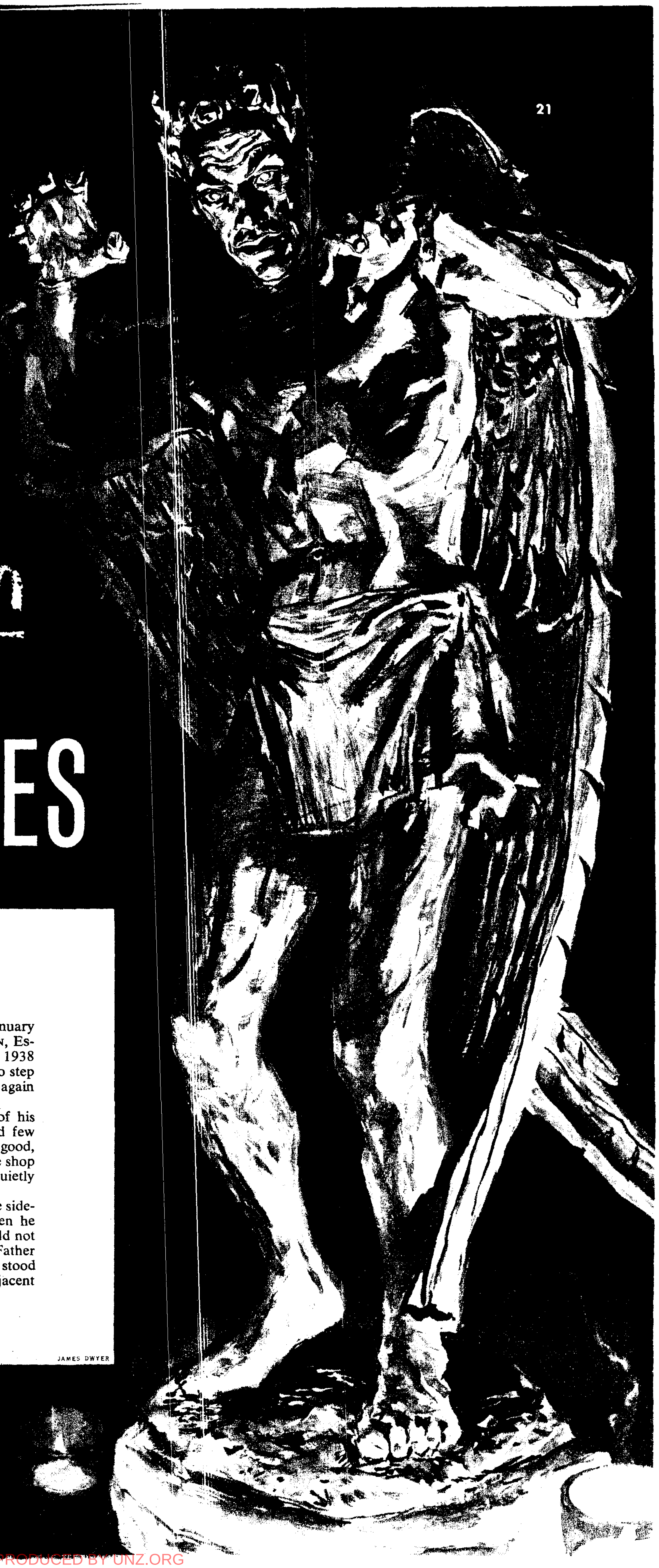
- **UP TO 10% LOSS OF HORSEPOWER**
- **A WASTE OF AS MUCH AS ONE GALLON OF GASOLINE IN TEN**

Regardless of the make or model car you drive—you can be sure of full power and full gas mileage from your spark plugs if you insist on ACs—the only spark plug with patented *CORALOX* insulator!

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION GM GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Beginning a turbulent drama of
mortal temptation—a story
of human love at grips with Evil
—destined to become the most
talked-about novel of the year

the Shadows of THE IMAGES



JAMES DWYER

By WILLIAM E. BARRETT

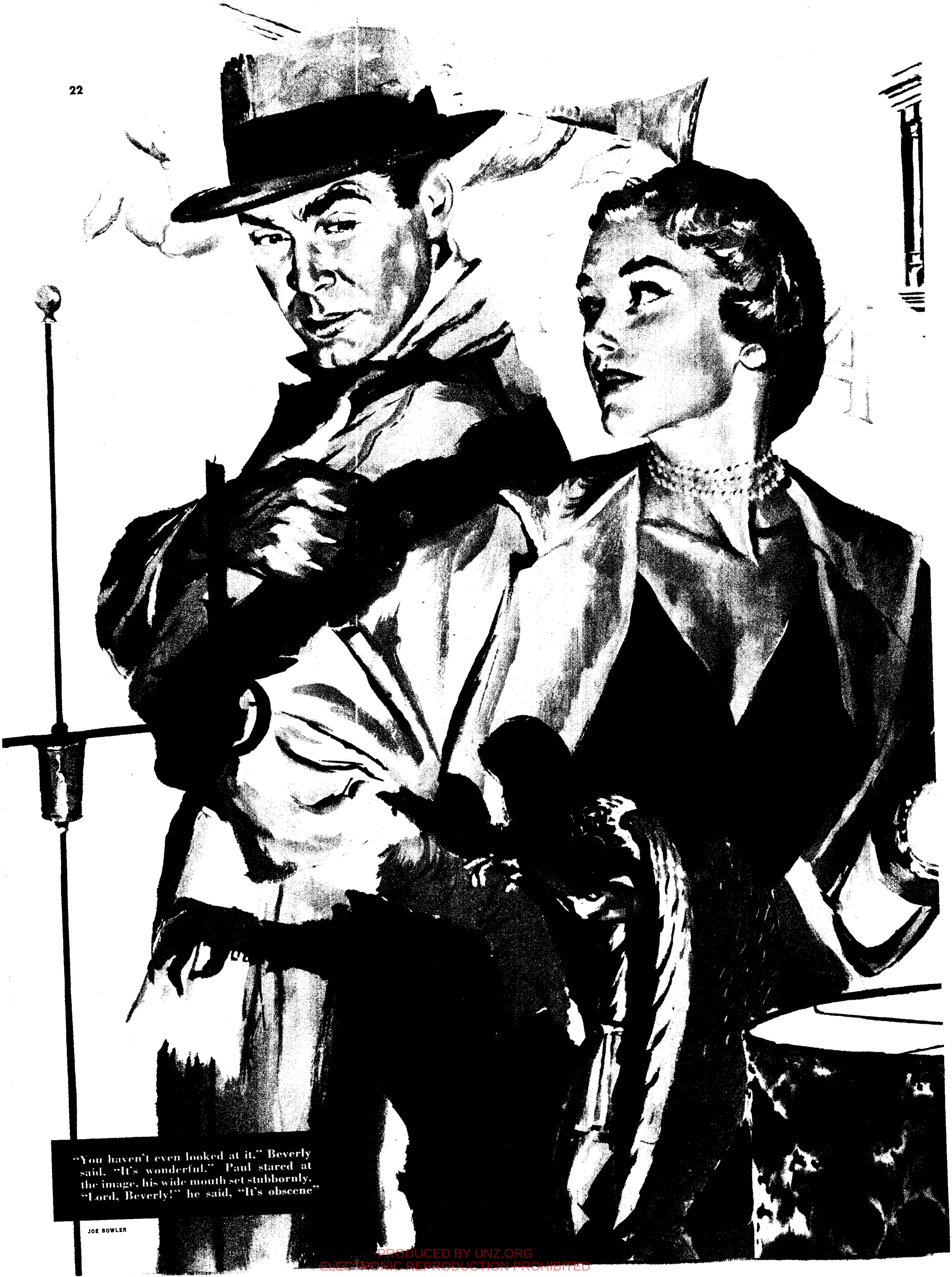
Author of the best-selling novel The Left Hand of God

THERE was frozen snow on the sidewalks of Cody Street, and a January wind whipped the sign above the antique shop: JULIUS WEINSTEIN, ESTABLISHED 1929. Father John J. Brennan parked his battered 1938 coupé against the curb and blew on his hands. It would be unpleasant to step out of the car into the icy stream of air, but decidedly pleasant to visit again with Julius. Light glowed within the shop, promising warmth.

Father Brennan was fifty-one, and he had spent seventeen years of his priesthood as pastor of St. Edmund's, a difficult parish which offered few physical comforts to its priests, and fewer spiritual triumphs. It was good, occasionally, to get away from it for a few hours, very good indeed. The shop of Julius Weinstein was a refuge, a timeless spot where a man could slip quietly back through the centuries, an island in the ocean of hours and days.

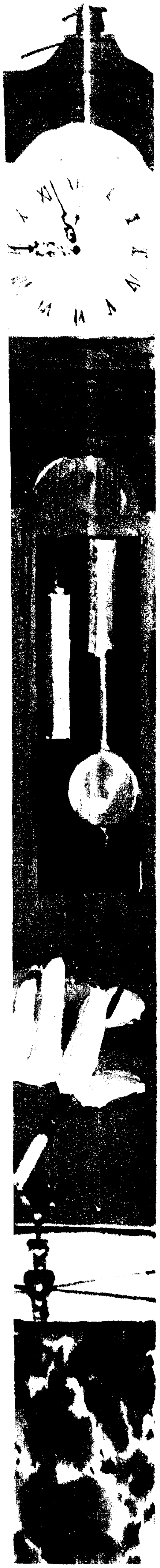
Hunching his shoulders against the wind, the priest hurried across the sidewalk. A bell chimed somewhere in the dark depths of the shop when he opened the door. It was a summons to Julius Weinstein, but Julius would not hurry to answer it. Julius lived a truce with time. He never hurried. Father Brennan blinked, adjusting his eyes to the gloom. A carved image stood on the glass top of the first showcase, gleaming in the light of the adjacent

COPYRIGHT 1953 BY WILLIAM E. BARRETT



"You haven't even looked at it," Beverly said. "It's wonderful." Paul stared at the image, his wide mouth set stubbornly. "Lord, Beverly!" he said, "It's obscene"

JOE BOWLER



lamps. It looked, the priest thought, like the figure of a Moor.

Father Brennan's mood was relaxed now, the mood of a man released temporarily from care, visiting a place where he felt welcome and comfortable and at liberty to be himself, free to look at lovely things and to talk of interesting topics, to taste for a time the rich satisfactions of courtesy and good manners and undemanding friendship. This figure of the Moor intrigued him. He was curious about it, and it was a pleasant curiosity. He was totally unprepared for what happened to him.

One easy step took him into a direct line with the showcase, and he stopped—in head-on collision with the adversary of God. In that moment he had no sense of facing a carving in wood, but rather a conjuration out of darkness, a phantom thrusting itself upon his unguarded mind, a victim of malevolence.

SATAN stood within the light, his dark body glowing in it and taking on the appearance of living flesh. The light across his face was filtered through the shades of the lamps, or diffused upward, touching the bold lines of his features. His arms, in a strangely arrested gesture, rose out of light into shadow, the half-opened hands slightly blurred as though with motion. His lips were set in an expression of snarling defiance.

Father Brennan heard the slow steps of Julius Weinstein in the aisle, but he did not turn nor take his eyes from the image. "Where did you get this fellow?" he said.

"In the last shipment from München. Does he shock you?"

"Shock? No. That isn't the word. 'Appall' is better."

Father Brennan tilted his head to one side. The aspect of the figure changed as the beholder moved. The features were less shadowed now, and the snarl had vanished. Satan seemed about to speak and every line of his figure was arrogant, proud, scornful. Father Brennan took two steps to his right, and the weirdly yellow, vitreous eyes seemed to follow him. He found himself, without volition, quoting Isaiah: " 'How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer! O day star!' "

The expression on the face of Satan, with the changed emphasis of light and shadow, seemed itself to have changed. There was mockery in it and contempt—the contempt, perhaps, of the first-created angel, the leader of spiritual legions, for a humble parish priest.

Father Brennan's lips tightened, then he spoke aloud. *"Omnis spiritus laudat Dominum,"* he said.

He stepped forward and took the image in his hand, examining the detail of face and hair, of flexed muscles, of loincloth and wings. He forced himself to study the face. The sculptor had wrought skillfully. The two profiles, as in the human face, differed and yet were congruous. In that lay the magic of changing expression with changing position or shifting light. The figure felt warm where the lamps had shone on it. It had been marvelously—yes, and lovingly—carved, waxed, rubbed, polished, cared for. He set it down with a feeling of repugnance.

"That thing has been worshiped, Julius," he said. "You can almost smell the incense."

"I thought so. It sent me to books about the Black Mass. I felt sure that I would find it described."

"Did you?"

"No."

"The omission proves nothing," Father Brennan said. "That thing was used for some such purpose. You can feel it."

"Yes," Julius Weinstein said, and nodded his head. "I put him in the window at first. I didn't think about him. Then a girl named Beverly Colter came in and asked me to set him out. I have been disturbed ever since."

"A girl!"

"Yes. She's coming in this afternoon. She's buying the figure to shock a boy she knows—if you can imagine such an absurdity."

Julius led the way back along the dark aisle to a desk that was guarded by an empty suit of armor. Father Brennan shed his overcoat and laid it across a table with his hat on top of it.

"A girl? You sold that to a young girl?"

"What else? If people want a thing, and it is available, they will have it." There was a defensive note in the old man's voice. "You can destroy things, but you can't destroy the wanting or the having." He gestured emphatically with one thin hand. "That is not my business. The image disturbs me. The man who carved it may have been insane. But I would not destroy it."

Father Brennan's chin rested on his chest. He would not, he thought, destroy that image himself if he had power of disposal over it. He would not destroy any man's message, even if it was evil in his sight, but he would intercept a message rather than have it reach a mind that was unprepared for it. He did not know how to intercept this one.

If I had the money, he thought, I would outbid this girl and give that thing to a museum where it would receive only passing attention. But that, perhaps, is nonsense. Evil is in the soul of man and not in wooden images. Christ is in the tabernacle, not in any statue of Him that was ever made.

Julius Weinstein took a box from the shelf behind the armor. "We'll forget Satan," he said. "I have something here that will interest you."

The old man opened the box and unwrapped another carving. It was the image, ten inches high, of a seated monk, his cowl thrown back from a young, stern face. He held a book against his heart, and there were three miters on the cover of the book. The image had been painted—the robe and cowl with the white of the Cistercian order, and the face of the monk with the dark color of skin that has been much exposed to the sun. Father Brennan took it in his hands.

"The three miters," he said. "Saint Bernard of Clairvaux! I never saw one. This is a find, Julius."

"I thought so."

The priest's eyes lifted. "You don't have a market for figures such as this one, Julius," he said. "I suspect you. Do you import them because of me?"

"Why should I? You never buy them."

"You might—even though I don't buy them."

"It would be nonsense. I, too, like them. And there are buyers. They are few, but they exist. To me there is a joy in finding someone who will want a rare thing because he understands it—just such a joy as a man feels who finds an unexpected rarity in such a small out-of-the-way shop as mine. If we do not please each other, we do not please ourselves."

"I don't know, Julius. You argue well."

THE front door opened and the chime sounded. Julius Weinstein reached up swiftly and pulled the switch chain of the lamp. "I'm sorry," he whispered. "It's my customers. A priest might embarrass them, Father. You understand."

He rose and moved down the aisle. Father Brennan frowned. How unlike Julius, he thought. How very unlike him!

A girl and a young man approached the showcase, and the light from the lamps touched them. The girl was blonde, and the golden yellow of her short coat took the light well, emphasizing her own light coloring, complementing it rather than competing with it. The young man was long-legged, dark-haired. He was frowning slightly. "Lord!" he said. "You don't want anything like that, Bev."

"Why not? You haven't even looked at it, Paul. It's wonderful."

"It's obscene."

The young man was staring at the image. His wide mouth was set stubbornly, and there was disapproval in the thrust of his thin jaw. Watching from the darkened wings off stage, Father Brennan thought that "obscene" was hardly an accurate term for a figure so exquisitely done; but he was interested in the fact that the young man had used it.

Julius moved into position behind the counter. "You don't like the figure?" he said.

"No. I don't like it."

Paul's voice was deep, firm, decisive. He had his hands in his pockets, and he was staring with uncompromising antagonism at the image. Watching him, Father Brennan

(Continued on page 96)

The Soldier Who Married

Wife No. 3 of Yugoslavia's Marshal Tito and a Communist Partisan herself, Jovanka Broz lives amid luxury many a capitalist would envy. In her first interview, she tells a Collier's editor never-before-disclosed details of her rise from peasant girl to first lady

Marshal Tito (left) kept his marriage to Partisan Major Jovanka Budisavljevic secret for months

Brdo, Yugoslavia

AS GOOD a tip-off as any to the difference between democracy and Communism is the way the two worlds treat their first ladies. Mrs. Eisenhower and Britain's Mrs. Churchill live in goldfish bowls for all their countrymen to see. The wives of Communist rulers are virtual strangers to their people.

Mrs. Stalin, Mrs. Malenkov, Mrs. Tito have all been enigmas, both as personalities and as possible influences on their powerful husbands. Of the three, the twenty-eight-year-old Mrs. Tito has been perhaps the most intriguing—partly because of the odd way in which her marriage to the Yugoslav dictator was disclosed, partly because of the 32-year gap in their ages, partly because of Western curiosity about her country since its defection from orthodox Stalinism.

It was only a year ago that the world first learned of young Mrs. Tito. In September, 1952, when British Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden visited Yugoslavia, a puckish member of Tito's inner circle passed along to a reporter an invitation to a reception for Eden, issued by President Tito and Mrs. Jovanka Broz (Tito's real name is Josip Broz). The appearance of Jovanka Broz's name on the invitation revealed that Tito had jettisoned wife No. 2—mother of the younger of his two sons and herself a long-time Communist—and married again.

Foreign correspondents questioned government officials about the new Mrs. Tito. They were informed only that she had been a Partisan army officer during World War II and that she was less than half Tito's age. All attempts to elicit more information and to talk with the new first lady were fruitless—until I obtained the first interview ever given by Mrs. Tito.

Our meeting a few weeks ago lasted several hours. I saw at firsthand the luxury in which she lives—a setting which would do a bona fide capitalist proud. I learned that but for a turn of fate she might have become an American citizen; her father, Miko Budisavljevic, migrated to Chicago as a young man and worked there as a day laborer, but eventually chose to return to his homeland.

In fact, his American venture may have helped turn his daughter Communist. "Prewar Yugoslavia had a rotten government," she told me. "Life was a struggle for the people of my region, Lika. To exist, Lichans of necessity were forced to migrate to other countries, principally America. This mass migration has been a tragedy for Yugoslavia. Why, I asked myself, should this be? After reading Karl Marx, I became convinced that only through Marxian Socialism could we solve our problems."

Getting to Mrs. Tito was a monumental task. Even after my arrival in Belgrade, the Yugoslav capital, it took two months of endless phone calls to countless bureaucrats and persistent camping at the Ministry of Information and the Presidency (Tito's headquarters). It also took a plane-and-auto journey across rugged mountains to Pazin, where Tito addressed 100,000 people at a patriotic rally—and where I got to ask the dictator himself for help in seeing his wife.

Tito's tanned, smooth-shaven face reflected good humor that day in Pazin as I explained my mission—to find out what Mrs. Tito was like as a woman and as a wife. But he was noncommittal. He explained that she was studying for her high-school entrance examinations. (She had left school in the fifth grade in 1935.) He advised me to go back to Belgrade—and wait.

I took his advice, but during my long wait I hired a car and drove 400 miles to Pecane, Mrs. Tito's birthplace in the Lika district of Croatia, near the Bosnian border. There is no railroad to this remote area; the route lies over rough, one-way, winding mountain roads. Later, when I told Mrs. Tito of my venture, she seemed displeased—as though she wished to put her humble beginnings far behind her.

But seeing Lika—a land of somber forests, wild and remote—gave me a key to her character. During World War II, it had been a center of Partisan resistance. Its peasants are rugged. Some of Mrs. Tito's family still live there: her great-aunt, seventy-eight-year-old "Grandma" Evica, her stepmother, and her fourteen-year-old half sister.

"When Jovanka came home for the first time after she joined the Partisans, I didn't know her," her stepmother told me. "She looked like a boy. Her hair was cut short, she wore a soldier's uniform and around her waist was a cartridge belt with a pistol stuck in it."

"She was a warrior with a gun like anyone else," put in Grandma Evica.

Back in Belgrade, I sat out Yugoslav protocol. Finally one morning a spokesman for the Presidency telephoned. Jovanka Broz had completed her exams. I was to leave for Ljubljana, in the northwest corner of Yugoslavia, an overnight trip from Belgrade.

The marshal's car would meet me, and I would be driven to the Titos' summer castle at Brdo. Mrs. Maria Vilfan, wife of Tito's secretary-general, would be my interpreter.

the Dictator

By
HELEN WORDEN ERSKINE

HELEN WORDEN ERSKINE

Above: Villagers in her native Lika district say that Mrs. Tito saved the marshal's life in World War II, but she calls the story "a pretty legend." Left: Mrs. Tito's 14-year-old stepsister and her stepmother hold a large photo of Mrs. Tito's father, who once worked in U.S. as laborer. Mrs. Tito's 78-year-old great-aunt is at right

The castle at Brdo, where Tito and his wife spend the warm months, was formerly occupied by Prince Paul, regent of Yugoslavia's defunct monarchy. Built by an Austrian archduke in the eighteenth century, it is but one of several impressive residences over which Mrs. Tito presides. She also has at her disposal a mansion in Belgrade formerly occupied by the late King Alexander; a villa on the island of Brioni in the Adriatic; a palace at Bled; a glorified farm at Belje; and innumerable shooting lodges in each of the six Yugoslav republics. Most of these homes are storybook castles with moats, drawbridges, deer parks and forests in which to hunt wild boar—Tito's favorite sport.

When our car stopped in front of the high, white metal gate of the Brdo castle, an army sentry nodded at mention of my name and unlocked the gate. We entered an old-world paradise. It was as simple as that—no questioning, no searches.

Ahead were vistas of formal gardens. Beds of solid pink cyclamen banked the yellow-walled château. Blue hydrangeas rimmed a tennis court. There was a summerhouse with little white metal tables and chairs grouped beneath scarlet-striped beach umbrellas. A well-tended, lush privet hedge concealed a strong, steel-mesh fence. Gracious trees arched over a driveway.

On the steps of the castle waited the marshal's aide-de-camp. He ushered me into a reception room magnificently furnished with impressive rugs, statuary and hangings. With a grand gesture, a butler flung open two carved walnut doors and bowed me into the main drawing room.

Two women seated on a gold-satin upholstered sofa rose and came forward to greet me. One was Jovanka Broz, as Mrs. Tito is known in Yugoslavia; the other was Maria Vilfan.

Extending her hand, Mrs. Broz addressed me in Yugoslav. Her voice was pleasantly low. "She says that she is sorry to have kept you waiting so long in Yugoslavia," translated Mrs. Vilfan, "but she only finished her examinations two days ago."

As we sat down, they explained that Mrs. Broz wanted to get a high-school diploma so that she could go on to college as a general arts student, majoring in literature. Out of 33 adults, she was one of six who passed the entrance exams given in Belgrade High School.

"Half of my married life has gone in study," Mrs. Broz said. "I had little opportunity to study during the war and the busy years just afterward. But after my marriage, I picked up where I'd left off—in the fifth grade."

As I sat talking with Jovanka Broz, I

YUGO-FOTO, BELGRADE

Marshal Tito and his third wife pose at Brdo castle, one of the dictator's many residences

recalled what I had learned of her two predecessors in Tito's affections. His first wife, Pelaghia Belousnova, a Russian Communist, died in 1938. Two years later, he married Berta Has, a Slovene Communist, who is still active in Belgrade intellectual circles. I also had heard that Tito's association with his present wife was long-standing, going back nine years.

Knowing this background, I had expected to find Jovanka Broz a *femme fatale*. But she looked more like a woman who would be a good cook, wife and mother. Her face was wholesome, her figure plump. Her black hair was brushed back from the face and coiled at the nape of her neck. (Maritza, the hairdresser at Belgrade's Majestic Hotel, had given her a machine permanent for 650 dinar—about $2.25—a few days before we met.) Carefully groomed black eyebrows arched winglike above expressive brown eyes. She opened those eyes wide and looked straight into mine as she listened to my questions. I believe she understood more English than she admitted.

She smiled frequently during our talk, displaying dimples and even, white teeth. A rose lipstick defined her upper lip. She used her hands in graceful gestures. Her long tapering nails were tinted pink to match her dress—an attractive pink-and-white printed-cotton voile edged in white embroidery. Her shoes were white kid sandals. She wore no wedding ring, but had put on other jewelry: a gold-link bracelet, a gold cable chain and a gold ring set with a small rose diamond on her ring finger.

While we exchanged opening pleasantries, the butler entered with afternoon tea. On an onyx-topped gilt table, he placed an enormous silver tray daintily set with a china pot full of special tea, another containing hot water, thin slices of lemon on a crystal plate, a crystal decanter of rum, and a platter of chocolate and vanilla cream-filled *petits fours*.

Mrs. Broz busied herself with the tea, then spoke rapidly in Yugoslav to Mrs. Vilfan.

"Mrs. Broz says she is nervous!" explained our interpreter. "This is her first interview. But she is ready to answer your questions."

I recalled that June, 1952, had been generally accepted as the month of her wedding, but no date had ever been announced. Exactly when had she married Tito?

"We were married the 25th of April, 1952," Mrs. Broz said—a little defiantly. "The wedding was very private. I wore a red dress. We had a little party afterward at our home in Belgrade. My two younger sisters, Zara and Nada, came. That was all. We didn't announce it because here in Yugoslavia one's personal life is not a matter of public concern."

They were married in Tito's mansion at 15 Rumunska Street in Dedinje, the fashionable Belgrade suburb where the top brass of the government lives. Because she and Tito are atheists, the vows were given by the town clerk of Dedinje.

Mrs. Broz's brown eyes took on a dreamy, faraway look at my next question: How long had she known Tito?

"Nine years," she said finally. "Tito and I met in 1944." She was twenty, he fifty-two; she, a private in the 3d Battalion, 2d Brigade of the Sixth Proletariat Division of the Partisan (Communist) Yugoslav army; he, its commander in chief.

There are various versions of that first meeting. According to the people of Pecane, she saved Tito's life. During May, 1944, I was told, Tito and Edvard Kardelj, now a vice-president of Yugoslavia, used a cave in Bosnia as their military headquarters. When a detachment of Nazis fired directly into the cave, Tito and Kardelj groped along the walls until they found an opening. They wormed their way through to find themselves in the midst of a battle between the Germans and Jovanka's division.

A German soldier, recognizing Tito, is supposed to have aimed his gun at the marshal. But—so the story goes—Jovanka shot the German.

After the battle, according to the people of Pecane, Jovanka was so weak from typhus which had swept the Partisan army that she collapsed. Tito sent Stalin a request for antityphus serum. The Soviet leader ignored the request, and many claim that the incident was the seed of Tito's ultimate break with Moscow in 1948. In any event, Jovanka was carried from the battlefield on a stretcher to the field hospital attached to Tito's headquarters—an unusual privilege. It is also significant that she subsequently got a key post as political commissar in the Partisan army.

When I repeated the Pecane account of her meeting with Tito, Mrs. Broz held up her hands. "A pretty legend! I saw Tito first in 1944, as anybody else would see him. I was merely one of the people." She said that her battalion had been assembled in the public square at Drarv to honor a young Partisan killed during the struggle in Bosnia. Tito made the funeral oration. Later she shook hands with him.

"It was a great event for me," she recalled, "but I didn't know him really well until I went to work for him at the Secretariat in Belgrade. That was in 1945." Although she was a commissioned army officer on active duty, her job was that of a filing clerk. "Until last month I was still a major on active duty. My salary was a major's salary."

Workers' Salaries Are Kept Secret

How much was a major's salary in Yugoslavia? Mrs. Vilfan explained that the salaries of workers are not made public; for example, Tito's salary has never been revealed.

I tried another tack. How did Mrs. Broz receive her army promotions?

"I joined the Partisans as a private," she answered. "In 1944, I was made lieutenant; in 1945, after I went to work for Tito, I became captain and, just before my marriage, I was promoted to major. I was mustered out this June. It was not consistent for the marshal's wife to be a major." She tossed her head and laughed. "My husband ordered my demobilization."

Grandma Evica, back at Pecane, had given me Saint Demetrius Day (November 7th), 1924, as the date of Jovanka's birth. Mrs. Broz bridled at mention of the date. "The old of our villages are illiterate," she said. "I know exactly when I was born—December 7, 1924. My mother kept a record of all our birthdays."

She brushed away some tears. "I can hardly talk when I think of her. She succeeded in creating a gay atmosphere and bringing up five children in restricted circumstances. Lika is not a self-sufficient region, but Mother had her own standards. If I amount to anything it is because of her encouragement.

"My father went to America when I was a child. We were always expecting to join him—we dreamed of it—but we never went. When he re-

YUGO-FOTO, BELGRADE

Marshal Tito (smoking, center) is shown surrounded by his Partisan army staff of World War II about the time he first met the youthful girl soldier he was to marry eight years later

her teens. She often discusses politics with her husband: "I'm his sounding board"

turned, people visited him to discuss America with him. My two brothers, my two sisters and I were still children. We heard father talk of cities like Chicago, San Francisco, Cleveland. He spoke English almost more readily than Croatian."

When her mother died in 1935, Jovanka left school to help the family. "I shouldered a scythe, cut hay, cooked, baked, washed, ironed, housecleaned and sewed—just like any other peasant girl," she said. In 1938 her father married a second time; he died in 1945.

Jovanka joined the Communist underground against the monarchy in 1940. "I was a member of the Communist Youth Organization," she said. She helped organize the Kola Peasants, a group of Lika boys and girls who thought as she did politically. They met at her home.

Some of the people of Pecane told me that Mrs. Broz's first love was Stefan Matic, a young Communist of Lika who died at the start of the war. She is said to have laid a wreath of flowers on his grave and to have recited a poem dedicated to him. She scoffed at this story as another "pretty legend." "Stefan Matic was a young Partisan leader of my area," she told me. "Yes, I did lay a wreath on his grave and recite a poem dedicated to him, but I never knew him. He was a Partisan hero. A symbol. I was deep in Communism, a terrain worker, a secret indoctrinator, long before he died."

She spoke quietly, hands folded in her lap, as if she were describing a sewing-circle party. What she was saying meant that she had plotted to overthrow the monarchy; that, if discovered, she would have been tossed into jail and, if convicted, shot.

It was in October, 1942—more than a year after the Germans invaded her homeland—that she enlisted as a private in the Partisan army. Staring at a handsome tapestry on the wall opposite, Mrs. Broz spoke softly. Mrs. Vilfan translated:

"The day of my enlistment wasn't eventful until I put on my uniform. The implications that went with wearing it . . . being a soldier . . . killing . . . stopped me. But I was borne through by the horror of the situation. Fifty villagers—friends I loved—had been massacred by the quislings. When I used my gun, I thought of these people."

One third of the Partisan army was made up of women. Like them, Jovanka often went barefoot. Rations were short. For a whole month she ate only mutton. Soldiers developed scurvy and trench mouth. But winters were the hardest. Jovanka would spread pine branches on the snow for a bed. She had no money, no change of clothing—her uniform was an ill-fitting British castoff. Lice crawled over her. It was vastly different from her present life as Yugoslavia's first lady.

Mrs. Broz brightened as we returned to the present and began discussing her husband's leadership of the Yugoslav people. "Tito is a real leader," she said. "I respect him for his merits as an organizer. His whole life has been devoted to the struggle. I could say that Tito is the greatest leader in the world today. But I'll leave that for other people to decide. To me—he is the man I love."

I commented on his magnetism as a speaker.

She nodded. "Tito is a great orator."

As a political commissar, she developed quite a reputation for being a persuasive speaker herself. Had her husband ever heard her make a speech?

"No, and he won't if I can help it," she laughed.

How important is Jovanka Broz to Tito? She is credited with having as intimate a knowledge of party workings as anyone in Yugoslavia. "Do you discuss politics with your husband?" I asked.

"Of course—local and international. Why shouldn't I? I took part in the struggle, too. But I never attempt to interfere in his business or to influence him." She smiled. "You might say I'm his sounding board."

I pressed my questions. What was the real cause of Tito's break in 1948 with Soviet Russia?

"Having gone through so much, we did not want to be dictated to again," said Mrs. Broz. She leaned forward as if the better to impress me. "We deeply believe each country should develop its own way of life."

YUGO-FOTO, BELGRADE

Collier's writer Helen Worden Erskine (left) talks with Mrs. Tito (right) across tea table at Brdo. Mrs. Maria Vilfan (center) acted as interpreter. It was Mrs. Tito's first interview

At this point I introduced America—how closely did she follow our politics?

"I follow these things only as they affect Yugoslavia," she told me.

Then I asked the question most Americans ask. Yugoslavia had recently agreed to exchange ambassadors with Russia. Did this mean a Soviet-Yugoslav reunion?

Both Mrs. Broz and Mrs. Vilfan were emphatic in their *"Ne"*—No. "Ours is true Communism," Mrs. Broz added. "The Soviet brand is imperialistic."

Did she read any Western writers?

She considered the question thoughtfully. "Many American writers have been translated into Yugoslav. I read Jack London, Mark Twain, Upton Sinclair, Theodore Dreiser."

Fine Homes "Belong to the People"

I remarked that she was fortunate to possess so many lovely homes. Mrs. Broz quickly corrected me. "The houses are not mine," she said. "We only use them." She glanced through the French windows to the expanse of green terrace. "They belong to the people."

Tito's wife is five feet five inches tall. I asked her about her weight. She rolled her eyes upward and exclaimed, *"Bogami!* (Heavens!) During the war I weighed 54 kilos (120 pounds)." She smoothed down her skirt and added, "But now I won't tell you what I weigh." Plainly her plush existence has added poundage.

There has been a widespread rumor that she is pregnant. When Tito was asked about it, he laughed. "Even our dentist fell for that. When I told him my wife wanted some work done on her teeth he remarked, 'The teeth of women in her condition usually need attention.' "

I asked Mrs. Broz if she wanted a child.

"No," she answered promptly. "I like children, but we've got enough. My husband has two sons and two grandchildren. I have my young sisters."

Mrs. Broz's two sisters, Zara, nineteen, and Nada, seventeen, have an apartment in Belgrade. She brought them from Pecane in 1948. "That was the last time I saw Pecane," she said. "I took the girls to Belgrade so that they might go to school. I wanted to give them the education I missed." The sisters now attend Belgrade University.

Mrs. Broz is pretty enough to set styles, but none of her fashions are copied the way American women copy Mamie Eisenhower's bangs. In fact, most Yugoslav women don't even know what their first lady looks like. Only occasionally does she accompany her husband on public business.

Once Jovanka Broz flew to Rome for a brief trip—the only time she has been out of her country. She will not discuss the reason for the trip. She struggles to remain anonymous.

So far as her daily routine goes, Mrs. Broz might be another Mrs. Rockefeller, Vanderbilt or Whitney. Consultations in the morning with the housekeeper about the menu; visits to one of her three dressmakers, her tailor, milliner or hairdresser; pleasant afternoon rides in her chauffeur-driven car; state receptions when the red velvet carpet is rolled out for visiting diplomats like British Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden.

Her permanent domestic staff comprises a housekeeper, a butler, a cook and a chauffeur. Her personal servants, they accompany her wherever she goes. Each official residence also has its own staff of servants, gardeners and caretakers.

All marriages are a matter of give-and-take. What compromises has Mrs. Broz made?

"I give in—always," she told me. "I choose colors that please Tito—white, green, red, black. He rarely comments on my clothes, but I know at once whether or not he approves. I had a flannel sport skirt I liked very much. The first time I wore it he said it was wrong for me. I rushed upstairs and took it off."

She laughed. "Tito compromises, too. He even wears the gray sweater I knitted for him. Our tastes are similar. For example, we're both fond of pets. He has his dogs, canaries, pheasants and fish. I've got two small bears at our Belgrade home."

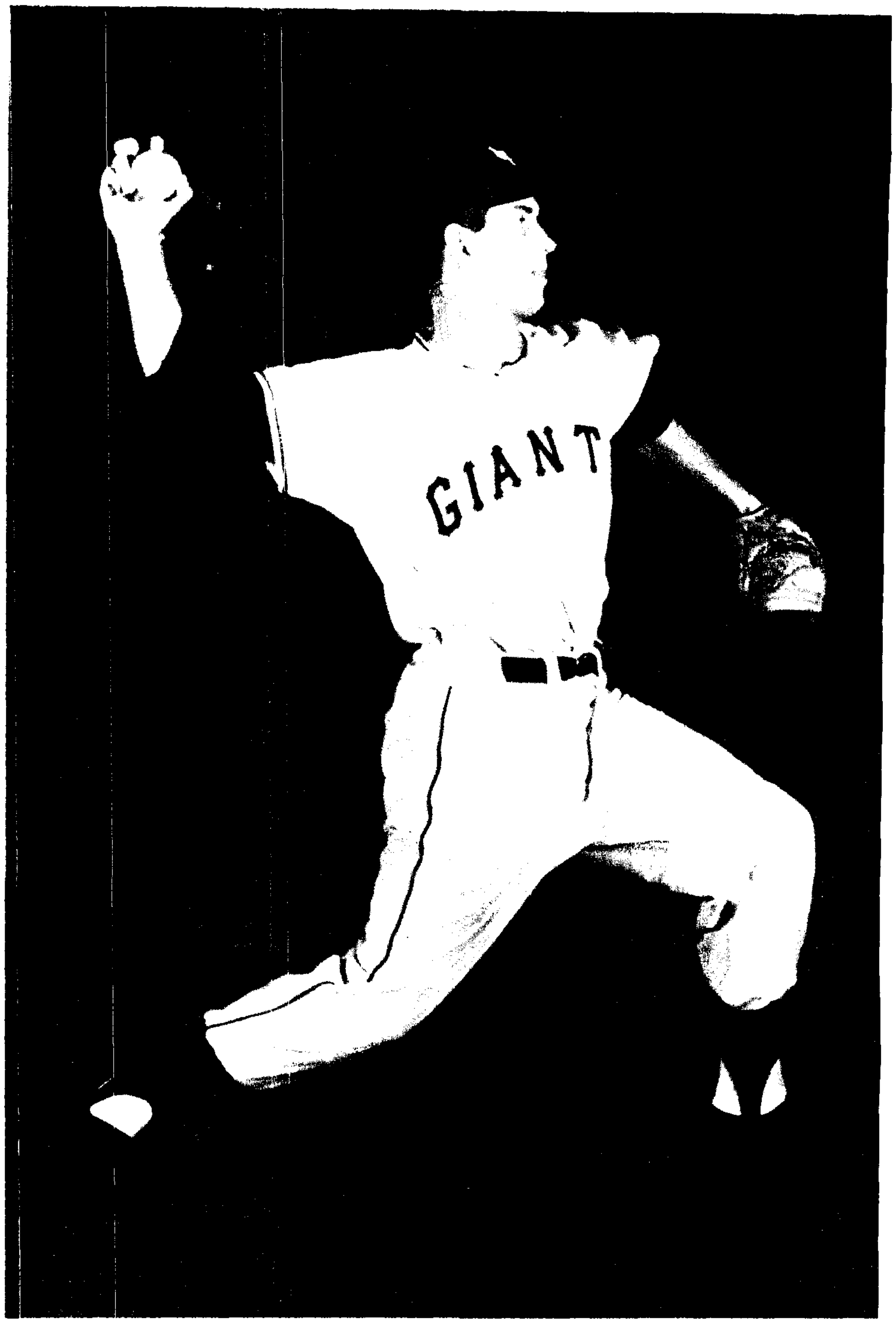
Does she miss the adventurous past?

"I stood alone then," she said. "I had my little sisters to educate. I led a precarious existence. Now, life is orderly. But it's never dull; it couldn't be—with Tito!" ▲▲▲

Anyone for Knuckle Balls?

By TOM MEANY

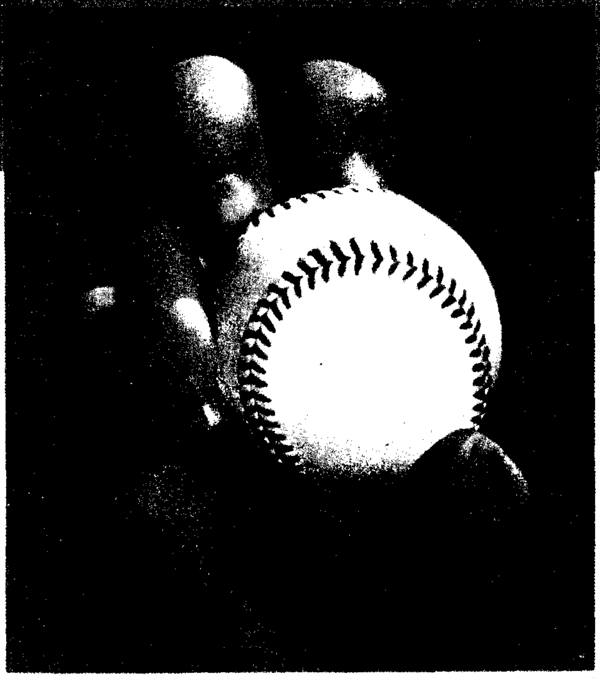
Now batters see 'em, now they don't. Optical illusions, science says. The dizzy doings of a daffy pitch have set the baseball world on its ear



LEW MERR

Camera catches knuckler Hoyt Wilhelm aiming at center of plate. He threw . .

COMING TO GRIPS WITH A KNUCKLER

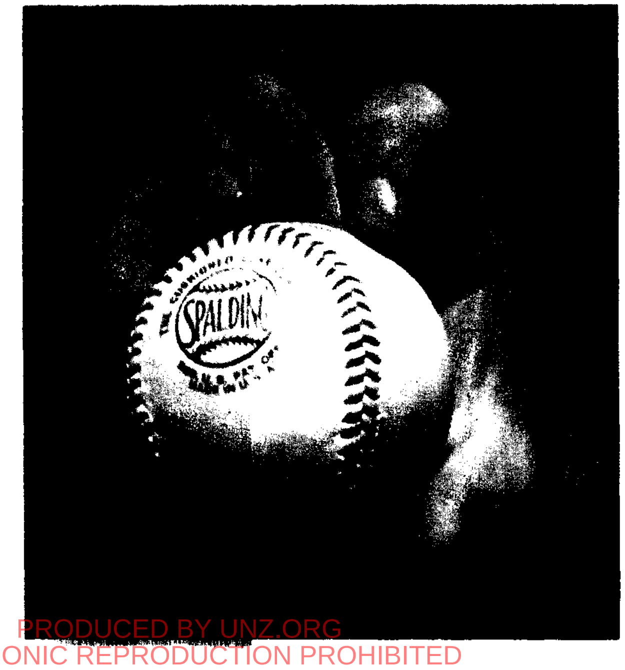


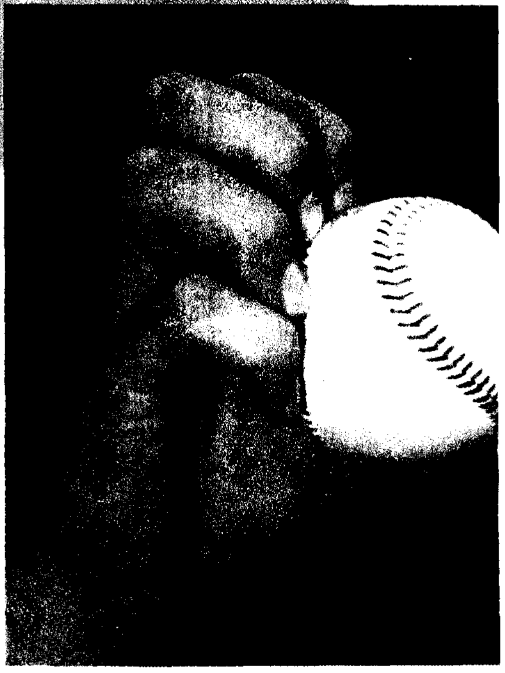
GEORGE WOODRUFF

Two-finger grip is shown by Skinny Brown of Boston Red Sox. Like all American Leaguers, he depends on it only as an auxiliary pitch

Three-finger delivery is favorite of Johnny Lindell who was an outfielder when with the Yankees but now, at 37, pitches for the Phillies

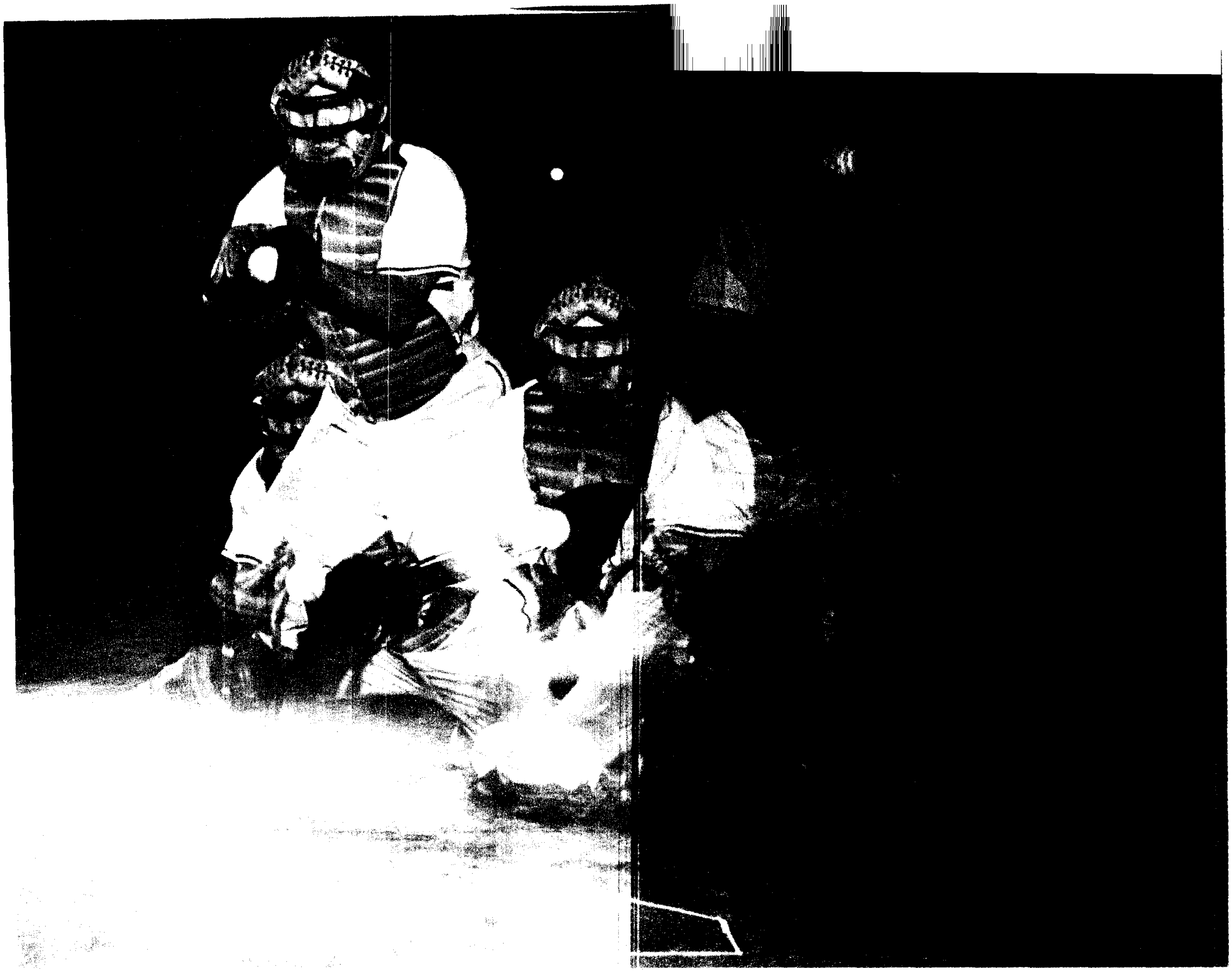
NIELS LAURITZEN





GEORGE WOODRUFF

Four-finger technique is used by Early Wynn of Cleveland. Unlike most hurlers, he throws knuckler with a limber wrist



LEW MERRIM

. . five pitches (seen in this multiple exposure) which break in five different directions. Bobby Hofman, Giant bull-pen catcher, is the receiver

THROWING a knuckle ball is something like being a taster in a Kentucky distillery—it's nice work if you have control. Scientists may debate until doomsday whether a curve ball actually breaks, but there is no such argument about the knuckle ball. It breaks—beyond the shadow of a doubt, beyond the reach of the batter and, unfortunately, often beyond the range of the catcher. It has frequently broken fingers and has sometimes broken hearts.

The knuckle ball has had a lot of publicity during the baseball season now drawing to a close. The amazing success of relief pitcher Hoyt Wilhelm, who came unheralded to the New York Giants last season and stood National League batters on their ears (71 relief chores, 15 wins, 3 losses and a league-leading 2.43 earned-run average), served to make baseball fans and players knuckle-ball-conscious in 1953.

It's an intriguing pitch. Some hurlers swear by it; others swear at it. Wilhelm's sensational 1952 performance gave a new stamp of respectability to this stepchild among pitches. Generally ignored for some years by the mound corps, the knuckle ball quickly assumed new importance. But when the Giant right-hander, along with the rest of the club, faltered this year, many newly won converts to its use leaped from the band wagon like commuters discovering they've ridden past their stop.

Just what is a knuckle ball?

In the words of National League umpire Larry Goetz, it's a pitch that "sometimes fools the batter, the catcher and the umpire. But the umpire, being farthest away from the plate, has a little longer to make up his mind."

Technically, the knuckler is simply a pitch that doesn't spin as it sails toward the batter. Because it doesn't spin, wind resistance causes it to wobble. Usually a knuckle delivery breaks—or veers sharply—sometimes just as it reaches the plate. And its dips and curves are wondrous to behold. In comparison, a hula dancer may seem as immobile as a fire plug.

Dr. John McCarthy, of Western Reserve University's physics department, once made a study of the knuckle ball at the behest of sports writer Hal Lebovitz of the Cleveland News. Dr. McCarthy decided that the peculiar performance of the knuckle ball—and it *is* peculiar, even to a man of science—is due at least in part to the pressure exerted by air currents against the ridges raised by the stitches on the ball.

"And," the scientist added, "since the ball seems to float, optical illusion adds to the pitch's deceptiveness."

Yankee coach Bill Dickey, one of the game's all-time catching greats, shrugs his acceptance of Dr. McCarthy's view.

"I won't claim physics as my long suit, but I'll agree with the professor," Bill says. "And I don't know why it is, but I noticed long ago that a knuckler is most effective on sunny days, with the wind blowing toward the pitcher. The ball really dances then."

How is a knuckle ball thrown?

Not all pitchers grip the ball the same way. Some rest the first joints of three fingers against the seams of the ball; others use two fingers or four; and there have been knucklers who used only one finger. Some pitchers throw it with a stiff wrist; others, like Wilhelm and Early Wynn of Cleveland, throw it with the wrist limber.

This season the knuckle ball came into its own for the second time in the last decade. The latest impetus, of course, was furnished by Wilhelm's 1952 achievement. But back in 1945, the Washington club, which had finished last the year before, almost won the pennant with a staff of four knuckle-ball pitchers—Dutch Leonard, Roger Wolff, Mickey Haefner and Johnny Niggeling. It was an old staff, even for the war years—Leonard was thirty-five; Wolff, thirty-two; Haefner, thirty-two, and Niggeling, forty.

Rick Ferrell, at thirty-nine, and exempt from military service, was the club's first-string catcher. And there were those who believe Rick would have been safer in the Army than behind the bat. All told, the Washington catching staff was guilty of 40 passed balls that season. No other club in the American League had more than 19.

Currently there are four pitchers in the National League who use the knuckle ball as their main pitch—Wilhelm, forty-three-year-old Dutch Leonard of the Cubs, the Phils' Johnny Lindell and Paul LaPalme, Pirates. But the knuckler can also be valuable as an accessory pitch. In the same league, Warren Hacker of the Cubs, Murry Dickson of the Pirates, Jim Konstanty of the Phils, Dave Koslo of the Giants and Gerry Staley of the Cards all throw

UNITED PRESS

Pittsburgh catcher Mike Sandlock, shown with Lindell, got a reprieve from the minor leagues because of his skill in handling knuckle balls

a knuckler. And Staley, who has unusual confidence in the pitch, will, on occasion, depend on his knuckler rather than his curve to get him out of a jam.

"I sort of 'explore' with Staley," Del Rice, the St. Louis catcher, explains. "In the early innings, I'll call for Gerry's curve and his knuckler to see which is breaking better for him that day. Then I'll give the better pitch the majority of calls when I want him to throw a breaking ball."

No pitcher in the American League uses the knuckler as his chief stock in trade. But the players believe that Cleveland's Early Wynn, using the pitch occasionally, gets the circuit's most effective results. Eddie Lopat of the Yankees, Gene Bearden of the White Sox, Skinny Brown of the Red Sox, Conrado Marrero of the Senators and Bobby Shantz and Alex Kellner of the Athletics also throw occasional knucklers.

Cleveland's Bob Lemon throws one of the best knucklers in the American League—and won't use it in a game. His explanation emphasizes the hazards presented by the pitch's unpredictability.

"I have enough 'junk' now that I can't get over the plate without messing with a knuckle ball," says the Cleveland ace. "I haven't thrown one in a game since 1947. I remember Lou Boudreau was managing the club and calling every pitch from his position at shortstop. We were playing the Tigers and Dick Wakefield was the hitter. They had the tying run on third. Lou called for the knuckler and I let one go that was so wild it hit the stands. The guy on third walked home, of course. That ended the knuckler for me. I might throw one again sometime—but only if I have the batter two strikes and no balls and nobody's on third."

Lemon's view is fairly typical of the harsh words baseball men reserve for the knuckler. But there are some enthusiastic exceptions. Take Johnny Lindell, who at the age of thirty-seven suddenly found himself a part of Branch Rickey's "youth movement" at Pittsburgh, all because of his skill with the knuckle ball.

Lindell, a Yankee outfielder for nearly a decade (1942 to 1950) and a member of four of their championship teams, originally reported to manager Joe McCarthy as a pitcher. But two considerations impelled Marse Joe to convert him into an outfielder. One was his size (six feet four and a half inches, 210 pounds) and speed, and the other was McCarthy's discovery that Johnny threw a knuckle ball. McCarthy, like many other managers, couldn't abide a knuckle baller. He had a simple explanation for this prejudice: "When the ball breaks, the catcher misses it; and if it doesn't break, the batter hits it out of sight."

A Castoff Outfielder's Comeback

Eventually cast off by the Yankees and then by the Cards, old outfielder Lindell drifted to Hollywood in the Coast League. After soso duty, he switched to pitching in 1950, kept improving, and in 1952 won 24 games, a record good enough to get him another shot at the majors as a pitcher with the Pirates, who traded him to the Phils recently.

"I was always fooling around with the knuckler in pregame drills," Lindell recalls. "Some of the fellows kept asking me why I didn't go back to pitching. I pitched the last game of the 1950 season against San Diego and lost it 1-0. A guy scored from third when one of my knucklers got away from Cliff Dapper, the catcher. From then on, I aimed at being a pitcher."

What do catchers have to say about the knuckler? You'll go a long way before you get one to express anything resembling admiration for a pitcher who throws it. Who wants any part of a guessing game that may leave you with a fistful of broken fingers? The exception is Mike Sandlock, Lindell's battery mate at Pittsburgh. Mike owes his job to his ability to handle the one pitch.

Sandlock was up with Boston and Brooklyn during the war years and couldn't make it even then. But he did become Lindell's catcher for the last two years at Hollywood. When Pirate manager Fred Haney found himself with two knuckle ballers—Lindell and LaPalme—and realized that none of his young catchers could handle the pitch, he sent for Sandlock for succor.

"I get a kick out of the batters who moan about having to hit against a knuckler," Sandlock grins. "They only have to look at it three or four times a game. We catchers have to battle it nine innings every game."

Al Lopez, the Cleveland manager, who holds the record for catching the most major-league games (1,918), admits that the knuckle ball is a problem for any receiver. "It's unpredictable," he says, "and it's an easy pitch to steal against. The catcher doesn't know what position his feet are going to be in when he finally catches the ball, so he can't get set for a throw to the bases. Besides, he's going to have trouble getting hold of it to make the throw. The ball doesn't stick in the pocket. It can land anywhere on the face of the glove and he has to find it first."

Al, incidentally, considers his own Jim Hegan the best knuckle-ball catcher around.

Wes Westrum, the Giants' catcher who handles Wilhelm, agrees about the pitch. When Hoyt was telling me that his knuckler, which he always aims for the heart of the plate, usually breaks down and away from a right-handed hitter, Wes was within earshot. "Sometimes, though," Wilhelm added thoughtfully, "it breaks up and in on a right-handed hitter."

Catchers find the pitch a nightmare of passed balls, wild throws and broken fingers

Westrum simply looked at Wilhelm and nodded sorrowfully.

When both Westrum and his understudy, Sam Calderone, were side-lined by injuries in late May, the Giants brought in Ray Noble, the burly Cuban, during the extra innings of a tie game with Brooklyn at Ebbets Field. Pee Wee Reese led off for the Dodgers and Wilhelm struck him out on a 2-2 pitch. But the ball got away from Noble for an error and Reese took first. He was sacrificed to second, took third when another knuckle-ball delivery slipped entirely past Ray for a wild pitch, and scored when a third knuckler went through the catcher for a passed ball. End of game, end of story and almost the end of Noble's career.

Old pros were fooled by the pitch, too.

When Casey Stengel was managing Brooklyn in 1935, he had Dutch Leonard, now in his twentieth year in the majors, as a rookie knuckle baller. "I had two good catchers, Al Lopez and Babe Phelps," Casey recalls. "But we had to get Zack Taylor, practically in retirement at Allentown, Pennsylvania, where he was managing, to come in and catch Dutch. Zack was pushing forty at the time."

An incident in old Baker Bowl, the demitasse ball park in Philadelphia, prompted Stengel to send for Taylor. "We had the Phillies beaten by a couple of runs in the last of the ninth," Casey remembers. "Phelps was catching and Leonard was pitching. Some feller came up with two on and two out and hit one against that railroad station across Broad Street to win the game.

"I go in the clubhouse so disgusted I can't trust myself to speak—and you know me when I can't talk. I see Phelps stripping down in front of his locker. He's all bruises on his shoulders and arms where his chest protector wasn't covering him from Dutch's knuckler.

"'Wotcha call for on that last pitch?' I ask him.

"'Fast ball,' he says.

"'Fast ball?' I scream. 'It seems to me if you had trouble catching Dutch's knuckler, that feller might've had trouble hitting it. After all, you only have to move your glove a couple of inches but he has to move his bat a couple of feet to meet it.'

"That night, I sent a wire to Taylor to join us."

It was a catcher, incidentally, who came to Leonard's rescue after he drifted back to the minors in 1936. At Atlanta he ran across Paul Richards, the current White Sox manager. As Dutch's catcher, Paul encouraged him to use the knuckler. Armed with the new pitch, Leonard came back to the majors in two years.

What does a catcher need to handle a knuckle ball—that is, in addition to the gift of prescience? Nobody seems to know. Most managers think experience may be the answer. Note that Stengel called back Taylor at thirty-eight, and Sandlock landed with the Pirates at thirty-six. The theory is that the knuckler is a rare, as well as a baffling, pitch and that the longer a catcher has been around, the more knucklers he will have seen.

On the other hand, when Phil Masi was starting out with the Boston Braves in 1940, he became an expert knuckle-ball receiver during one season of work in the bull pen. Jim Tobin, a good knuckle-ball pitcher, was shunned by the regular Boston catchers, and the rookie, Masi, just a year away from Springfield, Ohio, in the Middle Atlantic League, took over the risky job of catching him. Phil wound up as the Braves' first-string receiver.

Stengel, who was managing the Braves at the time, points out that Masi, being assigned to Tobin and his knuckler exclusively, crammed a career into one season. "That year," Casey explains, "young Masi saw as many knuckle balls as one catcher normally sees in a lifetime—providing the catcher is lucky."

The catcher is very obviously an integral part of the success of any knuckle-ball pitcher. Willard (the Knuck) Ramsdell, who developed the pitch in what he called "self-defense" when he joined the Dodgers after the war, insists he still would be in the big league if he had a catcher who could handle him. Ramsdell, who was with the Reds and Cubs after leaving the Dodgers and pitched in the Pacific Coast League this season, picked up the knuckler when he joined the Dodgers' first postwar camp in 1946. "I saw all those big strong guys who could throw a ball through a four-inch plank," says Willie, "and I decided I had to get something special in order to hang on. So I got a knuckler. Only trouble was, I never found anybody who could catch it."

Like Ramsdell, many pitchers have added the knuckler as an extra pitch. Other hurlers have been drawn to it when their careers were well along. Ted Lyons, the great White Sox star, who won 259 games for Chicago between 1923 and 1942, added a knuckler to his stuff during the last 10 years of his career, after he had developed a sore arm.

INTERNATIONAL

Jim Hegan of Cleveland Indians is believed by many to be the top knuckle-ball receiver

"I picked up the knuckler from Eddie Rommel," says Ted, who's now a coach with Detroit. "It was a big help. I stuck around for a lot of extra years."

Incidentally, Rommel, who is an American League umpire now, had one of the greatest years in history for a knuckle-ball pitcher; he won 27 games for the seventh-place Athletics in 1922.

Wilhelm started working on his knuckle ball when he was still in high school. "Nobody taught it to me," Hoyt says, "but I must have read something about it somewhere. I have a kid brother, in high school now, who throws a knuckler too. But I taught him that."

Wilhelm's first manager, Jack Hicks, at Mooresville in the North Carolina State League, released him and then rehired him on the condition that he discard the knuckler. "I got my brains knocked out a couple of times," Hoyt grins, "and finally I told Hicks I couldn't pitch without it. He let me use it again and I won nine straight."

One of the principal, though unproved, objections to the knuckle ball is the assertion that it will eventually hurt a pitcher's fast ball. "Look what a great pitcher Kirby Higbe was for the Dodgers in 1941 when he won 22 games," Tom Sheehan, the Giant scout, points out. "Then he began monkeying around with a knuckler and lost his fast one." (Higbe, incidentally, is still pitching—for Rutherford County in the Tarheel League.)

Early Wynn, the Cleveland ace, doesn't hold with this theory, although he was warned against using a knuckler as long ago as 1937 when he was pitching for Sanford in the Florida State League. "I believed 'em when they said it would ruin my arm," Wynn says, "and I never even tried a knuckler until after I was traded from Washington to Cleveland in 1949. I remembered how well Leonard, Wolff, Haefner and Niggeling got by with the Senators and I decided to try it once in a while. I find it a good pitch, when I have a hitter two strikes and no balls. And on days when it's breaking good, I'll use it any time—to start a hitter off or even when the count is three-and-two."

The future of a knuckle-ball pitcher can be as unpredictable as the breaks the ball takes. Gene Bearden was a sensation as a knuckler for Cleveland in 1948. Gene won 20 games for the Indians that season, defeated Boston in the play-off game that won the American League pennant, pitched a shutout against the Braves in the World Series and protected a lead in relief in the last Series game.

But Bearden, recently toiling with unspectacular success in the White Sox bull pen, has never approached that kind of season again. He found that the way of a knuckler can be tough when the batters know his control is shaky. Then hitters lay off the trick pitch and force the hurler to come in with his fast one. This season Wilhelm, too, has found that the batters, wary of his knuckle ball as a result of last year's experience, are a problem. He's had to rely on a mediocre fast ball.

The case histories of Bearden and Wilhelm are the whole story of the knuckle ball. The effectiveness of the pitch runs in cycles. As the batters become cagey and refuse to bite at the weird delivery, it can be a handicap. Watch carefully for knuckle balls in what's left of the 1953 season and during the Series games. It may already have reached its heyday and be on the wane. Don't write if off entirely, however. The knuckle ball is a pitch that always comes back.

I was talking to Enos Slaughter, the hustling Cardinal outfielder, after his great performance against the American Leaguers in the annual All-Star game in Cincinnati this summer. For the last few years, Slaughter, now thirty-seven, has been dismissed by many preseason experts as a washed-up star. "Why don't you give up, Slaughter?" I needled him. "You're supposed to be all through and here you are still hanging around making suckers out of us."

"That ain't all, bub," Enos retorted, grinning. "One of these days I'm going to pick up a knuckle ball and stick around as a pitcher for another ten years!" ▲▲▲

UNITED PRESS

Rick Ferrell, now a coach with Detroit, had toughest job catching four Senator knucklers

URANIUM RUSH

A back-yard bonanza in radioactive ore has hit our northern neighbors like an atomic blast. There's so much uproar you can hardly hear the ticking of the Geiger counters. Here's a firsthand report on the strange goings on

Struggling Maniwaki farmer Jim Gagnon (r., with prospector Frank Smith) staked out his own place and sold the mining rights for $5,000 and stock

Dynamite explosions rip open granite outcroppings near Lake Cayament, Quebec Province. Blasting helps expose seams of uranium-bearing rock

By BILL STAPLETON

THE Great Uranium Rush is on in Canada. All a man needs is a good Geiger counter and faith in his own shining luck; that, in virtually any province, entitles him to join the stampede of home folks who are either searching feverishly for uranium in their own back yard, have just finished digging for it in the "bush" (Canadian for anything past city limits), or are packed to go prospecting first thing in the morning, come hell or high water.

Canada, the enthusiasts claim recklessly, is just a solid sheet of uranium from Quebec City to the Arctic Circle—riches for everybody, there for the taking. The fever has even brought a flush to the faces of usually conservative financiers. Companies are being founded to exploit new uranium fields as fast as amateur and professional prospectors can discover them—sometimes faster. Early last year, only half a dozen mining stocks with uranium interests were listed on the Toronto Exchange. By midsummer of 1953 there were 60, another 60 or so were being traded over the counter, and countless more were there for the asking—representing companies with high hopes but no current operations.

In the Beaverlodge area of Saskatchewan, at least 150 companies were either drilling at full speed or were about to start digging; in the Sault Sainte Marie–Sudbury, Ontario, field, open just three months, there were 37. And those figures—for only two regions of Canada—don't include the literally hundreds of tiny enterprises, often one- or two-man corporations, enthusiastically lugging Geiger counters through the sagebrush as far west as Kamloops in British Columbia, ears atune for the clicking that might mean untold wealth.

In North Bay, Ontario, last spring, one company struck what appeared to be a rich uranium find. It wasn't, but by the time the truth was known, excited prospectors had staked out claims to mining rights at the city airport, the city dump, a church and part of the campus of Saint Joseph's Academy.

Staking regulations vary somewhat from province to province, but there's one constant: you have to be on the ground before you can stake it. That's the law, but it's too much trouble for some eager prospectors in the frozen north.

They've developed a practice which law-abiding miners dryly call

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY THE AUTHOR

This is the Main Street of Uranium City, Saskatchewan, 500 miles from the Arctic Circle, built at the scene of the richest uranium find in Canada

Wesley Gagnon of Maniwaki, shown getting Geiger count, has whole family prospecting. His garage is so full of rocks he can't get his truck in

Uranium City has two general stores, both crammed to the ceilings. Alec McIver (in vest) owns this one. The other, even more cluttered, belongs to August Hawker, pictured below

"tent-staking." A man gets himself a map and a safety pin and hunches a little nearer the fire on a cold winter's night. He picks out a likely spot on the map, suitably inaccessible to winter travelers; then, shuddering at the thought of how terrible the weather must be out there, he stakes out his claims by making pinpricks on the paper, and registers them the next day. That makes the ground inviolate.

Come spring, he hustles to the area, and spellbinds latecomers with spine-crawling tales of his winter-long battles against frostbite and wolves.

Wherever the tent-staker's intuition leads him, he's almost certain to find uranium. The atomic mineral has been found in some quantity over nearly half of Canada. Almost 50,000 claims have been staked across what geologists call the Pre-Cambrian shield that runs from the southeast corner of the nation, only a couple of hundred miles from the state of Maine, clear up into the Northwest Territories, within the Arctic Circle. In Saskatchewan's Beaverlodge region alone, more than 1,000 square miles are staked, and more claims are piling up daily.

Enthusiasm? Canada is alive with it. The only people who aren't excited are the experts.

What are a man's chances of getting rich from Canadian uranium? Here's what the government engineers say: A pound of uranium oxide is worth $7.25 to the government of Canada, by law your only customer. To get that pound, you have to dig up a quarter ton of ore, then extract the mineral. But first you have to find a claim that *has* a pound of uranium to every 500 pounds of rock; uranium is everywhere, but a mine has to be commercially practical. Then, having found your uranium-rich property and filed your claim, you've got to figure out a way to get the ore out; it may be perched on the side of a mountain, or hidden away in a nearly inaccessible forest.

Your chances? About 1,000 to one, government scientists figure. After all, the Canadian government, which has been looking for the stuff for almost 10 years, has only two mines in operation. To be sure, profitable commercial mines have opened up since private mining got a government go-ahead a few years ago, but the number is small.

The cold statistics don't chill the uranium-mad Canadians in the slightest. The mountains and forests of Canada are acrawl with odds-defying prospectors, amateur and professional, and their numbers are being swelled by Americans who don't know beta from gamma, but understand $7.25 a pound perfectly.

Not long ago, I joined the migration just to see what was going on. I'm still a little dazed.

* * *

"Anybody can discover uranium with a handy portable Geiger counter. It's so easy to use. Requires no experience at all. Ideal for campers, tourists and cottagers. Just snap on the earphones, press the button and away you go!"

So advertises the huge Toronto branch of Simpsons, whose mail-order and retail department stores are in most of Canada's larger cities. But when I asked for a counter, Simpsons was out of them.

"We've been sold out three times in the last month," the salesman said happily. "We've got a waiting list, and the people call up every day asking when the next batch will be in. Last time we advertised a sale, we were sold out before lunch.

"Our biggest seller? The $49.50 model, but we had some for $200 that seemed to go just as fast."

The situation at Simpsons was typical. In Ottawa, where I started my Canadian travels, I checked the firm of Ahearn & Soper Ltd. "We're cleaned out," the man there said. "Not only Geigers but instruction books too. Our best seller is the Super Sniffer: $78.50, complete with double earphones and a neon tube that lights up if you hit anything."

At my hotel in Ottawa, the Château Laurier, there was a Geiger counter parked on the bell captain's desk and two bedrolls were lying on the lobby floor.

"Prospectors?" I asked an elderly man nearby.

"Probably going to Maniwaki," he said, his eyes shining. "They just discovered uranium up there and the place is going hog-wild. Tell me they're sleeping in the streets, the hotels are so full. They're staking every inch of land." He was getting excited. "You can't get anything to eat. Most of the restaurants are closed. Everybody's gone to the bush. The ones that are open are charging sky-high prices.

"You a writer? If you want to see a uranium strike, a real mining camp where they go at it 24 hours a day, go on up there! Get the feel of things!" He poked me in the chest and I backed away.

Three days later, I was in Maniwaki, a Quebec Province hunting-fishing town 90 miles north of Ottawa, eating a steak dinner at the Chez Cecile Café. It cost me $1.75.

Outside, the streets were quiet. Nobody was sleeping in them, nobody was throwing uranium around, nobody was shouting, or trying to sell shares in a mine. But the excitement was there—and so were a few of the one-in-a-thousand who had made good in uranium.

The first had been prospector Fred B. Watson. Back in 1939, he was looking for high-grade quartz for the General Electric Company, which wanted it for aircraft spark plugs, when he noticed uranium minerals in some of his test ore samples. Over the next ten years, he and others saw more evidences of uranium. Then one day last year, while he was surveying magnetic iron sands about 20 miles away, the sun broke through the clouds and lighted up some nearby hills: they were a beautiful orange rust color—the color of uranium ore. He took to the hills with a Geiger counter.

What did he find? I asked him and got this careful answer:

"The Geiger reacted very favorably."

It reacted so favorably, there and elsewhere in the vicinity, that Watson long ago gave up hunting for quartz to become president of a firm called Copper-Uranium Mines Ltd.

As soon as word of his find leaked out, the hordes of prospectors arrived. "It was really something," one old-timer recalled. "You take a little ordinary claim map that sells for a quarter. I sold three of them just like that"—he snapped his fingers—"for twenty bucks."

The region became uranium-mad. Farmers staked claims on their own farms. Old prospectors trudged in afoot, or hitched rides. Cityfolk came pouring out of Ottawa, driving the 90 miles in an hour and a quarter, to get in on the rush. "Highway

Merchant-prospector Gus Hawker and his six kids trim some linoleum outside his store. Hawker sold 200 claims for a $210,000 profit

Men who know whiskey are now saying

"FOUR ROSES"

FOUR ROSES
Blended Whiskey

. . . because Four Roses today is the *finest* Four Roses ever bottled. And—in our opinion—that makes it the finest whiskey you've ever enjoyed.

Frankfort Distillers Corp., New York. Blended Whiskey. 86.8 proof. 60% grain neutral spirits.

Some city folks do it the easy way: drive out and stake claims just off the road

prospectors," the old sourdoughs called them, for their practice of driving a little way off the road and staking out everything in sight. Big mining companies, like Ventures Ltd., Consolidated Cobalt Mines and Silanco Mining & Refining Co. Ltd., moved in field crews of stakers.

There were many success stories.

For almost 40 years, Jim Gagnon had been farming wheat outside Maniwaki, just barely getting by. Then came the uranium boom. He staked his wheat fields—and promptly sold his mining rights to the Gatineau Uranium Prospecting Company for $5,000 and a percentage of stock. Today, Jim Gagnon and his wife and six children sit in their kitchen and happily watch the company's bulldozers chew up the land a couple of hundred feet from their window.

A prospector named Jimmy Yates staked 600 acres of his own land and sold mining rights to half his claim within the week for $10,000 and 300,000 shares in a company formed on the spot.

Martial Dumoulin staked 4,000 acres and sold out in three days for a reputed $20,000.

But the man who is said to have made the most money is another Gagnon, first name Wesley, aged sixty. Full details aren't available—especially not from Wesley, who will talk, but not about his prospecting. How much has he made? How does he do it? I asked him.

"I just scratch around," he said, and winked.

Up to last year, Wesley Gagnon made his living guiding tourists. Until six weeks before I spoke to him, he didn't even own a Geiger counter. Now, he puts in a full 18-hour day prospecting and he has pressed his sons, Russell, twenty-five, and Hector, twenty-two, into service, along with a neighbor. At times, Mrs. Gagnon has helped out, too.

"My God," Marjorie Gagnon said, thinking back to last summer. "We prospected all day, climbing some awful mountains, or hills, or whatever they were, and the more we traveled, the more rocks we had to bring home and put in the garage. The garage is nearly full now. We can't even get the truck inside."

I looked and, sure enough, the garage *was* full of the radioactive rock. I half expected it to glow like a traffic light.

Maniwaki is an old frontier town which still remembers fur trappers like Billy Budge, who would arrive from the bush, cash in $5,000 worth of pelts, hand the money to the nearest hotel keeper, then invite the whole town in to help drink it up. When the money was gone, Billy would retire into the woods for another year of trapping, meditation and planning for the next spree.

A modern counterpart of Billy Budge is Toussant Cere, a French-Canadian prospector of imposing size and impressive fame. Toussant gained renown two years ago by walking 45 miles out of the bush with a 250-pound pack of gold ore on his back. Winter was closing in, he explained, and the ore would have had to wait until the following spring if he hadn't carried it out.

Toussant usually returns to civilization decked out in ragged clothes, shoulder-length jet-black hair, a mustache that reaches for his lower lip, a gleam in his eye and a thirst like a camel.

When Toussant was first hired for work in Maniwaki, he started from the gold-mining community of Val d'Or with his bedroll, camp gear and three cases of beer. The bus company refused to carry his liquid baggage, so Toussant chartered a taxicab and rode the 184 dusty miles between the two towns in a style befitting a mining man headed for uranium prospecting. His arrival is still well remembered, not only by his employers—who had to pay the eighty-dollar cab fare—but by the admiring bystanders who were swept into the moist two-day celebration Toussant staged to commemorate his legendary journey.

I discussed the prospector's life with Toussant in the lounge of the Maniwaki Inn. He was not altogether in favor of it.

"Myself, I am man of the woods," he said. "Prospecting is one of toughest life. If you are lucky you make million. Then see what happen. Maybe you got lots of trouble with million dollar."

Then he walked across to the juke box and, calmly ignoring the icy stares of the others in the lounge, played Seven Lonely Days for the eighth straight time.

In Maniwaki, I tuned in on my first piece of uranium, courtesy of Pete McDonough. Pete, sixty-eight, is the junior partner of a legendary prospecting team; the other member is his seventy-year-old brother, Paddy. Together, they've sunk more mining claim stakes in a half century of prospecting than there are ties in the Canadian Pacific Railway.

I talked to Pete in his room at the Maniwaki Inn. Although it was one of the hottest days of the year, there was a suit of long woolen underwear on the bed ("Always wear 'em, boy," Pete said. "Best thing in the world for a man in the bush.") and there were rocks *all* over the place—on the floor, in the closet, under the bed. Pete grabbed a small bag and dumped some more rocks on the table. He looked at them fondly and said, "Now we'll just warm up the Geiger counter a bit, and you'll see whether or not we're on the track of something good."

When the counter was ready, he picked out a tiny chunk of stone, then handed me the earphones. They sputtered like a panful of frying eggs. Pete cackled. "That's the real slumgullion, ain't it, boy?" I put the phones down gingerly.

Maniwaki is still a frontier town, even though Ottawa is within tourist reach. Before heading back to the big city, I watched Harry Ryan, co-owner of the Maniwaki Inn, throw a five-inch firecracker under the chair of a dozing fellow citizen, catapulting the sleeper out of his coma and almost into the arms of an American tourist lady. I'll bet it's the last mining community *she* ever visits.

* * *

Back in Ottawa, I decided to swing over to see the big staking rush at Algoma Mills, 90 miles east of Sault Sainte Marie, Ontario. The area was being developed mainly by an outfit called Peach Uranium and Metal Mining Co. Ltd., whose stock had risen from one dollar to $35 a share between February and July. I made a stop at Toronto to talk to some of the firm's executives. The financial genius behind the operation is Brooklyn-born Joe Hirshhorn, who, with a few others, gambled $30,000 on the area at the start of this year and saw the investment pay off with a mining property worth $30,000,000 by his own estimate. Then I headed northwest in a rented car.

The Algoma Inn was jammed to the rafters with bearded youngsters, mostly college kids working as stakers for Peach and seven other mining companies exploiting the area. The old-timers call the boys bear-fighters; since operations started, they've had more peculiar encounters with black bears than the average native of the area has in a lifetime.

Two University of Toronto students named Meredith Holt and Garth Halley were paddling a canoe along a lake a few miles north of Algoma when they met a bear swimming for shore. There was a moment of indecision as Holt back-paddled to get out of bruin's way and Halley drove forward to commence hostilities. The bear took advantage of the confusion to reach the bank and start up a small cliff. Halley raced after him, climbed the hill from the other side and beat him to the top. Then Halley swung at the bear with a canoe paddle—and lost his balance, plunging ignominiously into the

Rudy Oleinek, shown cutting prospector Jim Irwin's hair (tab: $1.50), runs one of Uranium City's two tonsorial parlors in a canvas-and-plywood hut with one chair, no running water

RUDY'S
BARBER
SHOP

Folks are saying...

"V8 Power was never like this!"

Across this broad land of ours, a good number of people are driving new 1953 Buick Roadmasters —and having a wonderful time doing so.

They like the looks of their cars — and the room and comfort and view.

They like the luxury that surrounds them, and the suave and gentle ride, and the exquisite ease-of-handling they get from Power Steering—standard equipment here at no extra cost.

But most of all—as you would, too—they like the new, the brilliant, the panther-like performance of this fine car.

What they say sums up to the headline we've used here.

For the power that pours like a silken Niagara from this year's Roadmaster comes from an engine unique in automotive annals.

It is the first V8 engine to function with *vertical* valves — the first to exhaust through a muffler of zero power loss — *the first American passenger-car engine to reach the record-high compression ratio of 8.5 to 1.*

It is, in simple fact, the first *Fireball* V8 engine—with the highest horsepower in Buick history.

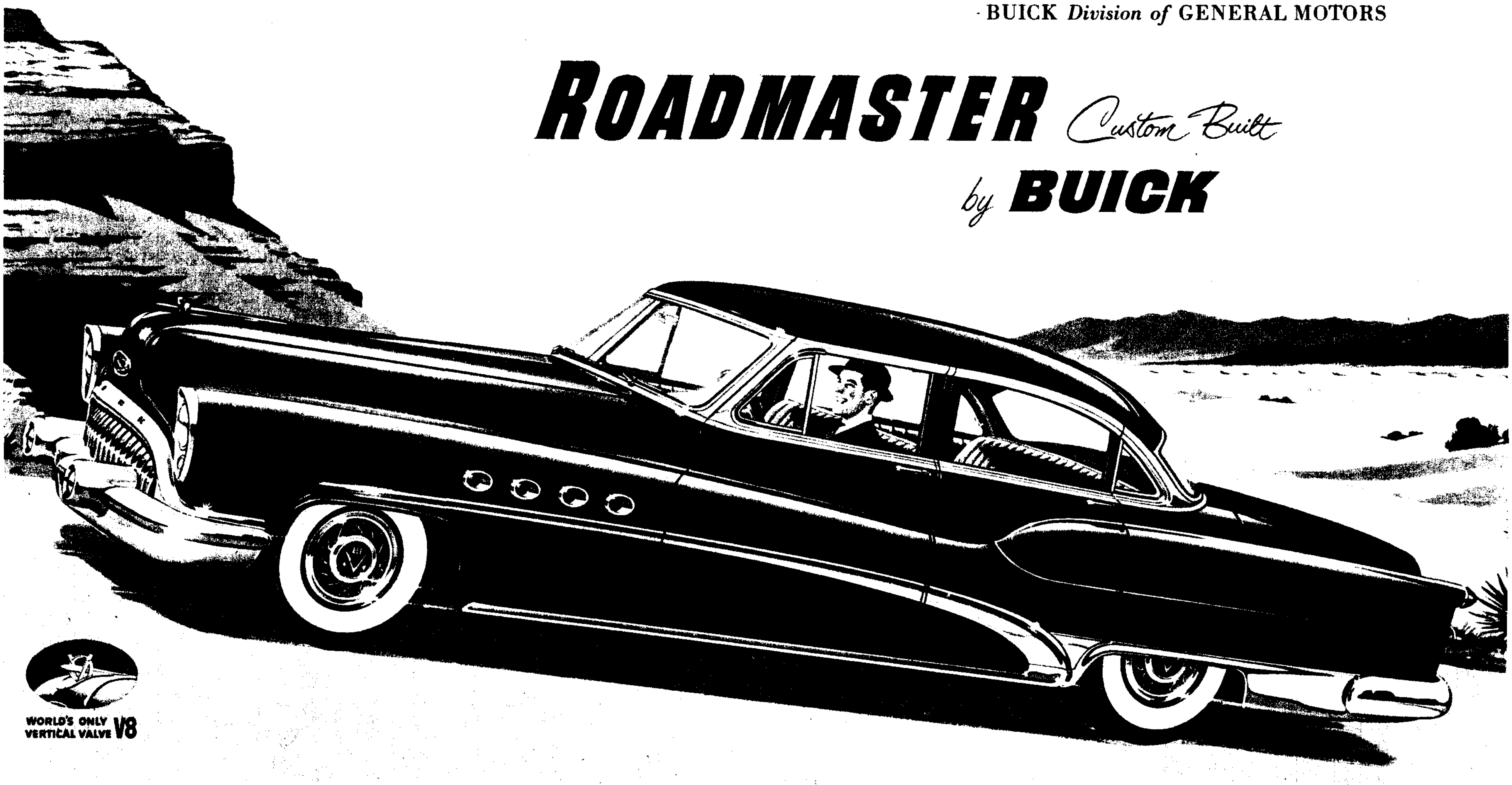
We believe you will get a new kind of pleasure when you take the wheel of a new 1953 Roadmaster—

Especially since you will command its unique V8 power through the wondrous control of Twin-Turbine Dynaflow—where getaway is instantly responsive, and all power delivery is utterly smooth.

Why not see your Buick dealer soon? He will be happy indeed to have you sample a new Roadmaster —the greatest Buick in fifty great years.

BUICK *Division of* GENERAL MOTORS

ROADMASTER *Custom Built* *by* BUICK


WORLD'S ONLY VERTICAL VALVE V8

When better automobiles are built Buick will build them

See The TV Football Game of the Week every Saturday, starting September 19—a General Motors Key Event

Albert Zeemel made one of richest ore finds, but all he'd talk about was his new camera

lake below. The bear, startled, lost *his* balance and fell in after Halley. For a few seconds, the lake front was full of college students and bear. Then Holt hauled Halley out of the water. The bear, embarrassed, slunk away.

Another group of five young men, camping in the open, awoke early one morning to find a bear sitting on their camp table eating their cheese supply. All five prudently stayed in their bedrolls, pretending he wasn't there. After he left, they checked up and (they swear) found four cans of fruit juice missing—along with a red-handled can opener.

When they're not cooking for themselves, the young prospectors can get home-cooked meals from Mrs. Blanche Mattaini, who has fed as many as 40 ravenous mining men in a day. Mrs. Mattaini also acts as dispatcher for her husband Carl and for George Smith, bush pilots who spend up to 17 hours a day flying supplies to prospectors and ferrying vacationers to the great fishing region to the north. Mrs. Mattaini arranged passage for me with Carl on a routine flight to one of the lakes north of Algoma.

Mattaini, a veteran of 25 years of flying, handled his seaplane expertly. Not long after our take-off, we were over the lake, dropping in fast toward a shore-line camp. We taxied in and started handing out packsacks of equipment, oilcans, food, cigarettes and other stuff to a dashing young man in a downturned felt hat who looked like a combination woodsman and boulevardier.

"Say, buddy, where are you from?" I asked.

"Permit me," he said in a rich Continental accent. "I am Dr. George Westner, of Rosenheim, Germany, geologist and graduate of the University of Munich's school of technology."

"How do you like working in Canada?"

"Ah, this is a great country. Like Germany, maybe Bavaria—only with lakes. Here, I am like everybody else: running around in the woods with a Geiger counter, already."

Carl Mattaini gunned his engine so we hurriedly said good-by. Just as we got airborne, Carl grunted and said we'd have to go back. He'd forgotten a package and it might be important. We landed and taxied in again, not quite to shore. I stood out on the float to throw the package in. I didn't make it. The box hit the water and burst. On the sunlit surface of one of the greatest fishing spots in North America floated . . . four cans of salmon.

Mattaini silently watched the cans for a moment, then swore softly and revved up his engine. I clambered hastily in, and we took off again.

Back in Algoma, I fired up my car and headed for Sault Sainte Marie. Halfway back, I noticed a sporty green convertible parked off the highway. One tire was flat. Behind the car, waving madly, were two very attractive young ladies in brief shorts and light sweaters. I stopped.

"Could you maybe give us a lift to the nearest garage?" asked one of the girls, a redhead.

"Sure, pile in," I said. "Been fishing?"

The girls got into the car. "Oh, no," the brunette said. "We've been prospecting."

"*Prospecting?* In *those* outfits?"

"Yes, we were looking for uranium—you know? The papers said they'd found a lot of it around here and we thought we'd come and see if we could find some too. We're from Toronto and this is our week end off, so we borrowed Jerry's Geiger counter, he's my boy friend, and headed up this way."

"Oo-oo-ooh, what if *we* found uranium!" the redhead said. "Wouldn't that be *exciting!*"

At Sault Sainte Marie, I looked up Wilbert Nelson Miller, oldest mining recorder in service in the Mines Department of Ontario, and learned from him that 96 claims had been staked in one day from the Algoma area, which is part of his district. That brought up a question.

Ever since reaching Canada, I'd heard fabulous stories about Uranium City and the big mining fields up at Beaverlodge Lake in Saskatchewan. Back in Maniwaki, Pete McDonough had urged me not to miss Beaverlodge. "You'll see things there that'll knock your hat off," he said—and then repeated the words of the elderly man in the Ottawa hotel lobby: "Go on up there; get the feel of things."

In Toronto, Joe Hirshhorn had talked enthusiastically about his companies' operations in the Beaverlodge area and then, as I was leaving, had said, "Glad you're going into the bush. You'll get to see something. You'll get the feel of things."

I asked Miller how Algoma stacked up against Uranium City. "Oh, yes," he said. "That Beaverlodge area. That's the real one, son. That'll knock your hat off. You'll . . ."

"I know," I said. "I'll get the feel of things."

* * *

The Canadian Pacific airliner from Edmonton to Uranium City carried 16 male passengers in old pants and jackets; one stewardess who served hot coffee; a big pile of bedrolls, camp gear and mine supplies lashed near the center of the ship, and four huge sides of beef in the rear.

The flight to Beaverlodge airstrip just outside Uranium City took three hours. From the air, the strip is just a slash in the woods, flanked on both sides by mining properties. Uranium City looked puny from the plane—looked, in fact, as though a strong wind might blow it all away, leaving nothing but the old Chipewyan Indian camping ground that formerly occupied the sloping valley.

The Beaverlodge area, first explored in 1778, has been prospected for various minerals since before World War I. Good-sized gold findings were made there in the mid-1930s, and a mine was started that at its peak produced 1,500 tons of ore a day. But mining costs became too high and the mine is closed down now, along with the adjoining town of Goldfields.

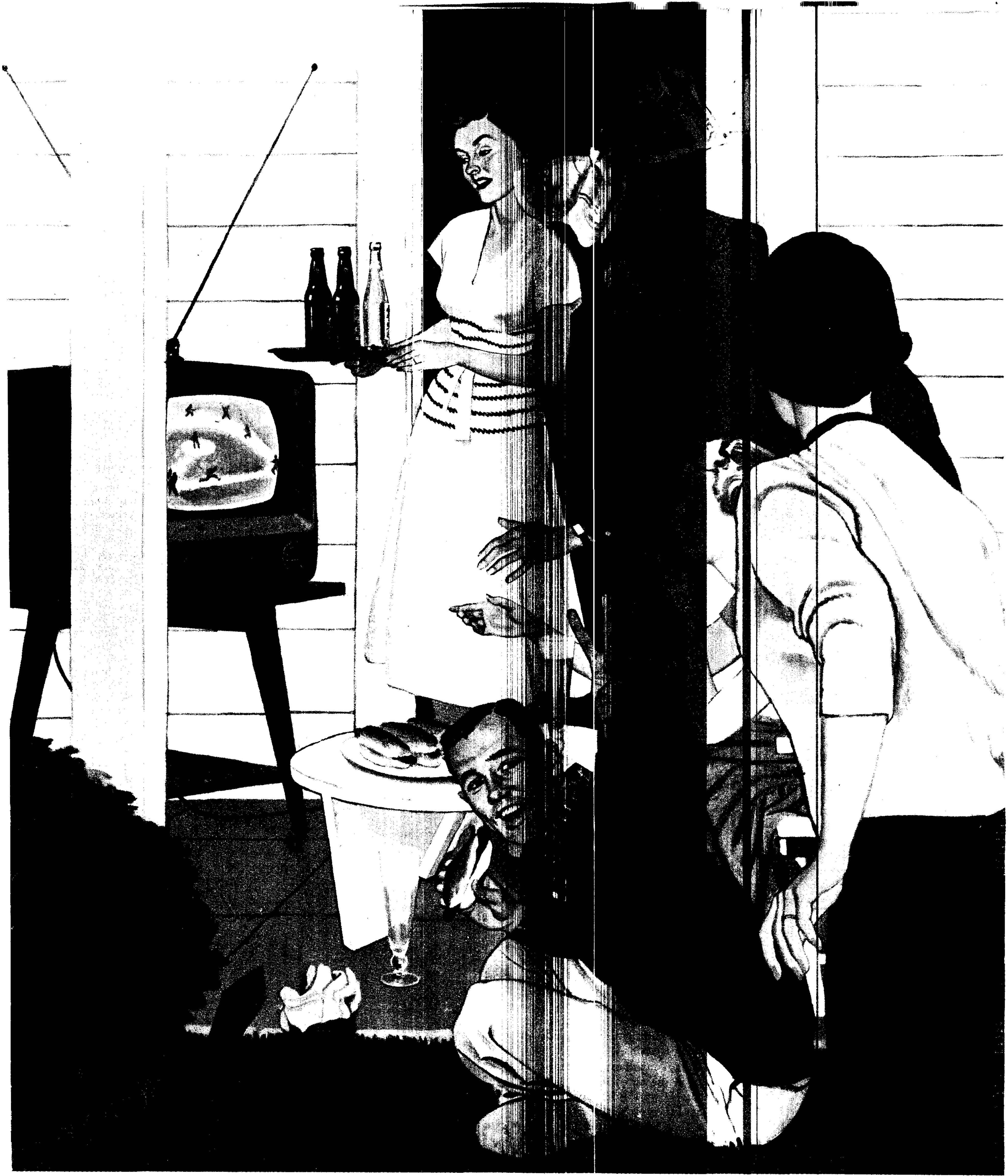
Pitchblende, the uranium-bearing mineral, was reported in 1930. After 1944, Canada forbade prospectors to look for the stuff on their own, reserving all operations for the government-owned company, Eldorado Mining & Refining Ltd. In 1948, the restriction was lifted and the province of Saskatchewan offered tracts of land to all mining companies that could afford to invest at least $50,000 in development. That controversial provision, which kept out the small fry, expired in April, 1952. The following August, the area was thrown wide open—and that's when the big land grab started.

Uranium City (population 2,500, give or take a few prospectors on any given day) didn't just grow, as most towns do. Its first buildings were skidded 20 miles across the ice of nearby Lake Athabasca and several other bodies of water last winter from the abandoned town of Goldfields. In their new location, the structures look as if they'd been dragged in by the cat—and they were, by caterpillar-tracked bulldozers. More buildings are being erected. Three garages, a Men's Style Shop, some restaurants, a poolroom, a theater and several hand laundries are in operation; and there are some tent-roofed log and plank dwellings. But seven miles away, 700 employees of the government's Eldorado mines and milling plant live in snug comfort in two-story homes, complete with picture windows, hot water and modern plumbing, with a school and a six-bed hospital hard by.

The only transportation into Uranium City is provided by airplanes and, in the summertime, by a 12-mile partly finished dirt road to the Lake Athabasca port of Bushell, which can be reached by riverboat from the south. Yet, considering the long haul to civilization, prices aren't excessive. Although the town is just 500 miles south of the Arctic Circle, a cup of coffee sells for a dime, pie

Gilbert A. LaBine, first to find uranium in Canada, and son Joe look at rods which represent test drillings from highly promising field Albert Zeemel discovered. Pink areas show where drills hit uranium

Neighbors flocked in for stirring concert on author's last night in Uranium City, with engineer Gordon Moore playing the slide whistle, engineer Ron MacDonald bagpipe, accountant Jim Fleming drum

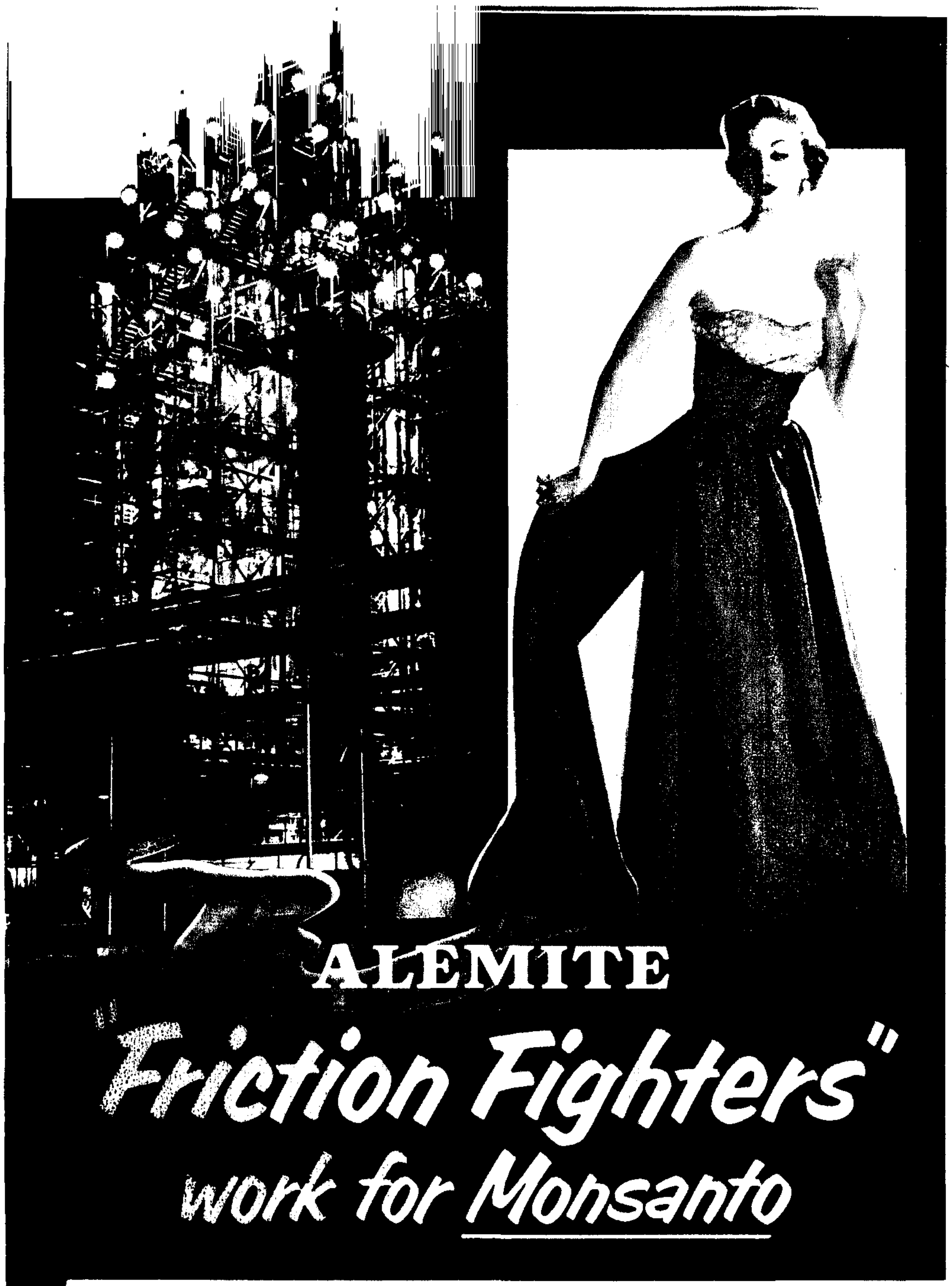


"World Series U. S. A.," by John Falter. Number 86 in the series "Home Life in America"

In this friendly, freedom-loving land of ours—Beer belongs . . . enjoy it!

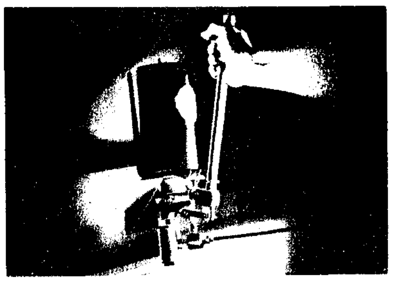
BEER AND ALE—AMERICA'S BEVERAGES OF MODERATION

Sponsored by the United States Brewers Foundation . . . Chartered 1862



helping speed human progress through the miracles of chemistry!

Here is the drama of science at work in the great Monsanto Chemical Company. Monsanto—maker of more than 400 chemicals that provide the world with products of fantastic variety—from shower curtains to radio cabinets, from evening gowns to the trusted medicines on the bathroom shelf! And playing a vital role in this drama are Alemite Lubrication and Lubrication Systems. Fighting friction, eliminating down-time, protecting vital machinery—as throughout all industry.



From one central point, Alemite Type II Accumeter system automatically delivers an exact amount of lubricant to all bearings of a machine—while the machine is in operation. It's fully sealed against fumes, grit and abrasives . . . can serve up to 600 bearings.

Alemite—Great Name in Lubrication—Serves the Great Names in Industry

It was Alemite's invention, in 1918, that marked the end of the crude, unsure, grease-cup method of lubrication. It was Alemite who perfected the tiny Fittings that gave the world of industry its first high-pressure lubrication methods for fighting friction.

Today—in industry—on farms—at sea—in the air—Alemite "Friction Fighters" work unceasingly. Roller skates to motor cars. Bicycles to bombers. Wherever metal touches metal, wherever machinery is in motion, you'll find these vital Fittings—and the lubrication "know-how" of 35 years of Alemite progress from invention to perfection.

ALEMITE
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
35 YEARS OF LUBRICATION PROGRESS

A PRODUCT OF
SW
STEWART WARNER

for 15 cents and a whole meal for a couple of dollars.

Haircut? You can get one for $1.50 from either Rudy Oleinek or Emile Bolduc. Rudy operates under a canvas roof with a single ancient chair flown in from Goldfields. He figures it cost him $1,000 to get set up in business—and he still doesn't have running water. The town doesn't have a municipal water system; in the summer, folks tramp two miles to Martin Lake and lug water back in buckets; in the winter, when the lake is frozen, some entrepreneur cuts a hole in the ice and carts water into town at $1.25 per 40-gallon drum.

Among the leading lights of Uranium City are the Hubbards, Jim and Paula. He gave up a short-order restaurant in Virginiatown, Ontario, to work as a field accountant for a mine company. But after moving north with their two sons, Paul, six, and David, five, the Hubbards found they weren't making ends meet. So Jim took on a few extra jobs: postmaster, coroner, justice of the peace, notary public, Saskatchewan government insurance agent, motor-vehicle license commissioner and (unpaid) member of the town advisory board.

Running the post office almost swamped the Hubbards. They were launched on the postal job one July morning in 1952. An Edmonton postal inspector checked Jim out on the regulations, made a few suggestions on how to build better letter boxes, and departed.

Five minutes later, the house next door caught fire and the Hubbards rushed out to help fight the blaze. During the excitement, 17 bags of Her Majesty's mail arrived through the smoke. After the fire, Paula served coffee through the stamp windows to the volunteer brigade and then helped Jim sort mail. They finished the next day at 3:00 A.M.

Furniture Buried by Packages

The post office took up a space six feet by twelve, almost one quarter of the Hubbards' one-room apartment, next to Alec McIver's general store. Letters wouldn't have been so bad, but mine parts, lumber fittings, outboard motors, tools and other mail-order packages kept coming in, burying the furniture.

Seventy-five bags of mail arrived during the 23d and 24th of December but the Hubbards had it all delivered by Christmas morning, despite a domestic-postal crisis when the kids dumped all the loose stamps into the mayonnaise dressing of a green salad.

The Hubbards tried to resign their postmastership five times in the first six months. The fifth time their resignation was reluctantly accepted. Jim has also bowed out of most of his other jobs, but he's still Uranium City's justice of the peace, although the judicial job has changed since the early days when one witness was sworn on a first-aid manual because no one could find a Bible.

One reason Jim Hubbard was able to give up his multiple employment was that he somehow found time in his crowded day to do some prospecting. While the boom was still young, he sold 10 claims for $1,100 each, even though he tried to point out to the satisfied purchaser that part of the land was under water.

There are dozens of similar success stories in Uranium City. Storekeeper Alec McIver sold 480 acres to Beta Gamma Uranium Mines Ltd., for $20,000. Later, Steven Roboz, a foreman for Beta Gamma, invited his wife up from Edmonton to spend a few days with him. She was fascinated by Geiger counters, and one day while her husband was at work she took a walk, Geiger in hand, through the former McIver claims. That night she told her husband something must be wrong with the counter; at one point it had made an awful racket. The racket was uranium radiation; today, the land is one of the company's best holdings—named the Charlotte Zone, for the woman who found it.

Another Prospecting Celebrity

Alec McIver's archrival in the general store and mining-claim business is Gus Hawker, prospector, entrepreneur and man of great local renown because he went to the coronation in June, along with four of his six children: April, eight, May, twelve, June, fifteen, and Ashton, four. Sydney, six, and August, Jr., five, stayed home.

Gus Hawker runs his general store like an absent-minded baggagemaster. I found him standing hip-deep in a wild conglomeration of half-opened cases of canned goods, tents, wearing apparel, ammunition, linoleum, dress goods and hamburger. There was no cash register; someone had stolen it a couple of months before, outwitting a burglar-alarm snare of canoe paddles, and now Gus was keeping his money in a paper bag. But when it came to big sums, Hawker had a mind like an electronic business machine.

I dodged a falling Coleman lantern, which disappeared unnoticed into a box of cabbages, and asked Gus if he had made money in the current boom.

"Why, I had 600 claims when this thing started," Gus said. "I got 400 left and I'm ahead $210,000. I sold one bunch alone for $68,000."

Hawker, like many other prospectors in the Beaverlodge area, has his own company, Hawker Uranium Mines. Among the big companies are the government's Eldorado; Rix-Athabasca Uranium Mines Ltd., managed by one of Joe Hirshhorn's interests; and two outfits largely controlled by one man: Gunnar Gold Mines Ltd., and Nesbitt LaBine Uranium Mines Ltd.

The one man is Gilbert A. LaBine, the prospector whom Canadians call Mr. Uranium. LaBine was first to find minable pitchblende in the Western Hemisphere, at Great Bear Lake, 500 miles northwest of Lake Athabasca, in 1930. His uranium holdings had to be sold to the government, back when there was a government monopoly, and the uranium from them was used in the world's first A-bomb.

Last year, LaBine sent veteran prospector Albert Zeemel into the Beaverlodge region uranium hunting, and Zeemel came up with a spectacular find now being operated by the Gunnar company. The Gunnar mine is considered by experts the richest strike in Canada; LaBine and his associates plan to spend $7,000,000 developing it.

Naturally, the man who makes a find

like that becomes quite a personage in a mining community like Uranium City, so I went looking for Zeemel. I found him with some other people at the landing stage for the McMurray Air Services seaplane base, just outside Uranium City. He was carrying the kind of camera that gives you a finished picture a few seconds after you snap the shutter.

"You take my picture, huh?" Zeemel shouted at me. "I'll take *your* picture. Stand over there and smile." Zeemel clicked the camera, and I could see his thumb hanging over the lens. "Only takes about a minute."

We all waited, bush pilots, some other prospectors and I. Zeemel pulled the print out of the camera and we all looked at it. There was a moment of silence. Then a burly character took a toothpick out of his mouth and said, "Little on the dark side, ain't it?"

"I'll give it to you anyway," Zeemel told me, graciously. Then Zeemel took a picture of the other prospectors. Then they took a picture of Zeemel with the bush pilots. Then the bush pilots took a picture of Zeemel with the other prospectors. Then Zeemel took a picture of everybody against the airplane. Then I took a picture of Zeemel.

Then they all piled into the airplane and slammed the door. I remained standing on the dock.

"Hey," I yelled against the noise of the engine, "how about talking to me? Where are you going?"

"Goin' to look at another show. Maybe we got us another Gunnar," Zeemel shouted back. He waved, there was a great roar—and they were gone.

I didn't get another chance to talk to Zeemel. I'd stayed in the Beaverlodge region as long as I could, and I had to get back. I spent that final night chatting with veteran mining engineer James Ranald (Ron) MacDonald, my host at Uranium City, in the living room of his house. We sat on a brocaded couch of faded glory which was also Ron's bed. When it was time to turn in, he'd just unroll a sleeping bag on the couch and climb inside. My own sleeping bag was spread on a set of tired bedsprings in the one other room. Our sanitary facilities were over the hill from our log hut. We had a radio that sputtered static. And we had a set of the most glorious-looking bagpipes this side of Loch Lomond.

"How about a tune?" I asked Ron.

"Sure. What do you want to hear?"

"What's your favorite number?"

"The Sterling Militia, but wait till I get Gordon Moore and his whistle and Jim Fleming with his drum."

When the clan had gathered, accountant Fleming's drum turned out to be a cardboard container for dehydrated milk with a piece of caribou skin stretched over it. The whistle played by mining engineer Moore was about eight inches long, with a mouthpiece at one end and a plunger with a ring in it at the other.

The word had gone around, and other people began drifting in. There was an air of excitement. "Just so we can hear ourselves afterward," Ron said happily, "I brought the voice recorder from the office. We'll put it on 'dictate,' then play it back."

While he was setting up the recorder and getting his pipes ready, Gordon and Jim played their interpretation of the Marseillaise on whistle and drum, scattering the sled dogs in the doorway.

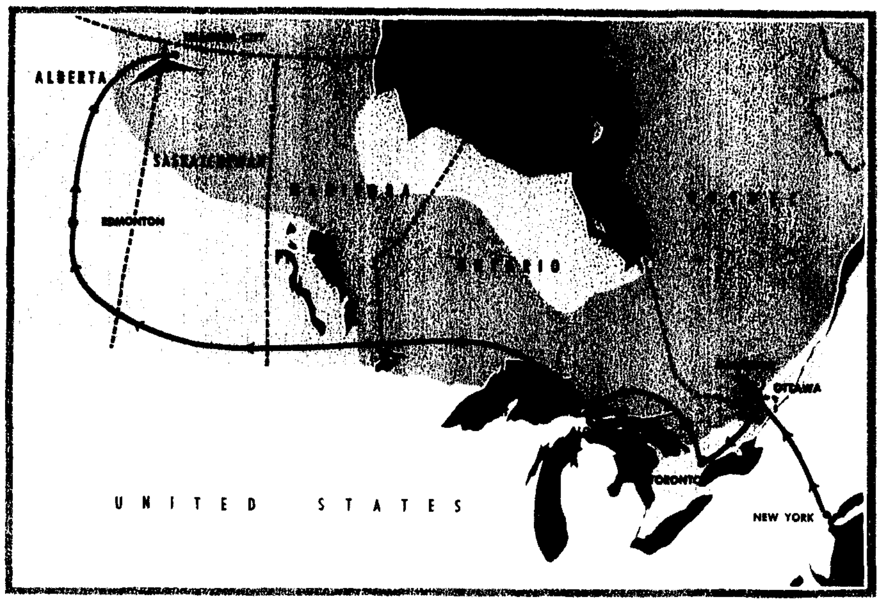
"Okay," said Ron. He clutched the bag to his breast and tapped his foot: "A-one, a-two, a-three . . ."

And then all Scotland filled the tiny room in the wilderness. You could close your eyes and see the Queens' Own Cameron Highlanders marching past, kilts swinging. As the volume mounted, they seemed to march over and through you; the magnificent skirling and keening must have been audible for a half mile. The brave lads swung enthusiastically into Blue Bonnet Over the Border, and I wiped a tear from my eye.

It was a great night for the Scots.

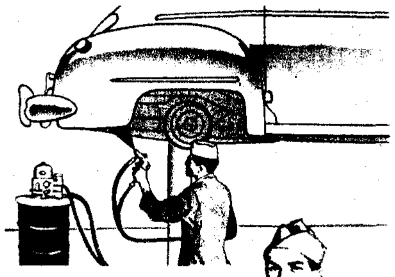
* * *

In Edmonton the next morning, on my way back to the States, I had a chance between planes to reflect on what I'd seen on my 5,000-mile junket through Canada's Great Uranium Rush. My luggage literally bulged with statistics of all kinds . . . but statistics are dull. The people I'd met and the experiences I'd had were infinitely more exciting. And after all, I hadn't gone north to gather figures. I'd gone up to get the feel of things. ▲▲▲



Line shows route author took on 5,000-mile Canadian trip. Shaded area is what geologists call the Pre-Cambrian Shelf, where uranium is

ALEMITE
"Friction Fighters"
work for you



helping keep the vital moving parts of your car running smooth as silk

ALEMITE FITTINGS—and Alemite high pressure lubrication were invented and first used on America's cars. Today, most of the cars that roll up and down the nation's highways are *still* Alemite equipped. Equipped with these famous Fittings by the automobile makers to assure you of proper lubrication at all times. To enable you to take advantage of the most modern lubrication methods the world has ever known. Be sure you *continue* to get this same protection!

Somewhere in your neighborhood, there is a man who is most familiar with the Alemite Fittings on your car. He is your local dealer who specializes in Alemite Lubrication. He is an Alemite expert who has thousands of dollars invested in genuine Alemite Lubrication Equipment.

It will pay you well to seek this man out. He alone can assure you of getting the genuine—the original Alemite Lubrication. The finest protection against friction that money can buy!

What's good enough for Monsanto Chemical is too good for you to miss!

• • •

Alemite Versatol Pump speeds uniform application of undercoating to protect cars from rust—insulate against noise.

Behind this man behind the gun...

a Billion Dollar Investment in Lubrication Progress

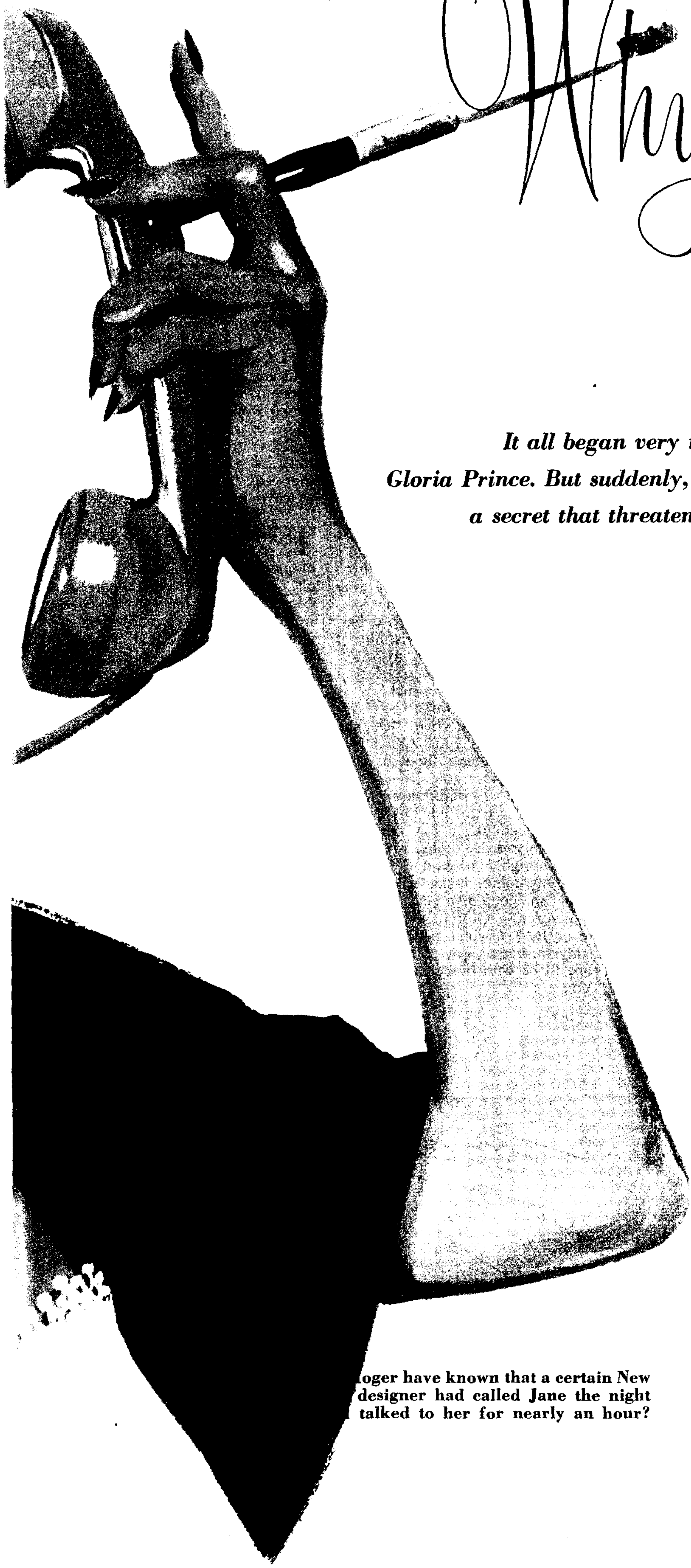
ALEMITE LUBRICATION

ALEMITE
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
1850 Diversey Parkway, Chicago 14, Illinois
35 YEARS OF LUBRICATION PROGRESS

Why tell your WIFE

It all began very innocently—Roger's friendship with the glamorous Gloria Prince. But suddenly, almost overnight, it turned into a terrifying secret, a secret that threatened to wreck the very foundations of his happy life

By VICTOR WOLFSON



oger have known that a certain New designer had called Jane the night talked to her for nearly an hour?

FOR years Roger Stedman had thought he was the most happily married man in town, and perhaps he was. His wife Jane was openhearted, uncomplicated, and as lovely as she had been the day he had married her. She doted on Roger. Their eight-year-old daughter Nancy was smart as a whip and pretty as a picture. These three happy people lived in a white, colonial-style house in Broadfield, a suburb of Syracuse, New York, and everyone agreed they were an ideal family. Life at the Stedmans' revolved around Roger's job at the branch bank, the activities of their daughter, their friends and their comfortable house. There were no great ambitions to be satisfied, no gnawing appetites to be fed. At their tenth-wedding-anniversary party, Roger Stedman lifted his glass in a toast to his wife and announced to the guests that he was the most happily married man in the world. That was a year ago.

A month after the anniversary party Roger had to fly down to New York City on business for the bank. On the plane he sat next to an attractive woman of perhaps thirty. She was wearing a black well-tailored suit and a small black hat. They fell into conversation. Roger told her that she seemed vaguely familiar to him. Was it possible they had met? No, they had not met. Roger learned that she was Gloria Prince, a dress designer whose name and picture he had seen on advertisements where she was endorsing some fabric.

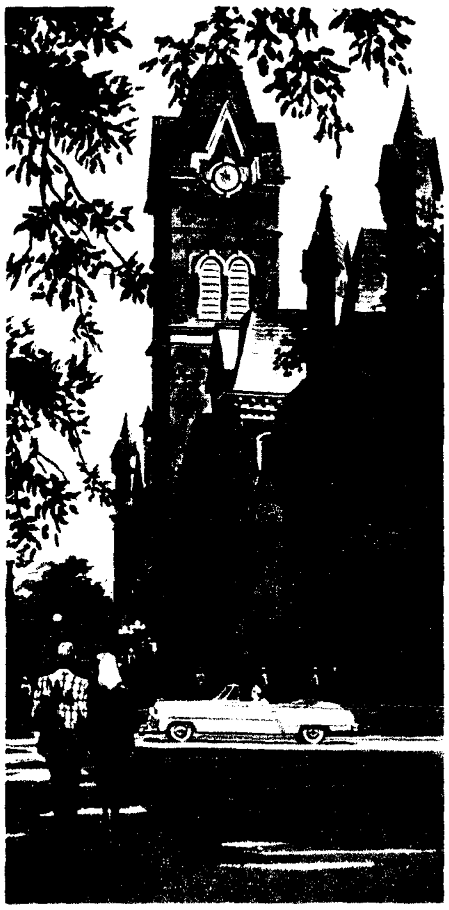
By the time they reached La Guardia Airport they had struck up an easy friendship. Roger thought she was bright, charming and attractive. Gloria thought Roger a gentleman of taste and discernment. As the plane circled for the landing, she mentioned casually that her company was giving a cocktail party that afternoon at a Central Park South hotel, and would Roger, perhaps, like to drop in?

"Thank you," Roger said, "but I'm taking the four-thirty plane back to Syracuse. But I'd like very much to see you the next time I'm in New York, if I may."

Gloria Prince dug into her purse, found a calling card, and wrote her home telephone number on it. She handed it to Roger. In this simple way it all began. . . .

By the end of the year the walls that had enclosed Roger Stedman's happy little world had collapsed. Gloria Prince was not a wicked woman, nor a scheming one, nor even a frivolous one. She was serious about her work and her friends. She rarely spoke of personal things. After six months Roger knew little about her. When

ILLUSTRATED BY J. FREDERICK SMITH

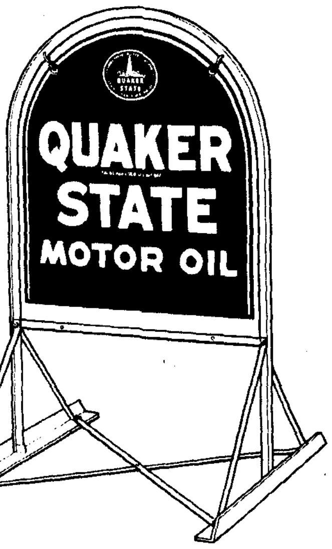


In Ohio, famous for its colleges, like Ohio State University at Columbus, and . . .

In every state it's Quaker State for quality!

TODAY'S high-powered cars need a motor oil of exceptional quality and endurance. That's why you should use Quaker State! Made from 100% Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil, Quaker State is the product of 50 years of continuous research and improvement. It's more economical too, because it lasts longer.

Quaker State Motor Oil is made to suit the requirements of all makes of cars and for every type of service. Ask your dealer.



QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CORP., OIL CITY, PA.
Member Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association

they spent the evening together on his visits to New York (which had become more frequent) they dined in a quiet restaurant and discussed the state of the world, politics and economic trends, on which subjects Roger proved to be a fairly good talker. Roger had never met anyone quite like Gloria. She was a woman with a man's point of view, he said. He felt completely at ease with her. He found her stimulating and delightful; and each time he returned to his white colonial house in Broadfield he meant to tell his wife about her. But, somehow, he could not bring himself to mention his new friendship. As time went on it became more and more difficult to tell Jane. By the end of the year his friendship with the New York dress designer loomed in his life as a dark and awful secret—the first secret he ever had from his wife.

This secrecy did a strange thing to the friendship. For Roger it became charged with more emotion than it really had. The very secrecy of it was exciting, and he came to value the excitement for its own sake. One day, suddenly, he said to himself, "Good heavens, I've fallen in love with Gloria Prince!" The sensation was thrilling and horrible. As he went about his life in Broadfield he was constantly aware of his terrible secret. It almost drove him to distraction.

For her part, Gloria Prince was certainly completely unaware of what had happened to her friend Roger. He kept his feelings hidden from her, as well as from his wife and friends. He was riddled with guilt. At home he was restless and miserable. He could not concentrate on his work. He seemed to move in a daze.

One winter evening, while Jane was knitting, she looked up and saw the stunned expression on his face. "Where are you, darling?" she asked gently.

Roger jumped with fright. He looked at her for a split second; the decision hung in the balance: Should he fall to his knees in front of Jane, confess to her that he was in love with someone she did not even know?

But at that moment Sam and Sylvia Grant from next door came into the house and Roger's moment of decision passed.

BY SPRING the situation had become unbearable for Roger. He dreaded being sent to New York by the bank, and at the same time he couldn't wait to get there. On June 10th, at about seven o'clock in the evening, Roger Stedman, who had been in New York for two days on business, sat down at the desk in his hotel room overlooking Central Park and wrote a letter to his wife in Broadfield. He told her what a heel he was. He told her it had taken a year for him to reach the point he had reached. He tried to explain that falling in love was never anybody's fault: it just happens. It's fate—in this instance, a miserable fate. He could not bear the subterfuge any longer, *and my dearest, try to understand,* he wrote, *that I do not expect you to stand idly by. If you want a divorce, you shall have it immediately.*

He went on to say that she could have the house and much more, if only he might be allowed to visit little Nancy from time to time. And he actually shed a tear as he wrote, *Ever yours, Bobo,* the name she always called him when they were alone.

He sealed the letter slowly. He knew he was sealing his doom but, too, he felt a strange relief: he had confessed. He put an air-mail stamp on the envelope and went out into Fifth Avenue, where he dropped the fatal letter into the box on the corner of Fifty-ninth Street. Then he walked to the little restaurant where Gloria Prince was waiting for him.

SHE looked up when he came in and saw that his face was ashen. "For Heaven's sake, Roger," she said, "what *is* the matter?"

He looked at her a moment and said solemnly, "I love you."

Gloria burst into laughter. "Are you drunk?" she said.

"I am not drunk."

"Well, I certainly didn't expect this in someone as intelligent as you are."

"What you expect or do not expect is of no consequence. I love you."

"Will you stop saying that!"

"You must have known it all the time," he said somberly.

"Don't be an idiot. You need something to eat."

"I want you to marry me, Gloria. It's the least I can do for everyone concerned," Roger said.

"Have you gone out of your mind? I—" Gloria said. She broke off as the waiter came up to the table. She ordered dinner, and when she saw that Roger was simply sitting there, staring down at the tablecloth like a lost soul, she ordered some soup for him. The waiter left, and Gloria immediately said with some firmness, "Now listen to me, Roger. If you go on this way I won't be able to see you again."

He seemed not to have heard her. He was smiling sadly and wistfully at the tablecloth. "You know, my wife," he said, "she's really wonderful. It's a shame you two have never met."

"And why haven't we?"

He looked at her, startled. "Oh, she doesn't know about you. About us."

"But there's nothing about us anyone can't know."

Roger sighed and stared down at his hands, which he had folded on the table. He looked like a boy who was being reprimanded. "I just wrote her about us tonight," he said. "That's a load off my mind, I can tell you. I suggested she get a divorce."

"A divorce?" Gloria gasped. "Because of me? *I* won't marry you. I love my husband. I'm going over to Europe to be with him this summer."

"You are?"

"He works for the Mutual Security outfit in Paris."

"I knew you had a husband; but I got the impression you were separated—or something."

"Certainly not. My job keeps me here, and his keeps him there; that's all. He knows all about you. I write him everything. As a matter of fact we talked on the phone last night. He sends you his regards."

"His regards? To me?"

"Even though he doesn't know you. That's the sort of man he is."

"Oh, no," Roger said.

The waiter, who was putting the soup on the table, frowned, perhaps thinking Roger was commenting on the food. "You would like to change, monsieur?" he said.

"I sure would," Roger muttered.

"This letter," Gloria said. "You haven't mailed it, have you?"

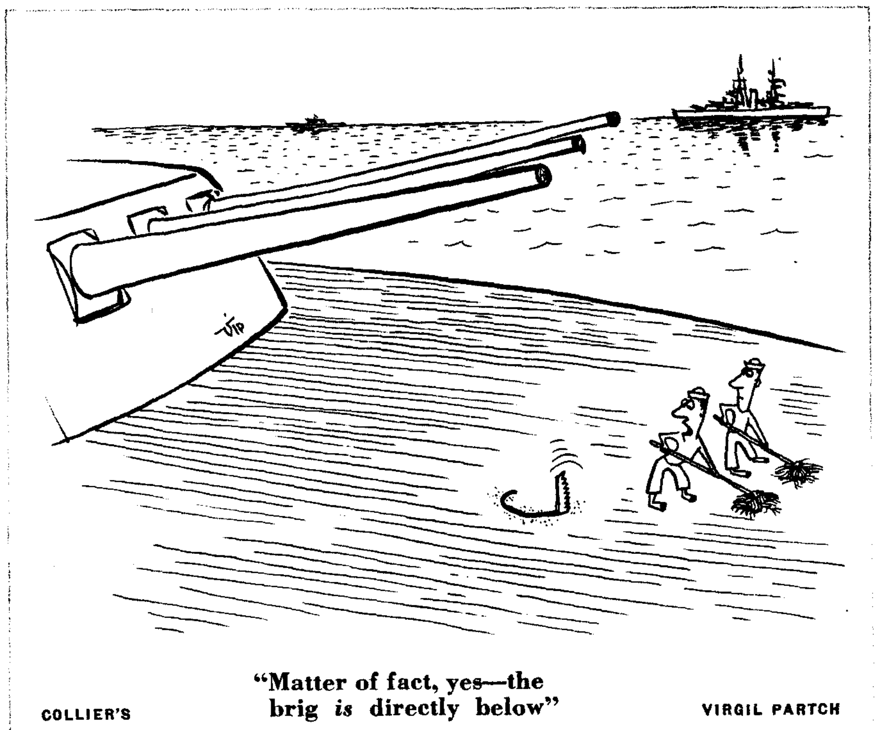
Roger managed to nod his head. The waiter began taking the soup away.

"Leave the soup where it is!" Gloria said emphatically. The waiter gasped and hurried away. "And you eat that soup, Roger Stedman," Gloria said. "You've got a lot of thinking to do."

Roger tried to smile at her bravely but gave it up. He began to spoon up the soup, but halfway through he had to leave the table. He felt sick.

THE state of New York seemed endless to him. Over mountains and along valleys he pushed the rented car, all through the night. After dinner Gloria had telephoned around but there were no flights to Syracuse that night, and the only train would have got him there too late. It had been Gloria's idea to hire the car, and he drove it like a madman. By the time light broke in the sky, Roger Stedman was lacerated, not only by fatigue, but also by his own self-torture. Over and over again he had said to himself, "What have I done to poor Jane? What have I done to my life?"

At seven o'clock in the morning he got to the outskirts of Syracuse. He drove through the city toward Broadfield, and at seven forty-five he had reached the corner of Elm Street—the street where he lived. He parked the car on the corner at the curb and pulled his hat down low over his eyes, praying that no one would see him until after eight o'clock. As he sat there staring down the silent street toward



COLLIER'S "Matter of fact, yes—the brig *is* directly below" VIRGIL PARTCH

Here's to You!
Here's How!

No matter how you say it . . .

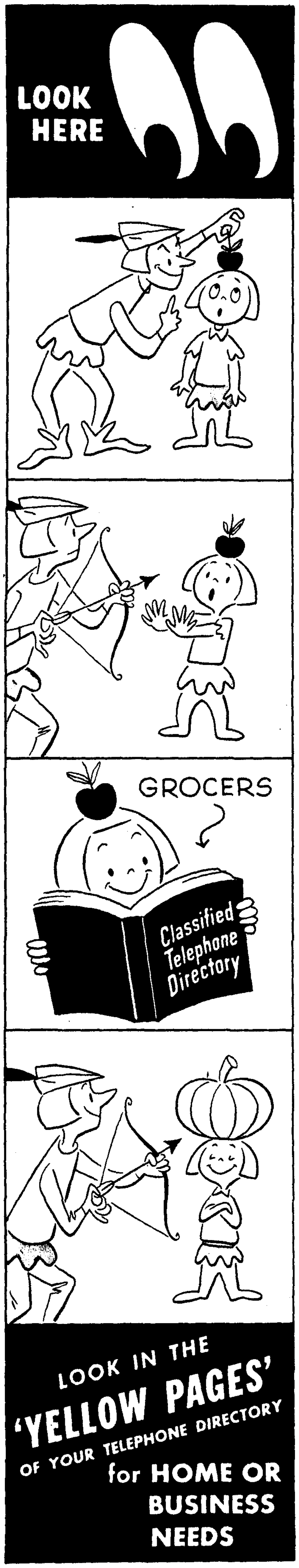
Say Seagram's and be Sure

***HERE'S TO YOU**...* you millions who like to be sure. You have made Seagram's 7 Crown America's most popular whiskey . . . because you believe that only the finest is fine enough for you and your friends!

HERE'S HOW the experts behind the bars and store counters have also helped make 7 Crown America's favorite. They've recommended it with confidence... sure that their customers will enjoy it with pleasure!

SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN. BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, CHRYSLER BUILDING, NEW YORK

Seagram's
Seven 7 Crown
BLENDED WHISKEY


LOOK HERE
GROCERS
Classified Telephone Directory
LOOK IN THE 'YELLOW PAGES' OF YOUR TELEPHONE DIRECTORY for HOME OR BUSINESS NEEDS

his white house in the middle of the block, he could imagine Jane getting breakfast. He could see little Nancy up in the bathroom brushing her teeth. She would come downstairs in a moment, with her face clean and shiny; and she would be smelling of sweet talcum powder. She would have her breakfast in the kitchen and then run off to school, stopping to call for the Grant children next door.

"What a louse I am," Roger said to himself miserably. "Why don't they just take me out and shoot me?"

He saw the milk truck turn into the block from Grandview Avenue. He saw Sonny Kolmeyer on his bike, wheeling from house to house, flinging the morning newspapers onto the porches. He saw Mrs. Lane down the block backing out of the driveway. She was taking her kids to school and her husband downtown. Roger Stedman saw the neighborhood he had known for so many years beginning a new day. It wasn't brilliant; it wasn't anything anyone really thought about twice; but there it was: the happy life he had known, launched on another day.

And then, all of a sudden, his heart leaped. There before him was what he had driven through the night like a maniac to see. He opened the door of the car and dashed down the street to meet the letter carrier. Mr. Donnelly, his leather pouch slung over one shoulder, had just turned into Elm Street. Roger caught him as he was turning down the walk that led to the Lanes' house. Roger clutched at the letter carrier and swung him around.

"What's the matter with you, Mr. Stedman?" the terrified mailman said.

"My mail," Roger gasped, "where's my mail?"

"What's your hurry? I'll be getting to it."

"Let me have it. Let me have it now!" Roger demanded.

The elderly letter carrier stared in amazement at the man he had always considered gentle and good-natured. "What's come over you?"

"Never mind! The mail! I've got to have it."

Slowly the letter carrier sorted through several packets he held in his hand. He found the Stedman mail and handed it to Roger. Roger immediately flipped through the letters: a bill from the cleaners, an advertisement of a new supermarket, an appeal for funds from some political club—they never got any decent mail. Yes! There it was. He snatched the letter he had mailed from New York the night before, glanced at it with loathing and thrust it into his pocket. He turned and walked down the block to his house.

WHEN Jane answered the doorbell she saw Roger standing on the front porch. He looked at her sheepishly, apologetically. He might have been the prodigal son, home at last.

"Roger, darling!" she said. "What a lovely surprise! Why didn't you tell me you were coming? I wasn't expecting you till tomorrow."

"Daddy! Daddy!" Nancy screeched, running out of the kitchen and flinging herself into her father's arms.

"Sweetheart," Roger said, kissing her, "how are you?"

"Nancy, you'll be late for school," Jane said.

"Good-by, Daddy," Nancy called as she ran out of the house. Roger turned and watched his little girl go across the front lawn to pick up the Grant children. He wondered whether she hadn't grown since he had noticed her last—really noticed her. And how long was that, you heel? he thought.

"Come, dear," Jane said, taking him by the arm, "you're just in time for pancakes." She led her husband through the house. It was his house; and yet, now he felt a stranger in it.

"Here," Roger said, following her into the kitchen, "here's the mail."

"Oh, thanks, dear," Jane said, taking the pile and setting it on top of the refrigerator. Roger sat down at the table and thought he would burst into tears. How easily she accepted him, welcomed him home. How he loved his wife. How he loved his daughter, his house, the life he had known with them for so many years.

"How'd you get here, dear?" Jane asked, bringing him a stack of wheat cakes. "There's no train from New York at this hour."

"I'll tell you all about it after breakfast," he said. "I'll tell you everything."

Jane smiled at him. He looked so forlorn, unshaven and weary, as though he had come through a long illness. She kissed him on the top of his head and said, "Don't tell me everything."

He looked up at her, startled, but she had already turned toward the stove and was pouring another batch of pancake batter into the frying pan. How could Roger have known, after all, that a certain New York dress designer named Gloria Prince had called Jane on the telephone the night before and had spent three quarters of an hour explaining the whole situation? Gloria had tried to make Jane understand the tortures Roger had suffered because of his guilty silence. It had been a perfectly innocent friendship, she said.

"I'm sure of it," Jane had said. "I know Roger."

The two women had laughed. Then Gloria had told her to expect a ridiculous letter, which the unfortunate Roger had already mailed.

"Thank you for calling, Miss Prince," Jane had said at last. "I hope you'll come and see us sometime."

"I'd love to. And why don't you come down to the fall fashion show we're having?"

"That would be fun. And, Miss Prince," Jane added, "a wife has a way of knowing about these friendships even without being told. It's a sixth sense, I suppose." And she had hung up.

ROGER, sitting at the kitchen table, of course knew nothing of this phone conversation. Jane brought him a second helping of pancakes, dousing them with honey, which he liked better than sirup. Then she sat down and poured herself a cup of coffee. She turned, reached up for the mail and began to look through it.

"We certainly do get the dullest mail," she said finally.

"And I hope it stays just as dull the rest of our lives," Roger said fervently.

Jane laughed, but did not look at him. "The Grants are coming over for Liverpool rummy tonight," she said.

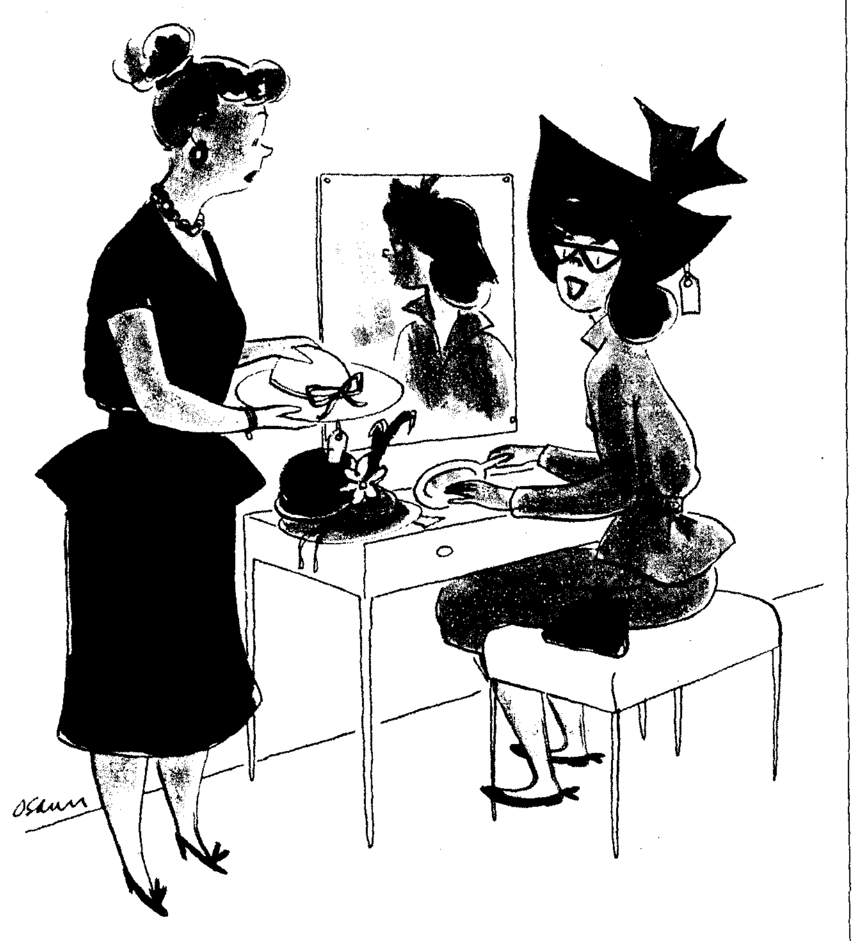
"That's wonderful; that's just wonderful," Roger said with such huskiness, such passion, that Jane smiled and reached out her hand to him across the table. He looked at her and realized that she always knew a great deal more than she ever showed. "You're an amazing woman," he said quietly, taking her hand.

"Oh, I don't know, dear," Jane said lightly.

"I know," Roger said, and he lifted her hand and kissed it.

—VICTOR WOLFSON

TIZZY



"Actually it's a birthday present for my mother, but I want one that will do something for me, too, when I borrow it"

COLLIER'S KATE OSANN

Toast the way YOU want it...

with G.E.'s NEW truly automatic toaster!

From light to dark—and any shade in between

To be sure of getting perfect toast, treat yourself to a new General Electric Toaster. *This* is the toaster with the simplest, most dependable automatic toasting mechanism ever developed!

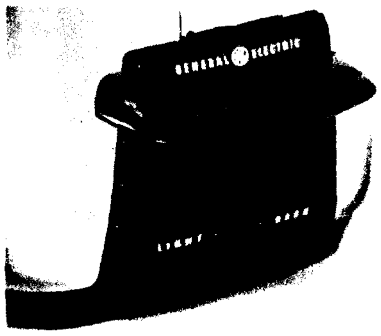
This up-to-the-minute beauty features 6-position control . . . extra-high toast lift . . . and an extra-large snap-out, snap-in crumb tray that is *completely* cleanable in seconds.

Get one for yourself, or as a gift for someone you think a lot of, at your General Electric dealer's. This fine, dependable toaster will serve you for years and years.

General Electric Company, Small Appliance Division, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

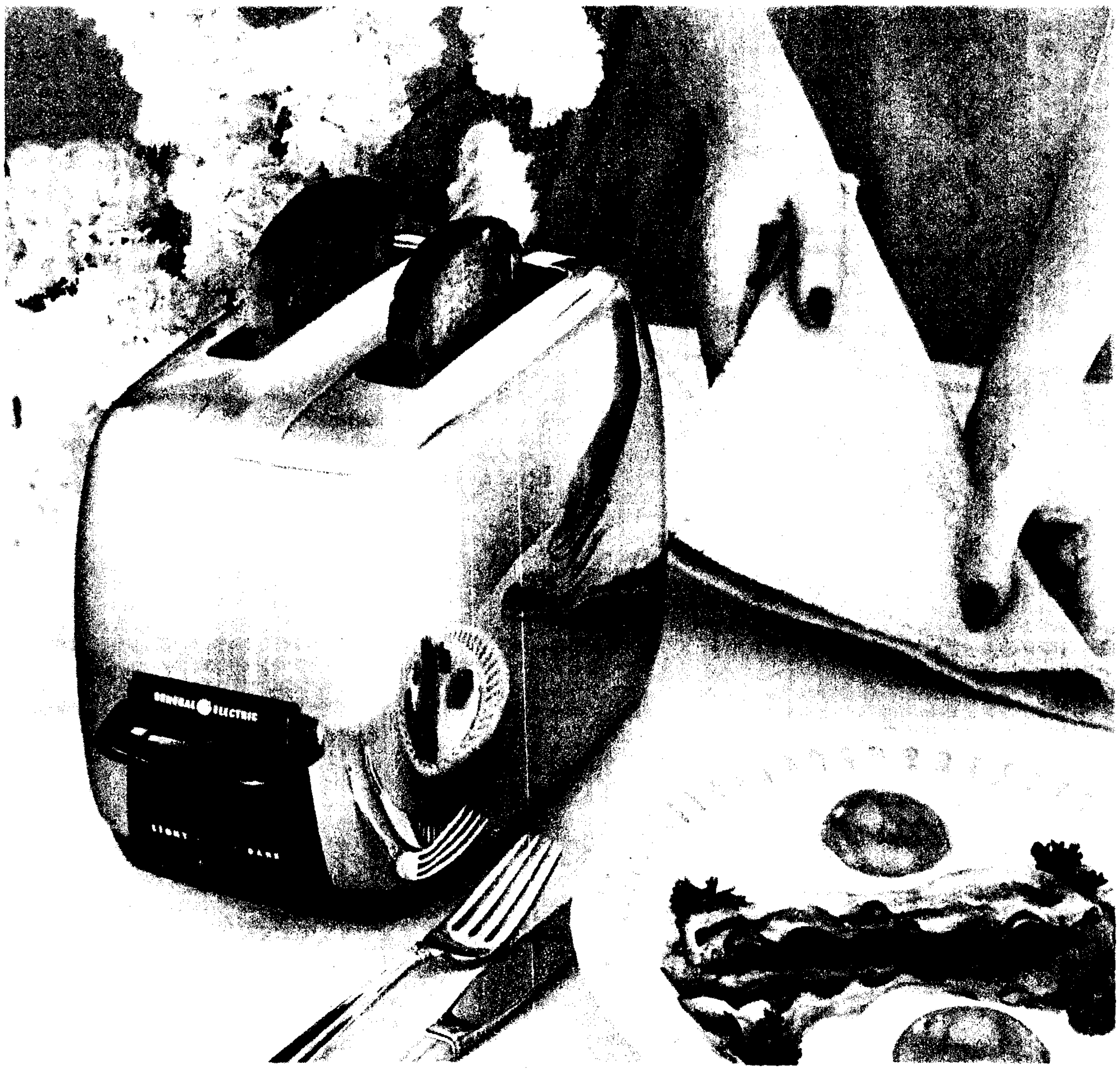
Only $23.95

Manufacturer's recommended retail or Fair Trade price.



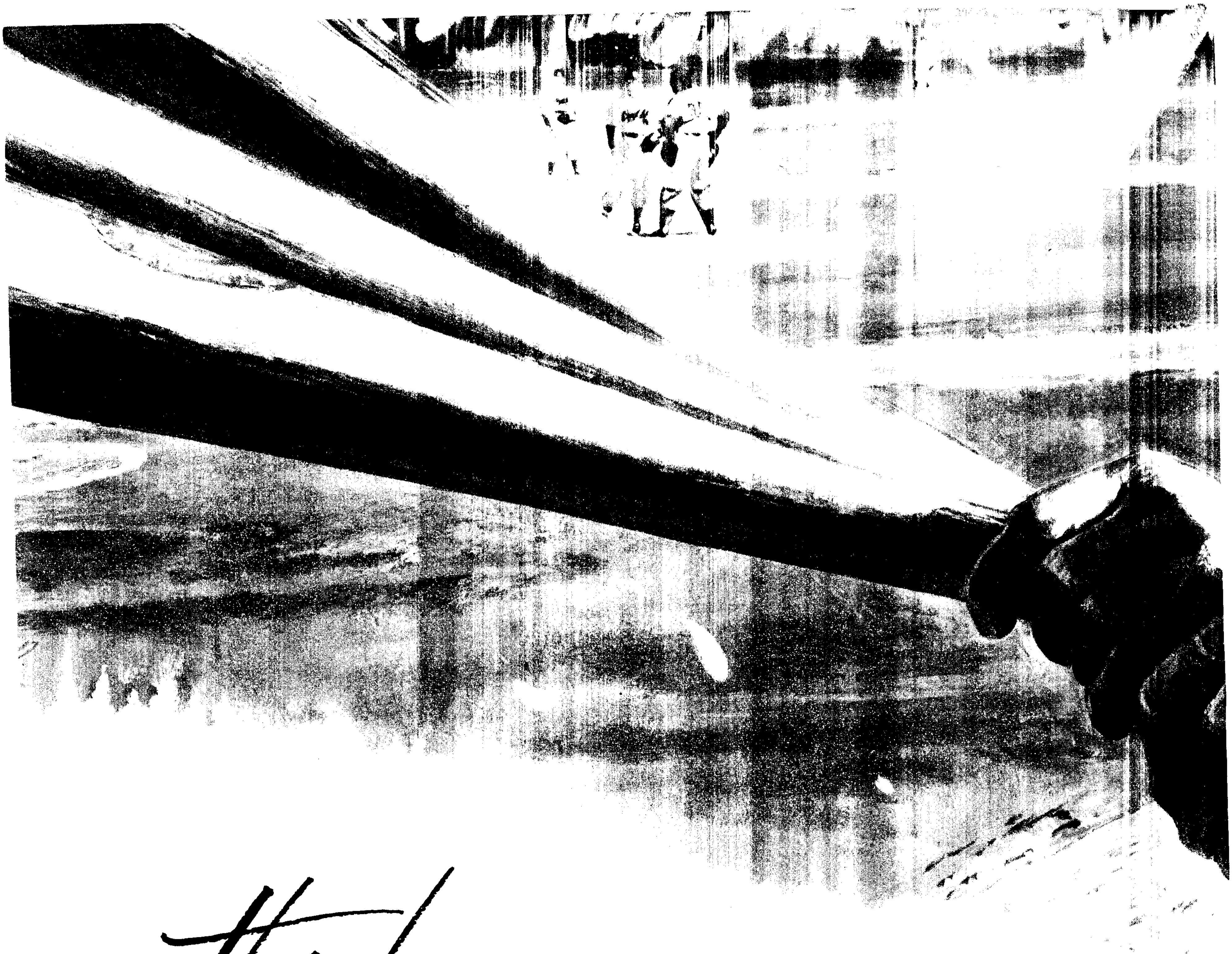
6-POSITION CONTROL, a new, easy-to-use feature of this toaster. Just set it for any shade you want. Then count on piece after piece being *exactly* alike.

EXTRA-HIGH TOAST LIFT brings small pieces of toast, frozen waffles, and even muffins, well up out of the toaster. No more digging for toast—no more burned fingers!



You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC



the Long Out

By CHARLES EINSTEIN

The Badgers were good but they were young, too young to be champs. That

HE WAS a nice guy, Ray Lane was, and if you had told him in mid-July that he was going to play in the World Series, he would gladly have made allowances for your being tired, drunk or maybe brainsick. Like most first basemen, he distrusted anything that came his way unexpectedly, and besides, he was happily plying his trade for a team that represented York, Pennsylvania, where the only thing he could not anticipate was the throw from third.

So if he was startled to receive a call to return to the major leagues, Ray Lane was *astounded* to find himself, when he reported to the Badgers, in the violent throes of a pennant fight. He had played in the majors before—sixteen years, to be exact—but it was always with Washington, and that, in terms of a pennant, was enough said.

"This is a tense ball club," Nulty, the manager, said to Ray the day he arrived from York to join

y Ray Lane was brought back [illegible] and it was too big a [illegible] man

the Badgers. "They're young and they've got almost ten weeks to go and they're already tight."

"Why shouldn't they be?" Ray Lane inquired. "They're in first place by four games, and they've got New York and Cleveland running at them. I'm surprised you're not tighter than they are."

"Who said I'm not?" Nulty said unhappily. "How old are you, Ray?"

"Sixteen," Ray Lane said.

"I could have sworn you were older," Nulty said. "You got kids, isn't it?"

"Two," Lane said. "A boy fifteen, and Judy's twelve."

"And how old did you say you were?"

"Mine was a child marriage," Ray said. "What is more, I have a very nice house back in York, Pennsylvania, and a wife who was still talking to me when I left. So what are we going to do?"

"I'm going to want you to play first base," Nulty said. "Not every day. Just enough. I understand you can still hit a ball."

Lane nodded. "Hard."

"Okay," Nulty said.

It was twelve games—seven of them as a pinch hitter, two as starting first baseman, another three when he went in during the late innings when the other side switched pitching arms—before Ray Lane got a hit. He was slow afoot, especially so in contrast to the terrible youth of his teammates, but Nulty knew what he was doing. Stokes, the twenty-year-old second baseman, playing his first year in the big league, found himself complaining in high, obscene tones when he found he had to range far to his left to field the balls that swept past Ray Lane's thwarted grasp. But it was a new responsibility and it took Stokes's mind off the terrors of playing his own position—and his fielding, suddenly, was the talk of the league.

On the other hand, Wadsworth, twenty-two years old, third base, found that this old man at the other end of his throws could catch anything he sent over there. That was also true, and maybe more so, of Limner, the regular first baseman for the Badgers, but Limner, like the others, was young, and had mastered his hands but not his feet. He still crossed his legs when he stretched to his right, and he could not come up the line to make the out with a back-tag when the throw was to his left. Nor did he know how to judge the speed of a man on first when the batter hit a double to right field, so he was not dependable on the cut-off; and he still was not sure of himself while serving as the human mid-sight for an outfielder's throw to the plate.

The little things, Ray Lane did automatically. He taught Aaronow, the right fielder, how to field a single and then, with the idle, customary motion

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN Mc DERMOTT

CHOOSE

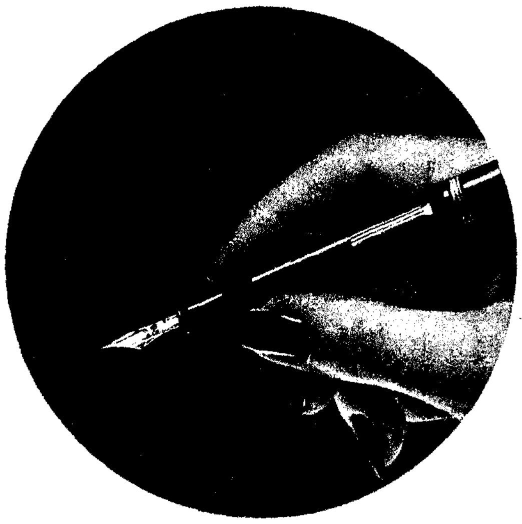
the right point for the way *you* write...

CHOOSE an Esterbrook Point
...by number

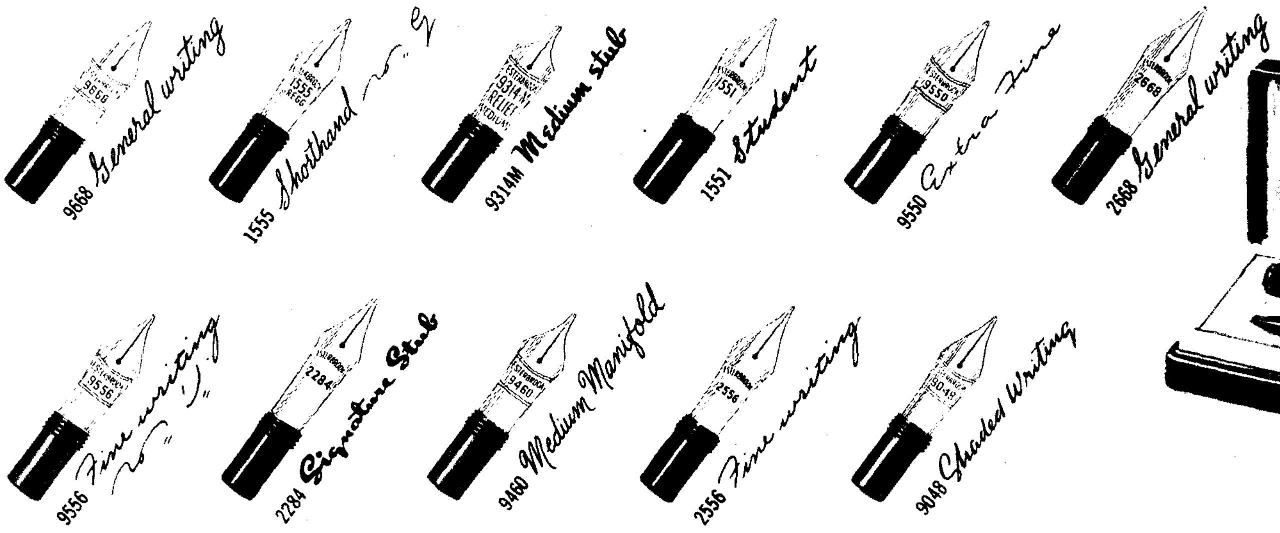
ADD it to the barrel of an
Esterbrook Fountain Pen

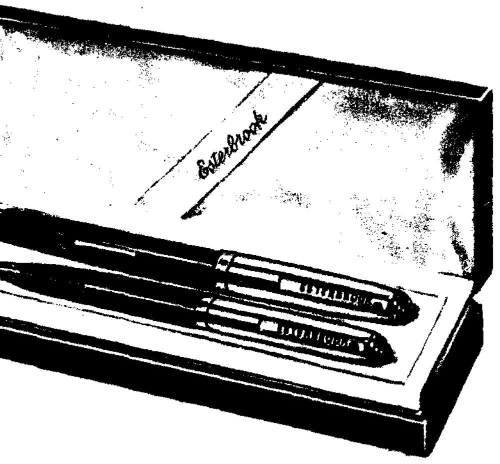
TO SELECT OR REPLACE...
HERE'S ALL YOU DO

WRITE with an Esterbrook Pen
that writes your way...naturally

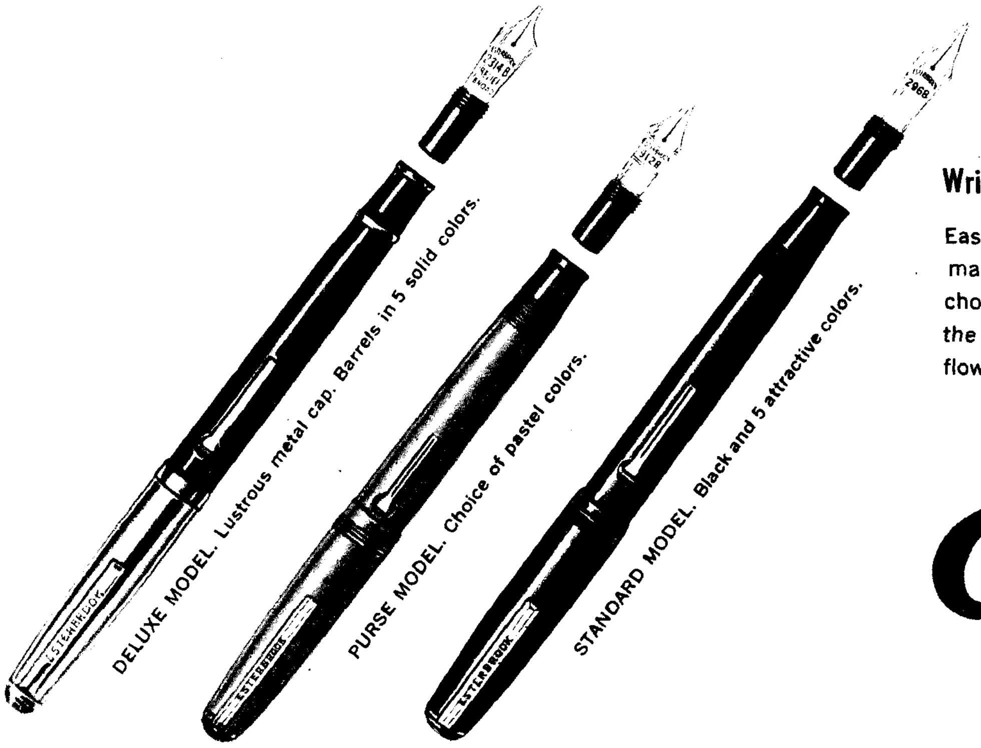


ALL POINTS INSTANTLY INTERCHANGEABLE, INSTANTLY RENEWABLE. ONLY MOST POPULAR POINTS SHOWN.


9668 General writing
1555 Shorthand
9314M Medium stub
1551 Student
9550 Extra Fine
2668 General writing
9556 Fine writing
2284 Signature Stub
9460 Medium Manifold
2556 Fine writing
9048 Shaded Writing


Esterbrook

Esterbrook Pocket Set—*Pen and matching Push-Pencil. (Push the top to feed the lead.) Pencil holds 12 sticks of lead—writes for months without reloading. Choice of regular or thin lead models.*



DELUXE MODEL. Lustrous metal cap. Barrels in 5 solid colors.

PURSE MODEL. Choice of pastel colors.

STANDARD MODEL. Black and 5 attractive colors.

Writing is easier... more comfortable... with the right point

Easier, more comfortable, more pleasant writing is yours when your pen is made for your kind of writing. Prove it yourself. At the nearest pen counter, choose—by number—the Esterbrook Point that writes *your* way, fit it into the Esterbrook Pen barrel you like best and write. Feel how the words fairly flow off the point. See how your writing reflects your individual personality.

Esterbrook®

FOUNTAIN PEN

THE WORLD'S MOST PERSONAL FOUNTAIN PEN

COPYRIGHT 1953, THE ESTERBROOK PEN COMPANY

of throwing the ball in to second base, fire it back to first instead, to get the runner as he made his turn. He knew just when to go to the dugout for a new shoelace, and how long to stay there to give a bull-pen pitcher more time to heat up, and his throw to the pitcher covering first was always led perfectly, always at shoulder height.

But nobody noticed these things—nobody except Nulty—and that was the way the manager wanted it. In a week's time, the youngsters on the ball club were feeling universal concern for the old man who occasionally played first base and pinch-hit. It was a peculiar feeling of concern: they did not feel that Nulty was letting them down by using Ray Lane—they could not feel that way, because the Badgers were winning—so it was more a spirit of helpfulness.

Then, in the twelfth game in which he appeared, Ray Lane hit a home run with the bases loaded in the last of the eighth. The ball had to travel 355 feet to clear the right-field barrier, but it exceeded that minimum. It soared into the upper right-field deck, and the Badgers, who had been behind 4 to 2, now led Cleveland 6 to 4, and won it that way. They led the league by seven and a half games now, and though six full weeks still remained to be played, Nulty knew he had it. It was nothing like the Dodgers' big lead over the Giants in 1951, when the Giants caught them. Then, the Dodgers had one hot club running at them, and the hot club won it. Back of the Badgers now were Cleveland, New York and—late-season strong as always—Philadelphia. They would knock one another off.

THEY would and they did. The Badgers won the pennant by three and a half games, though they were an easy five ahead when they clinched.

That was how Ray Lane, who in November would observe his thirty-ninth birthday, found himself in the World Series along with the Badgers. And, though few of his teammates, fewer of the fans and none of the sports writers acknowledged the fact, they could not have done it without Ray Lane.

"I'm not going to start you in the Series," Nulty told him.

"You only started me once all September," Ray said. "So why change now?"

"That's just it," Nulty said. "Limner hit three fifteen on the year. I got to go with him."

"Okay," Ray said.

"Only don't go anywhere," Nulty said. "I would like to see you around."

"I'll be around," Ray said.

The Series was to open in Brooklyn, and the Badgers, spick in their freshly cleaned gray traveling uniforms, took their practice before the first game with a gusto that fooled nobody. Brooklyn was the favorite; many experts picked them in four straight, figuring that even Welsh, the Badgers' best thrower with twenty-one victories on the season, could not get by the Brooklyn bats. The Badgers were lucky; their pennant was something of a freak, most readily comparable to the Phillies in 1950—and everybody remembered what had happened to the Phillies in the World Series. And the Badgers were inexperienced. The most experienced man they had, Ray Lane, was a fugitive from the minor leagues who had never played in a World Series in nearly two decades in the majors.

"I'm cold all over," Aaronow, the right fielder, said. He was sitting next to Ray Lane on the bench, watching Brooklyn go through fielding practice. Aaronow was the Badgers' lead-off man. He would be the first batter in the World Series.

"It's just another ball game," Ray Lane said.

Aaronow leaned forward and swept his arms in an arc, indicating the jam-packed stands, the batteries of television cameras with their winking red eyes, the hordes of photographers, the brass band, the pennants and bunting that made the old Brooklyn ball yard a feast of color.

"Just another ball game, huh?" said Aaronow.

"That's all," Ray said.

"But you never been in a Series," Aaronow said—he said it as fact, not accusation. "How do you know?"

COLLIER'S JOHN DIRKS

"I'm just assuming," Ray said. He grinned. "No, it's not just another ball game. You get yourself a base hit your first time up, and you'll feel greater than you ever felt before."

"What if I strike out?"

Ray Lane shrugged. "What the hell! You've struck out before."

"Not against the Dodgers."

Ray shrugged again. "You've struck out against the Browns."

"Yeah," Aaronow said, "but nobody was looking."

THEN the players of both teams were going out, standing along the foul lines with caps doffed. The band was playing The Star-Spangled Banner. In the center of that dark-bright canyon of silent humanity, Ray Lane felt within him a new surge of feeling that ascended burstingly from his chest to his throat. It was a feeling of great joy and splendor—that he was part of this magnitude and multitude, and at once he wished he could be playing in today's game, and yet was safely content to know he would not have to have himself exposed so mercilessly to the thousands in the ball park and the millions watching television.

So this, he said to himself, is what it feels like—the World Series.

Atop his head, there was a place, devoid of symmetry, where the hair had thinned away. He was tall and tired-looking as he stood there, holding his cap over his heart and listening to the music. His shoulders did not sag, but they had lost the alert presence that they had once had; his weight rested flatly on his heels as he stood there; his face was lined and weary.

When he got back to the dugout, he saw Nulty talking to Aaronow, the lead-off man. Aaronow had two bats, and he swallowed repeatedly, nodding quickly, as Nulty talked to him.

The Brooklyn team was running onto the field now, and the stands had erupted in mighty sound at the sight of the fresh white uniforms and blue caps as they spilled energetically from the home dugout.

Aaronow was going out toward home plate now, and Nulty came and sat next to Ray Lane.

Ray Lane unwrapped a stick of gum and put it in his mouth. "What'd you tell him?"

"I told him to take the first pitch."

"He's nervous as a cat," Ray said. "I bet he wishes you'd told him to swing."

"I know he's nervous," Nulty said. He pointed toward the mound where the Brooklyn pitcher was sweeping in the last of his warm-up throws. "He knows he's nervous too. They got a book on my hitters. Aaronow don't like them high. So you watch the first pitch. Up here." He drew his fingers across his throat. "They figure he'll swing at anything."

Now there was that last tense moment, with the crowd beginning to yell as the pitcher looked over his shoulder at his infielders, kicked the rubber, squared, rocked and threw. The ball scorched in, high and inside. Aaronow let it go by. The umpire was a veteran National League man, one who disdained arm motions except where they were absolutely necessary. Now he twisted his face to the left, dipping his shoulders and torso rhythmically in the same direction.

"Bawun!"

Nulty crossed his legs. "Give me a piece of gum, Ray."

Ray Lane reached for his package of gum. "It's going to be a long Series."

"You're telling me?"

"Watch this," Ray said, and they saw the next pitch riding in, an out-curve, belt high. Aaronow went for it, and the ball, curving out as it was thrown, sliced by right-handed batsman against right-handed pitcher, lined into the ground halfway between the mound and the first-base line, skittered vigorously to the right, and tore on out through the hole and into right field for a single.

IN THE dugout, the Badgers were on their feet, yelling and calling with palms cupped to mouths. Stokes, the second baseman, went up, and Ray Lane saw the Brooklyn shortstop twist his body and yell something at the second baseman. Nulty, sitting next to him, was watching the Brooklyn catcher.

"Watch the pick," Ray said.

"I know it," Nulty said. "I'm sending him down." He flashed the steal sign to his third-base coach, who relayed it across the infield to Aaronow at first. The Badgers had four sets of signals; in addition, the signal to a runner on first could be given either by the first or third-base coach, according to prearrangement. Young and alert, the Badgers rarely missed a sign.

Brooklyn did try the pick. The first was high and outside, a pitchout, and the Brooklyn catcher sent it smoking down to second. They had Aaronow stealing by five feet.

"You see?" Nulty said.

"He'll learn," Ray Lane said. "Next year he'll run bases better than this year. If he'd broken one step later, that catcher would have thrown the ball to first base on the pick, and he could have had second clean."

"I know," Nulty said. "Well, it was worth it."

The Badgers got another hit in the first inning, and made only one error afield in the first three. They were nothing-nothing going into the sixth, but Brooklyn worked Welsh for a run and led it 1 to 0 going into the top of the eighth.

Wadsworth got on with a hit to left field for the Badgers and got forced at second on a sacrifice attempt, but the Brooklyn shortstop thought he had a play at first and threw the ball away, and the batter reached second on the sequence. Now, with one out and his pitcher due to bat, Nulty said, "Ray."

Ray Lane got up.

"Put it over that wall," Nulty said.

Ray Lane said nothing. He went to the bat rack and took out three bats, two of them thirty-eight-ounce bats and the third one thirty-six. He heard the public-address system announcing his name as he walked toward the batter's box. There was a dryness in his mouth, and he licked his lips, swung the bats tentatively, and kept one of the thirty-eights. He stepped into the box, working his spikes into the dirt until the feeling came up through his legs to tell him he was planted, anchored the way he wished to be. Then he took his stance, and looked out at the mound, where the pitcher and the catcher were talking about him.

They had never faced him before, but they knew all about him. They knew he was an old man who could still hit a ball a mile, and their outfielders *did not have to be told* to move back. The infield moved back too, all except the third baseman, who was pulled in a little closer than midway against the left-handed batter and against the possibility of a play at third on the runner now at second.

They would pitch him inside and tight, under the wrists. He would pull an outside pitch just as easily as he would pull an inside pitch, but if the ball was breaking in and under, he would have trouble putting the fat of the bat on it while still keeping it fair. It was not a new science of pitching to left-handed power hitters, but it had entered a postwar vogue, ever since the Cardinals did it to Williams when they took the 1946 Series from the Red Sox. It worked well, too, if it was done right. The danger was that the pitcher would be off the mark and get so far behind he either must walk the man or pitch to his strength. But with a good pitcher, it worked. It worked against everybody but Musial—against Musial, nothing worked.

He saw it coming at him now, but even with the speed that was on the pitch he had it gauged, and knew it would not come in as far as the pitcher wanted it to. His wrists horsewhipped the bat around and he caught the pitch and sent it screaming, high and long, toward deepest right-center field.

The center fielder was in line with it, but he had his back turned, racing toward the flagpole. He got there an instant before the ball. With his back still turned he went up against the wall. The force of the ball as it tore into his high-flung glove smashed his wrist against the barrier.

But he held onto the ball. Ray Lane, slow as he was, had already rounded first base when the catch came. The stands were a roaring tumult of adulation for the center fielder.

Ray Lane went back into the dugout. He saw Nulty sitting there. "I *should* have pulled it more," Ray said.

The Badgers lost it 1 to 0.

THEY *should have lost the second* game too, but they got a passed ball when they had to have a run, and after that they slapped the Brooklyn pitcher, a left-hander, out of there, and took the game 7 to 4.

That took the Series to the Badgers' ball park, and now it was a larger crowd, an eminently friendly, roughly adoring crowd that worshiped Nulty's embattled youngsters. In the fifth inning of the third game, Nulty sent Ray Lane in to pinch-hit with Brooklyn ahead 3 to 1, and Ray Lane drove a tremendous shot toward the lower stand in right field only to have the Brooklyn outfielder pluck it out of a spectator's grasp with an unlikely, plunging sweep of his glove.

Nulty kept him in the game, and Ray Lane went hitless. This was by far a bigger ball yard than Brooklyn's, and *in the last inning* Ray sent another distant shot to center, only to have the fielder get to it, going back and to his left.

Brooklyn won the third game 6 to 2. The Badgers took the fourth 9 to 0 behind Welsh, and then in the fifth game Nulty pulled in Rogers from his bull pen as a surprise starter, and Rogers stood Brooklyn stiff and won it 5 to 1.

They went back to Brooklyn leading the Series three games to two, and they might have won it in the sixth game. They trailed by one run in the ninth; they had men on first and third and nobody out, and Ray Lane went in to hit and again he rode one long and far. The right fielder bounced up against the wall for it, but it spun out of his glove. The tying run came in, but the relay caught the next man as he tried to score. Ray Lane was on second base, breathing heavily, with a double. He stayed there. Brooklyn got a run in the tenth to win it, and the Series was tied again, going into the final game.

THE morning papers, Ray discovered, were extravagant in their praise of him.

The Long Out, one of them said, *nearly buried Brooklyn today. Forty-year-old Ray Lane* (Ray winced), *who's been smacking them so far only a Brooklyn outfielder could catch them, smacked one in the ninth that a Brooklyn outfielder didn't catch. Only luck and a run in the tenth saved our side from World Series extinction.*

So, Ray Lane said to himself, you're The Long Out. And he had to admit it was true. He had to admit two other things—two things which he would have confessed to no one, not even Nulty. One was that his double in the *ninth inning should have been caught.* The right fielder had misplayed it, leaving a foot between himself and the wall behind him, so that when he went up he was off balance. The other thing was that he, Ray Lane, wanted one thing out of this World Series—the only World Series in which he had ever played, would ever play.

He wanted a home run.

It was almost juvenile, he knew, thinking it over. But the reasons were there, and he could not gainsay them. He had the power. They were not pitching to him accurately, and he could hit them. He had been robbed blind twice—three times, if you wanted to count that fast running nab by the center fielder in the second game. If the right fielder had caught the ball in the sixth game—even though, as a professional, *he should have caught it*—it would have been another robbery.

There was one way to show them.

Hit it where they couldn't get it.

"You're silly," Ray Lane said to himself, aloud. But saying it did not change anything.

He went up to Nulty before the final game. "Let me start," he said.

"You're nuts," Nulty said. "You think I'm going to commit myself with you before the game begins? I need somebody to hit a ball in the sixth inning and it's not your turn to bat, what am I supposed to do? What am I, a magician? Can I change my batting order in the middle of the game? You sit right here next to me, buddy boy. When I need you, I want you available."

A feeling grew in Ray Lane as the game unfolded. He was youthful again, and strong, and purposeful. He wanted *one whack at this* Brooklyn right-hander. One whack was all he needed.

It grew in him as Brooklyn got a run in the first, and another in the fourth. The Badgers got a run in the sixth, and then it was the top of the seventh and the Badgers had men on first and second with one out and the pitcher due to bat and Nulty, chewing three pieces of gum at once, said, "Ray. Now."

Ray Lane bounced to his feet. As he strode out of the dugout, a strange and tremendous clamor rocked out at him from the stands. It came upon him suddenly that, without having helped his team to win a single game, he had become a feared specter, a legend who would go down in Serie annals as the man who drove the outfielders back, made them climb the walls like human flies.

Such a story might have an added touch at the end. Ray Lane grinned *to himself,* dug in at the plate, and swung at the first pitch. It had come in high and outside, but not far outside, and he came around in time to pull it in a soaring arc that sent the ball whistling upward and onward, over the right-field screen—and fouled by about ten feet.

The roar of the crowd was an incessant pounding in his ears now. He hitched at his belt, watched the pitcher wiping the sweat from his face with the heel of his glove. Out of the corner of his eye he saw the fevered activity in the Brooklyn bull pen, saw the outfield pulled toward right and deep, the right fielder with his back against the barrier. He saw the right side of the infield back, the shortstop pulled over behind second base, the third baseman within reaching distance of the third—just in case—and his own teammates leading nervously off first base and second base.

WORKING *without* windup, the Brooklyn pitcher checked the runners, looked at the plate and let fly, and in the moment of time as the pitch rode in, Ray Lane knew that it was too good to be true.

The pitcher was going for the waste ball and had blown it. Instead, he had thrown the exact pitch that Ray Lane had just fouled out of the park. And Ray Lane, the old man, knew now how the story of The Long Out would end.

He almost laughed as he brought his bat around. This time there was no question of fair or foul. This time he had placed the ball exactly where he wanted it to go—on a slapping line over the head of the third baseman and out into the green vastness of left field, where it struck and bounced swiftly, rolling to the wall before the suckered outfielder could get to it from his starting place *in left-center.*

Both runners came around, and the Badgers led by a run. Ray Lane stopped at second base. Then the maddened Brooklyn pitcher grooved one for Aaronow, and the lead-off man hit it farther than he had ever hit anything in his life, upstairs in left field for a home run that put the Badgers ahead 5 to 2.

Nulty's eyes were red when Ray Lane got to the bench. "You want to stay in?" he asked. "You're aching to hit one out of the place. I can tell it. You want to stay in?"

Ray Lane shook his head. "Leave Limner in. He'll do you more good at first base."

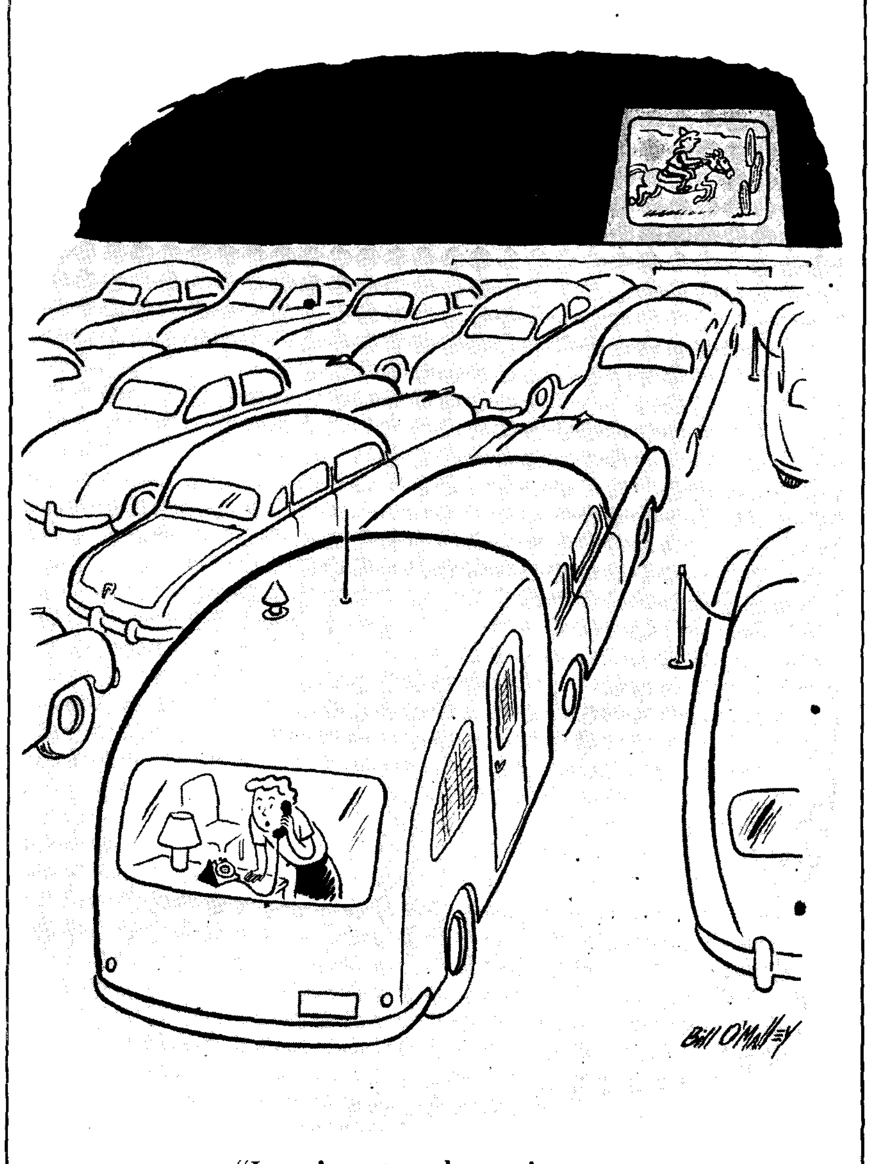
"Nuts," Nulty said. "If you stay in you'll get to hit one more time. You want to, Ray?"

Ray Lane shook his head. He felt *warmer, more satisfied,* than he had ever felt before in his baseball lifetime."

"Well, all right," Nulty said. "But just say the word. I'd like to see you hit one."

"I already did," Ray Lane said.

—CHARLES EINSTEIN



COLLIER'S "Larry's not at home just now . . . he's at the movies" BILL O'MALLEY

AMOS SEWELL

He can't fill them yet

. . . but he will by and by

if the milk and stainless steel people have any say about it

Growing children need plenty of good, wholesome milk.

Grown-ups do, too.

And the U. S. milk industry, now supplying more than 60 million quarts of fresh, vitamin-rich milk and cream a day, is doing everything it can to increase production . . . and safeguard the purity and delicate flavor of this low-cost, body-building food.

Take dairy farmers, for example.

To guard your health, they aim for the lowest possible bacteria count. In increasing numbers, they pipe or pour milk as it is taken from the cows right into sterilized, self-refrigerating stainless steel farm tanks (it's Nickel-containing stainless steel, by the way).

In these tanks, your milk is quickly cooled to about 38° F. to protect its flavor. Later on —and still never touched by hand—it's pumped into the stainless steel lined tank of an insulated truck. And "highballed" to dairies where, as you might expect, most of the equipment is made of bright, shining, Nickel-containing stainless steel.

Now why all this stainless steel?

Well, for one thing, milk doesn't rust or corrode this type of stainless. So there's no metal pick-up to destroy the delicate flavor of your milk and cream.

For another thing, it doesn't pit. No hide-outs for germs—one reason bulk handling milk producers are able to keep their bacteria count down so low.

For another thing, this stainless steel is easy to keep clean—a "must" in the milk industry. Wash it and scrub it as hard and as often as you please – put strong chemicals to it, harsh abrasives, live steam – stainless steel can take this punishment and so protect the purity and flavor of your milk.

Stainless steel aside, there are more than 3000 Nickel-containing alloys. Nickel-containing because Nickel adds toughness, hardness, corrosion resistance and other special properties to metals with which it is alloyed.

Being alloyed, Inco Nickel does its work unseen. That is why it is called "Your Unseen Friend."

You and "Your Unseen Friend": *Morning, noon and night, Inco Nickel is always with you—helping to make your life easier, brighter, more pleasant, more worthwhile. Just how? "The Romance of Nickel," an interesting booklet, tells you. Send for your free copy. Write The International Nickel Company, Inc., Dept. 365b, 67 Wall Street, New York 5, N. Y.*

©1953, T. I. N. Co.

Inco Nickel . . . Your Unseen Friend

INCO

The INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, Inc.

WHAT DO WE DO NOW RED

UNITED PRESS

Russia's Andrei Vishinsky (left) welcomes General Wu Hsiu-chuan, head of Chinese Red delegation, to 1950 meeting of UN Security Council. Wu harangued the members on U.S. "aggression" in Korea

With the Chinese Communists no longer shooting at us in Korea, should the U.S. recognize Peiping and vote to seat the Reds in the United Nations? Our former ambassador in the UN says no—and tells why

OUR future relations with Red China involve one of the great issues of American security—perhaps war or peace itself. From the day the Peiping government was formed in 1949, most of us—Republicans and Democrats alike—have opposed recognition of the Chinese Communist regime and its demand to be seated in the United Nations. So has our government, regardless of the party in power.

But a new situation has arisen. Red China has joined Communist North Korea in signing a truce with the UN to end the Korean war. Now that the Chinese have stopped shooting at UN soldiers, there is growing agitation in Britain and other non-Communist countries to give Peiping the seat it long has been demanding and to urge the U.S. to extend diplomatic recognition.

Should the U.S. follow Britain's example and recognize the Communist government in China, as Washington already recognizes Poland, Czechoslovakia and most other Soviet satellites? Should the U.S. agree to let Red China sit in the UN while continuing to withhold formal diplomatic recognition from her government? Or should the U.S. continue her present policy of both nonrecognition and opposition to seating Red China in the UN?

Before we try to answer these questions, let us consider the present policy of the United States and how it was arrived at. Our government's position toward Red China was not born on the spur of the moment. We adopted it when Mao Tse-tung's Communist armies drove Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalists from the Chinese mainland to Formosa in 1949. We have maintained it successfully ever since.

Actually American policy toward China has been honest and consistent since eighteenth-century sailing ships first opened up the Asian continent to trade with North America. From the beginning, it has been based on a desire that the Chinese people be free, independent—and friendly toward the U.S.

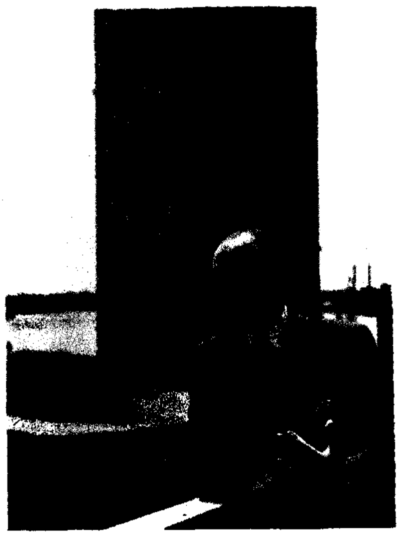
I will not attempt to allocate praise or blame for the successes or failures that have followed our latter-day attempts to achieve that goal. Enough to say that in its main essentials our policy has been supported by both Republicans and Democrats throughout: in the brighter days, when the Chinese Nationalists were winning the civil war; in the twilight (1944-'47), when U.S. Ambassador Patrick J. Hurley and Presidential representative General George C. Marshall tried in turn to persuade Chiang to take the Communists into his government, and in the black night of 1949, when the Reds conquered all mainland China.

The loss of China to the Communists was undoubtedly one of the worst defeats American foreign policy has ever suffered. Yet it took our people a surprisingly long time to appreciate the magnitude of this disaster. We were preoccupied with the problems of liquidating the war, reviving the vast and essential workshop of Europe, demobilizing our forces and dismantling the mightiest military establishment in history. Here, again, the policies and priorities were national in scope and bipartisan in accomplishment.

We were to have a sudden and shattering awakening, however. On June 25, 1950, the North Korean Communist army, armed and supplied by Red China and Russia, struck south across the 38th parallel into the United Nations-protected Republic of Korea. Five months later, Red China herself invaded Korea in force to rescue the defeated North Korean army.

These catastrophic events brought home to the American people for the first time the frightening knowledge that Communist conquest of China had exposed our entire Pacific flank to possible attack from the Asian

ABOUT CHINA?



DAN WEINER

The author, Ernest A. Gross, shown at United Nations headquarters, is a former U.S. Assistant Secretary of State and represented U.S. at the third through seventh sessions of United Nations General Assembly. He resigned his UN post early this year to enter private law practice. His article on Communist China has special significance now because of the current eighth General Assembly and the Far Eastern conference on a Korean peace treaty and other issues

By ERNEST A. GROSS

mainland; that except for the UN's tiny foothold in Korea, the Reds now occupied an unbroken stretch of coast line from the Arctic Circle in Siberia to embattled Indochina in the south. We had lost to the Communists the nation that was at once our close friend and the world's most populous country (463,500,000 inhabitants).

It is against this background that we as a nation must decide whether to continue our opposition to seating Red China in the UN in place of Nationalist China. We, of course, cannot force the UN either to admit or bar Red China. We are but one among 60 members of the UN; our vote is only one among 60. But experience has shown that many freedom-loving nations look to the U.S. for moral leadership and follow our lead in a formal vote.

Normally when a state applies for membership in the UN, the application is sent to the Security Council. If the council approves the application, it is forwarded to the General Assembly for final action. But if any one of the five permanent members of the council (United States, Britain, France, Russia and China) votes against the application—in effect, vetoes it—no further action can be taken.

A different procedure must be followed when Red China's bid is considered. China, as a state, is already a member of the UN; the only question is whether she shall be represented in each of the various UN bodies by the Nationalist or Communist government. Each UN body—the General Assembly, the Security Council, the Economic and Social Council and so on—must decide this question for itself. So far, the Communists have tried on more than 120 separate occasions to seat Red China in one or another of the various UN organs. But each time, a majority of the other members has followed the lead of the United States and refused to oust the Nationalist delegates.

There is some confused talk that the U.S. might exercise a veto if a majority of any UN body voted to seat Red China. However, the veto exists only in the Security Council and even there the majority—including the U.S.—has taken the position that the question is procedural and thus not subject to the veto.

Moreover, if this view is changed—if the veto should be considered to apply—then, of course, the Nationalist representative could keep himself permanently in the Security Council by exercising China's own veto. The question of an American veto would not arise.

In any event, I do not believe that the Communists in the foreseeable future will be able to muster a majority in the Security Council or the General Assembly for the seating of Red China.

In considering Red China's bid for a seat in the UN, we also should keep in mind a related but legally separate problem: diplomatic recognition of the Peiping regime by the United States. This decision is ours alone to make; we and Red China are the only parties involved.

Many non-Communist states, among them Britain and Norway, already have recognized the Communist regime. To date, the U.S. has refused to extend recognition to Red China for essentially the same reasons that we have voted against seating her in the UN. Legally and theoretically, recognition means that you are willing to do business with a foreign government and intend to hold it accountable in the international field.

However, from a practical viewpoint, recognition also has important political impact and consequences. It increases the prestige and power of the regime to which it is given. If a regime is based on force, rather than on consent of the people—as in Red China—recognition in the traditional sense is bound to strengthen the hold of the regime over its subjugated people.

Britain and some other states argue that to recognize a regime is simply to accept the fact that it effectively controls a country. They contend that the origins of the regime, its nature and objectives, as well as its conduct at home and abroad, should not be taken into account. But surely this view does not give sufficient weight to the political and moral effect of recognition—particularly recognition by the United States or any other great power.

Reds Follow Realistic Recognition Policy

The Chinese Communist regime, like the Soviet government, is very realistic about this matter of recognition. It does not recognize the Japanese government. Nor does it recognize the government of the Republic of Korea, although the United Nations has proclaimed that government to be the only lawful government in Korea. But neither Peiping nor Moscow has ever denied that either government is in effective control of the country for which it speaks.

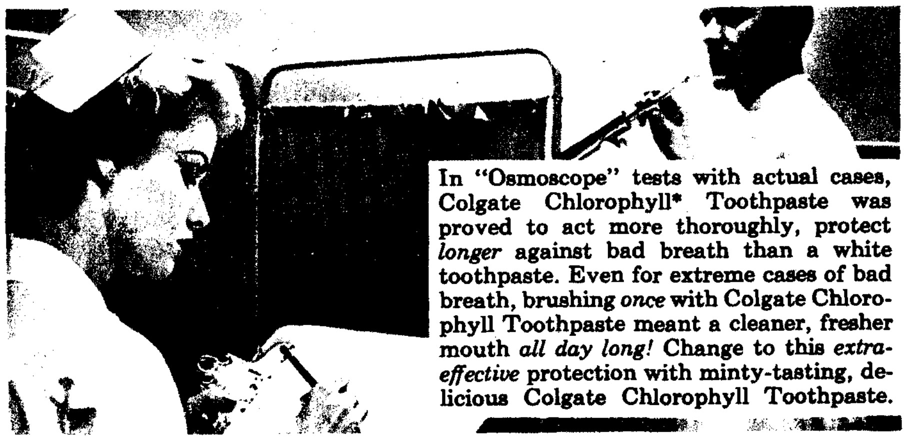
Recognition is used—and in today's world, inevitably used—by most governments as an instrument of policy. Within the free world itself, India and certain other Asian states refuse to recognize the government of the Republic of Korea or the Associated States of Indochina, and there are many other examples.

But despite our government's refusal to recognize Peiping, we sometimes must deal with its representatives. They sat across the table from us in the Korean armistice negotiations. They negotiated with us, and we with them.

It seems to me that our objective should be to deal with the Peiping regime whenever and wherever we consider it to be in our national interest, but not give the Reds the benefits, the prestige and the actually increased

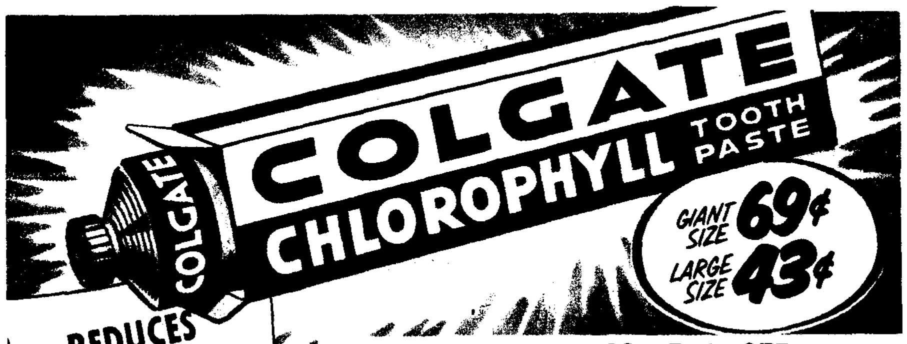
COLGATE CHLOROPHYLL
DESTROYS BAD BREATH
ORIGINATING IN THE MOUTH
MORE EFFECTIVELY
Than a White Toothpaste!

JUST ONE BRUSHING
GIVES YOU LONGER PROTECTION!



In "Osmoscope" tests with actual cases, Colgate Chlorophyll* Toothpaste was proved to act more thoroughly, protect *longer* against bad breath than a white toothpaste. Even for extreme cases of bad breath, brushing *once* with Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste meant a cleaner, fresher mouth *all day long!* Change to this *extra-effective* protection with minty-tasting, delicious Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste.

CLINICAL TESTS PROVE IT!
Works Better, Longer Than A White Toothpaste!



REDUCES DECAY BACTERIA!
Just one brushing with Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste cleans your mouth of a high percentage of decay and odor-causing bacteria!

NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE
HAS MORE ACTIVE CHLOROPHYLL!

Get the full Benefits of a Chlorophyll Toothpaste with Colgate's Exclusive Formula!

*Contains water-soluble chlorophyllins

strength which recognition in the traditional sense would confer.

Is this a plan for eating one's cake and having it, too? I don't think so.

The use of diplomatic recognition as a tool of foreign policy makes it important to realize that there has come into practice what might be called a doctrine of "general purpose" and "special purpose" recognition.

General purpose recognition, with full exchange of diplomatic representation, carries with it moral and political sanction—regardless of what theorists may say.

Recognition for special purposes exists, for example, when governments negotiate on specific issues; when they take part in the same international conferences or organizations; when they exchange or receive diplomatic or consular representatives for particular missions.

Traditional international law itself involves many situations in which a partial or modified recognition is granted. One example is in cases of civil war. When the Confederacy proclaimed its power in the South during our War between the States, it was recognized by Great Britain as a belligerent. This procedure was, of course, a special purpose recognition.

In extending special purpose recognition to the Peiping regime, I believe we should also continue to deal with the Nationalists in matters pertaining to Formosa and any other areas which they might control. And we should continue to recognize the Nationalists' right to represent China in the UN.

Why the Nationalists? To find the answer, let us look at the nature of the Communist regime which claims the right to represent the Chinese people. That regime was, of course, spawned by violence in the wake of World War II. It was installed with the illegal assistance of the Soviet government, which in 1945 had agreed in an exchange of notes with Chiang's government to recognize and assist only the Nationalist regime.

The Peiping regime, like all other Communist governments in the world today, is imposed by force and maintained by terror. It is in no sense the product of any free choice by the Chinese people.

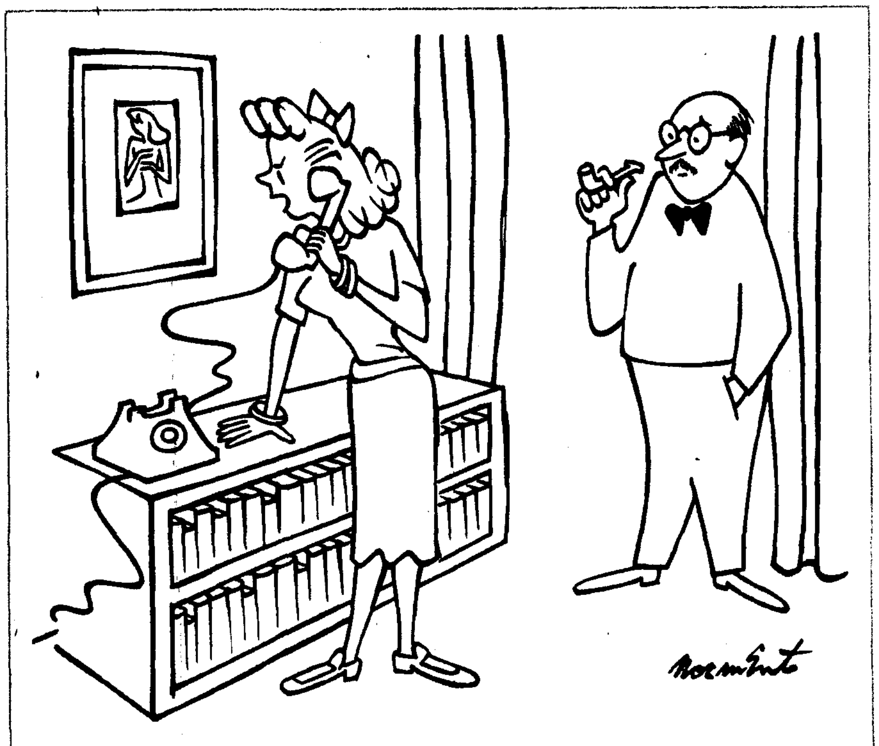
The Communist regime's contemptuous refusal to accept China's treaty and other international obligations needs little discussion. Peiping has recognized no international debts or obligations of the Nationalist government.

Within a month after the so-called People's Republic of China was proclaimed in 1949, the American consul general in Mukden and four consulate employees were arrested and jailed on false charges. A few months later, the regime seized the American consulate in Peiping and the United States government was, of course, forced to withdraw all its consular officials from Red China.

Campaigns have been and are today being conducted throughout the Red-held areas to inspire hatred against the United States. Sound trucks, films, puppet shows and faked exhibits of "germ warfare" in Korea are carried to the smallest village. The Big Lie is being spread with all the ruthless efficiency of the totalitarian mind.

Outrages continue against missionaries, who are imprisoned and tortured.

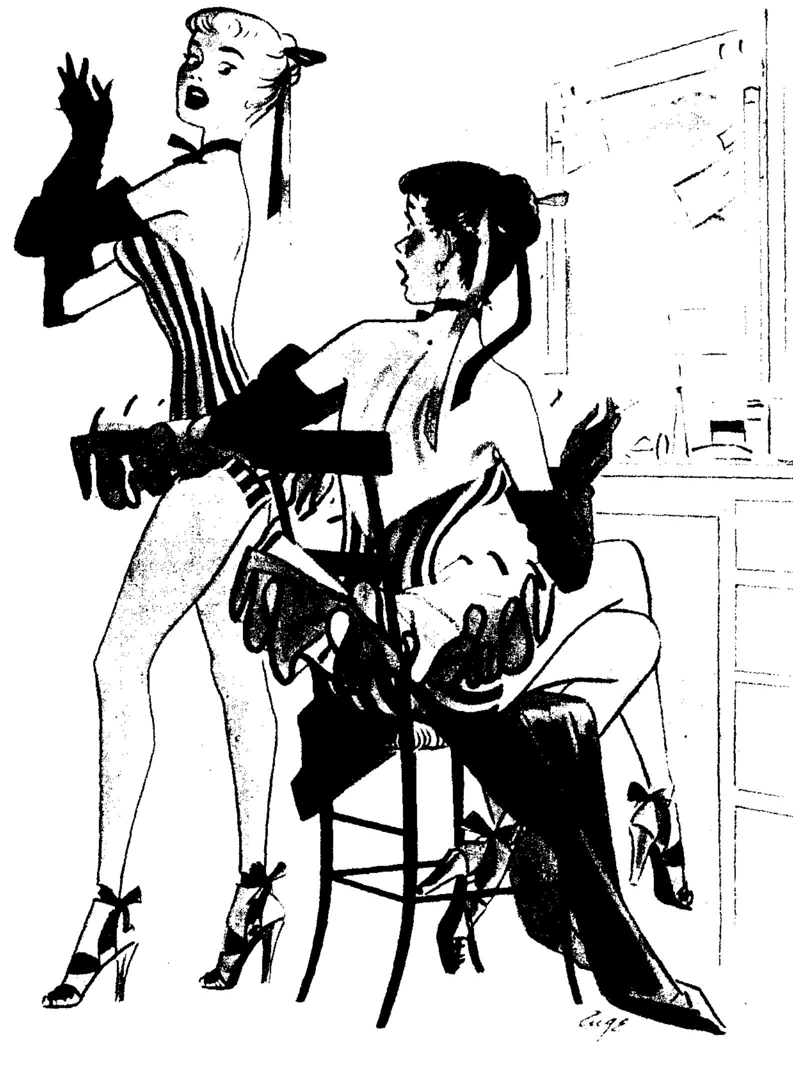
Chinese aggression in Korea did not end with the cease fire. Red China's



"I thought you were really George, Joe, but you're not; you're Tom! You're strictly a non-exotic Edgar, and a bloater-floater from East Dakota! I guess you think I'm nervous, but I'm not. I just feel mixed up and threatened! So I suggest you catch the next chopped car leaving for the mud flats of Parrumph, and take your grits and gravy along with you when you go! It will certainly be more than perfectly Paul with me . . ."

COLLIER'S JOHN NORMENT

eds, but don't recognize their regime



COLLIER'S "*Certainly* I'm in love with him. He'd be absolutely unbearable if I weren't" JOHN RUGE

troops remain in North Korea without right or warrant. To say that the Chinese forces are there by request of the North Korean authorities is to play upon words, since the North Korean puppet regime is itself supplied and dominated by the Chinese Communist regime, in concert (for the present, at least) with the Soviet government. Numerous Communist outrages against United Nations war prisoners have been revealed. The only conclusion it is possible to draw from these facts is that the Chinese Communists have been and remain guilty of contempt of the normal standards of international behavior. Their agreement to an armistice in Korea has not purged them of their contempt.

Let us turn now to the political aspects of the question of seating Red China in the UN.

It is argued that the United Nations is a "family of nations," not an anti-Communist coalition; that all important segments of world opinion and forces, however mutually repugnant, should be included; and that exclusion from the United Nations of the so-called true representatives of the Chinese or other peoples serves no useful purpose, but, on the contrary, hinders the accomplishment of one of the main purposes of the United Nations. That purpose is to provide a forum in which to discuss conflicting interests and divergent viewpoints.

But is Peiping truly representative of the will of the Chinese people? Does it respond to their freely expressed wishes? Do the people have a voice in the selection of leaders? Obviously not.

What then about the Nationalist government? For whom can it rightfully claim to speak from exile on the island of Formosa?

Many countries of Asia, the Middle East, the British Commonwealth and Europe consider that the Nationalist government (or Formosa government, as they usually call it) speaks for no one on the mainland of China and that its retention of the United Nations seat is therefore a fraud.

However, I have no doubt whatever from close observation and intimate association with the Nationalist delegates to the UN that on most issues they truly reflect what seem to me the real spirit and the long-range interests of the Chinese people. The contributions of Dr. Tingfu F. Tsiang, head of the Nationalist delegation, in consultations and debates on many issues of peace and war have served well the cause of the UN. What a contrast his reasoned speeches have been to the barbarous performance of Red China's General Wu Hsiu-chuan, who in a venomous 105-minute speech before a

The Greater the Speed
The Greater the Need!

GOOD BRAKES
STOP
WASTING LIVES

be sure your brake system is always filled with

WAGNER LOCKHEED BRAKE FLUID

Good brakes are a necessity in our age of fast moving automobiles. And, the greater the speed—the greater the need.

In 1952 over 35,000 persons died as the result of traffic accidents. Will you and your loved ones be next, due to your neglect?

Don't guess or gamble on the condition of the brake system of your car. For safety's sake—have it checked at least twice a year.

If needed, have the brake fluid brought up to the proper level with genuine WAGNER LOCKHEED HYDRAULIC BRAKE FLUID. It is a proven, high quality, chemically balanced fluid that surpasses S. A. E. specifications.

Should inspection disclose that parts of the brake system are worn—don't be "penny wise and dollar foolish"—Specify that replacements be made with genuine WAGNER LOCKHEED HYDRAULIC BRAKE PARTS. And, if new lining is required—WAGNER CoMaX BRAKE LINING is unsurpassed for quick, safe, smooth stops.

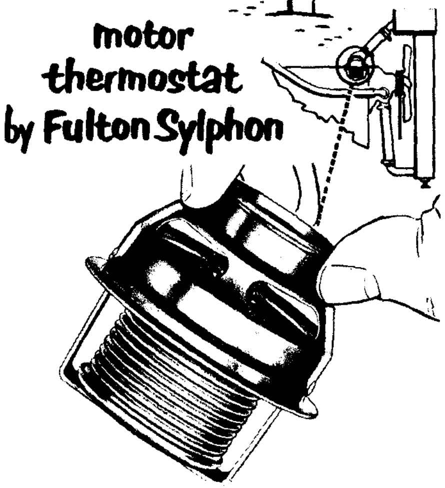
You can get brake service—where Wagner products are used—in your neighborhood. If you don't know where—write us. *Dealers Note:* It will pay you to get complete information on how you can become a Wagner Franchised Dealer. Ask your jobber or write us. Wagner Electric Corporation, 6400 Plymouth Ave., St. Louis 14, Mo., U. S. A. (In Canada: Wagner Brake Company Ltd. Toronto.)

FRANCHISED Wagner AUTOMOTIVE BRAKE PRODUCTS DEALER

Wagner
CARE WILL SAVE YOUR CAR
...the best known name in brake service!
GENUINE WE PRODUCT
Wagner
Lockheed HYDRAULIC BRAKE FLUID
21
Wagner Lockheed Hydraulic Brake Parts
GENUINE WAGNER PRODUCT
CoMaX BRAKE LINING
BRAKE LINING IN SETS
Wagner CoMaX
ROLLS, SLABS AND BLOCKS

WE H53-6A

WAGNER PRODUCTS—LOCKHEED HYDRAULIC BRAKE PARTS and FLUID . . . NoRoL . . . CoMaX BRAKE LINING . . . AIR BRAKES . . . TACHOGRAPHS . . . ELECTRIC MOTORS . . . TRANSFORMERS . . . INDUSTRIAL BRAKES



THIS MAY Spoil YOUR driving comfort

This WINTER CHECK YOUR MOTOR THERMOSTAT

A motor thermostat that is dirty, damaged or over-age can seriously interfere with the cooling system... and this means trouble! The engine overheats, anti-freeze boils away, gas and oil are wasted — or the engine runs too cold and fails to keep your car heater hot. So get a service checkup on your car thermostat today! And if a new one is needed—

Replace with Autostat®

motor thermostat by Fulton Sylphon

Autostat assures faster starts and faster warm-ups. You get more miles per gallon, more comfort per mile. Save oil and reduce car maintenance. Types for every make and model; quality-made by the pioneer builder of car thermostats.

Robertshaw-Fulton
CONTROLS COMPANY
FULTON SYLPHON DIVISION
KNOXVILLE, TENN.
BRIDGEPORT THERMOSTAT DIVISION
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Why did Britain recognize Red China? Because "it is there"

horrified Security Council in November, 1950, accused the United States—and thus by implication the UN itself—of aggression and atrocities in Korea!

Some Western statesmen argue that seating the Chinese Communists in the UN and exposing them to constant contacts with free-world representatives might induce them to modify their policies and draw away from Moscow. A large body of opinion, particularly in Asia, believes that the Peiping regime is "more Chinese" than Communist—that there is a latent strain of Titoism in the Chinese Communist blood stream which should be built up.

Certainly any increase in tension between Moscow and Peiping would be to the advantage of the free world. The seeds of conflict already exist: Soviet influence in Manchuria is almost as repugnant to the Chinese Communists as to the Nationalists; Chinese man power was sacrificed in Korea without the full-scale assistance that Russia undoubtedly hinted, if not promised, would be forthcoming; trade agreements between the two countries clearly benefit the senior partner more than they do China.

Could Peiping Be Loyal to UN?

However, would Red Chinese representation in the United Nations really tend to turn Peiping toward the West and away from the Kremlin? My own observation of the conduct and attitudes of the Soviet satellites in the UN does not give me much reason to believe so.

We must also consider certain economic aspects of the question. Essential problems of trade and markets are too often ignored or treated in a demagogic fashion. The welfare—and life itself—of hundreds of millions of people in the free areas of Asia depend upon the flow of essential food and raw materials.

Let us not forget that the U.S. has a positive aim in Asia, as well as in the rest of the world: the extension of freedom. This goal will not be won by eloquence or by postures of righteousness. It has been said that the real challenge of this century is the race between man and starvation. We must co-operate with other free countries to attack and to remedy the conditions which cause poverty, disease and despair. They are the carriers on which Communist aggression rides.

The American policy of a complete embargo against Red China and freezing her assets followed on the heels of the Chinese aggression in Korea. It probably will be our fixed policy for a long while. We are willing and able to underwrite this policy. Our trade with China has been large, but not vital to our economy. Before World War II, we supplied more than half of China's imports. But it was only 5 per cent of our total exports.

It is not so easy for other pro-Western countries—Japan, for example—to join in such an embargo. Half of Japan's prewar trade was with adjacent Asian countries, principally China. Japan's trade with Asia more than made up for the deficit in her trade with the U.S., and the Japanese people want to continue this profitable relationship.

To what conclusions do these considerations lead us? That the U.S. should not at any time or under any conceivable conditions grant general purpose recognition to Red China and support her seating in the UN?

Not at all.

The considerations I have mentioned suggest that the key to the American attitude should be: Will our opposition to the Red regime tend to hasten or delay a change from its present lawless behavior to a course of conduct consistent with international law and morality?

Many in this country—of which I am one—believe that continuation of our government's present nonrecognition policy is more likely to induce a favorable change in the Reds' attitude and conduct. This view seems to me to take into account more realistically the nature and character of a totalitarian regime. Voting to seat the Chinese Reds in the UN, or recognition of them in the traditional sense, almost certainly would be interpreted and exploited by them as capitulation on our part and as vindication of the ruthless policies they continue to pursue.

On the other hand, many peoples and leaders abroad sincerely hold a contrary view.

A Conservative British Member of Parliament said recently: "We recognize Red China as we recognize Mount Everest or a wet day in the middle of the summer. We recognize it because it is there."

Let us not be so swayed by emotion or aroused by headline-seeking demagogues that we do *ourselves* the injustice of accusing our friends of faithlessness to principles we all hold. Their viewpoint is not based upon an analysis so arbitrary as to warrant charges of appeasement or cynicism.

It seems to me that most of the responsible leadership of the free world—as well as the informed public opinion behind it—believes that Red China someday *will* realize that she must adhere to the rules of international behavior. It cannot hope to survive unless she does.

British Oppose Admission Now

The British Labor government in 1951 and the Conservative government in 1952 stated that although in principle they believed the Communist regime should represent China in the UN, the decision should be postponed because of the Reds' "persistence in behavior . . . inconsistent with the purposes and principles of the (UN) charter." Again last July, British Minister of State Selwyn Lloyd told the House of Commons, "We do not say that recognition (seating Peiping) should come at once, but it is a matter which should be discussed."

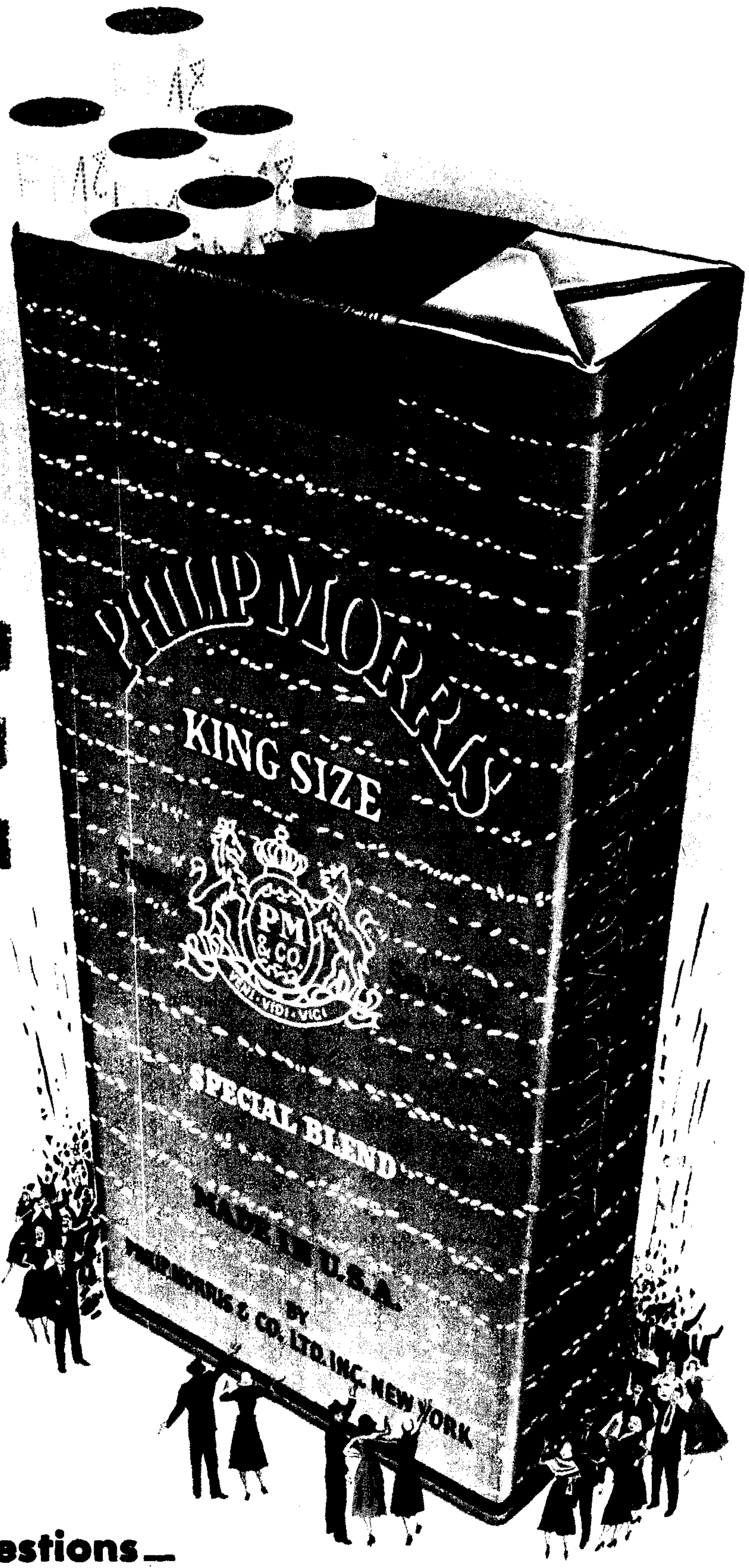
Specifically, Red China must accept treaty and other international obligations; cease poisoning the wells of public opinion at home by hate campaigns directed against the free world, particularly the United States; cease and disavow aggression in any part of Asia; demonstrate her ability and willingness to carry out loyally the principles of the United Nations Charter.

Until their contempt is purged in this manner, we should continue to withhold full recognition from the Chinese Reds and to oppose seating them in the United Nations. ▲▲▲

MYSTERY
ENTR

COLLIER'S "I don't like mysteries. It's no fun when yuh stay to see 'em over again" JAY IRVING

Be WISE About KING SIZE



PHILIP MORRIS
KING SIZE
PM & CO.
VENI · VIDI · VICI
SPECIAL BLEND
MADE IN U.S.A.
BY
PHILIP MORRIS & CO. LTD. INC. NEW YORK

Ask yourself...Do you have all this with your present cigarette?

- Clean, fresh taste after smoking
- Full enjoyment of food
- Freedom from cigarette cough
- Mouth and throat comfort
- All day smoking enjoyment

If you answer "NO" to ANY of these questions—

IT'S TIME TO CHANGE TO PHILIP MORRIS!

OF THE MANY KING SIZE cigarettes on the market, none is like PHILIP MORRIS KING SIZE. *This* King is *different* . . . made an *exclusive* way . . . the PHILIP MORRIS way . . . to give you every *good* thing you want in a cigarette. Be wise! If you're not getting *everything* you want from *your* cigarette—*it's time to change to PHILIP MORRIS!* King Size or Regular, if it's PHILIP MORRIS, it's America's *finest* cigarette! Pick up a carton *today!*

PHILIP MORRIS
REGULAR

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

Watching her movie debut, Pat Crowley laughs at the unfamiliar sight of her own face on screen (with William Holden, above, left). But she was nervous, as fancy footwork shows

Tootsie Role

Here's a starlet's reaction to her own movie debut

WHEN nineteen-year-old Pat Crowley is nervous, it shows in her feet. They won't stay put. Recently Pat had plenty of reason to be nervous. A former TV actress, she had won a Paramount contract and was about to see a preview of her first movie. The picture was Forever Female, in which, acting with Ginger Rogers, Paul Douglas and William Holden, Pat portays a stage-struck kid much like herself. As she watched the screen, the young actress kept groaning, "I'm horrible!" She seemed to grow happier toward the end, but her feet never stopped fidgeting. And when it was over, she put on her shoes and left without a word.

Pat needn't have worried. The verdict: she had done just fine, and would immediately be cast in a new film. Soon she may forget those tense moments of her debut. But the pictures at left, taken without her knowledge, remain as eloquent witness to the mood of a kid about to win—or lose—the biggest jack pot of her life. ▲▲▲

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

HOW MAN-MADE INTERFERENCE RUINS PICTURES ON ORDINARY TV SETS

Did you realize those weird patterns on your TV set may be caused by something as simple as the man next door shaving to go out? . . . or a faulty oil burner in your basement? . . . or someone starting a car that's parked down the street?

Just about anything electrical can make ordinary TV sets go berserk, from a diathermy machine in a doctor's office a block away to a bottle warmer in the baby's room.

The pictures on this page show how common types of interference may show up on your present TV set.

Any one of these can cause interference on ordinary TV sets

Inside your home

Electric toasters
Vacuum cleaners
Sewing machines
Electric razors
Electric broilers
Phonographs
Refrigerators
Oil burners
Doorbells
Ringing telephone

Outside your home

Cars, trucks, busses
Streetcars, trains
Hospital machines
Doctor's diathermy
Subways
FM radio interference
Electric cash register
Another TV set

A HEATING PAD or other household appliance usually causes the picture to roll over rapidly up or down like this.

AN ELECTRIC RAZOR caused the interference that streaks and tears this television picture.

DIATHERMY EQUIPMENT operating in your neighborhood generally shows up as a blacked out band on an ordinary TV screen.

ANOTHER TV SET in your area can ruin your reception with a moving herringbone pattern like this.

NOW YOU CAN HAVE INTERFERENCE-FREE PICTURES LIKE THIS...

See how the electronic

PICTURE-SENTRY

automatically wipes out man-made interference on the new

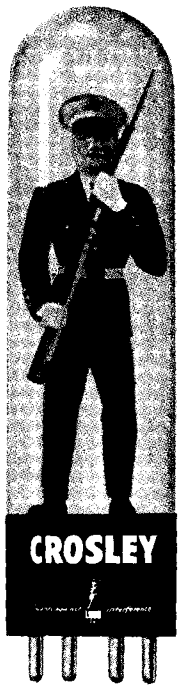
'54 CROSLEY TV

you Ultra-Fidelity Television!

h the
tronic

"Picture-Sentry"

© 1953, AVCO MFG. CORP.



GUARDS AGAINST INTERFERENCE

Exclusive Picture-Sentry wipes out streaks ... roll-over ...and flutter ...automatically gives you true-to-life pictures

Has your TV enjoyment been interrupted by pictures that roll, jump or tear—even though you just had your set serviced?

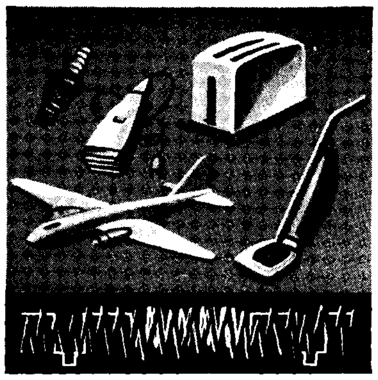
It won't happen on a '54 Crosley, thanks to the amazing Crosley Picture-Sentry—a television circuit that wipes out the *cause* of these annoyances. With the Crosley Picture-Sentry on guard you automatically get clear, sharp, steady pictures . . . you get TV at its enjoyable best! The Picture-Sentry alone would be enough to make you want a new '54 Crosley television set, but—

look at these other Crosley features:

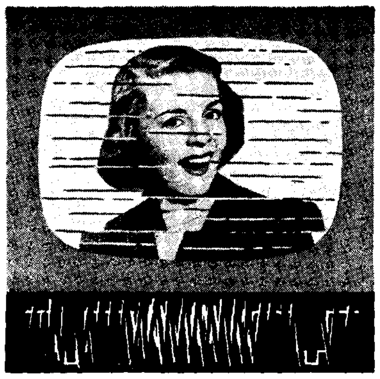
Crosley's built-in UHF reception gives you all 82 channels—other UHF-VHF combinations optional. **Crosley prices include Federal excise tax and full-year warranty** on picture tube as well as 90 days on chassis parts! **Permanent pinpoint focus** . . . no dial fussing. **All rich wood cabinets** . . . not metal, not plastic. **Super picture power** . . . ideal for fringe areas. **Removable picture window** . . . you can clean window and tube face yourself. **Brightness and tone controls** in front, in easy reach. **Illuminated dial on custom sets** . . . no more squinting. **When and if color comes**—your '54 Crosley will receive in black and white all programs broadcast through the compatible color system being developed by the television industry.

BACKED BY CROSLEY'S MORE THAN 30 YEARS' EXPERIENCE IN ELECTRONICS

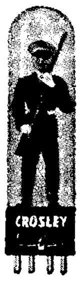
In the studio—cameras pick up perfect image. The diagram represents the television wave pattern as it appears on an engineer's oscilloscope.



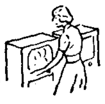
But man-made interference—a passing truck, a neighbor's vacuum cleaner—can distort TV waves. Such interference scrambles the wave pattern like this.



Scrambled TV waves ruin reception on ordinary TV sets. Image becomes streaked, distorted, or picture starts to roll over. Crosley engineers tackled wave distortion . . . developed the Picture-Sentry.



Crosley Picture-Sentry (an advanced electronic circuit using a transistor-like germanium diode) guards against scrambling. The image on your '54 Crosley stays clear, sharp . . . as in the studio.

Make your own side-by-side test. First turn on any other TV set,  *then turn on a Crosley.* *You'll be convinced— You can see it* ***better*** *on a Crosley!*

CROSLEY DIVISION AVCO MANUFACTURING CORPORATION CINCINNATI 25, OHIO

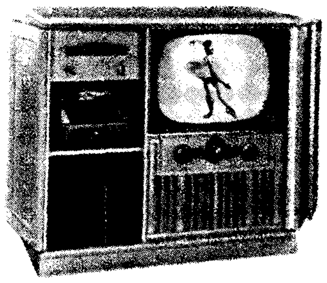
BETTER on a CROSLEY

Ask your Crosley dealer about these other famous Crosley products: Shelvador® Refrigerators • Shelvador® Freezers • Electric Ranges • Automatic Home Washers and Dryers • Automatic Dishwashers • Steel Kitchen Cabinets • Sinks and Food Waste Disposers • Electric Water Heaters • Color Radios • Room Air Conditioners

Now Crosley research brings

1954 CROSLEY TV

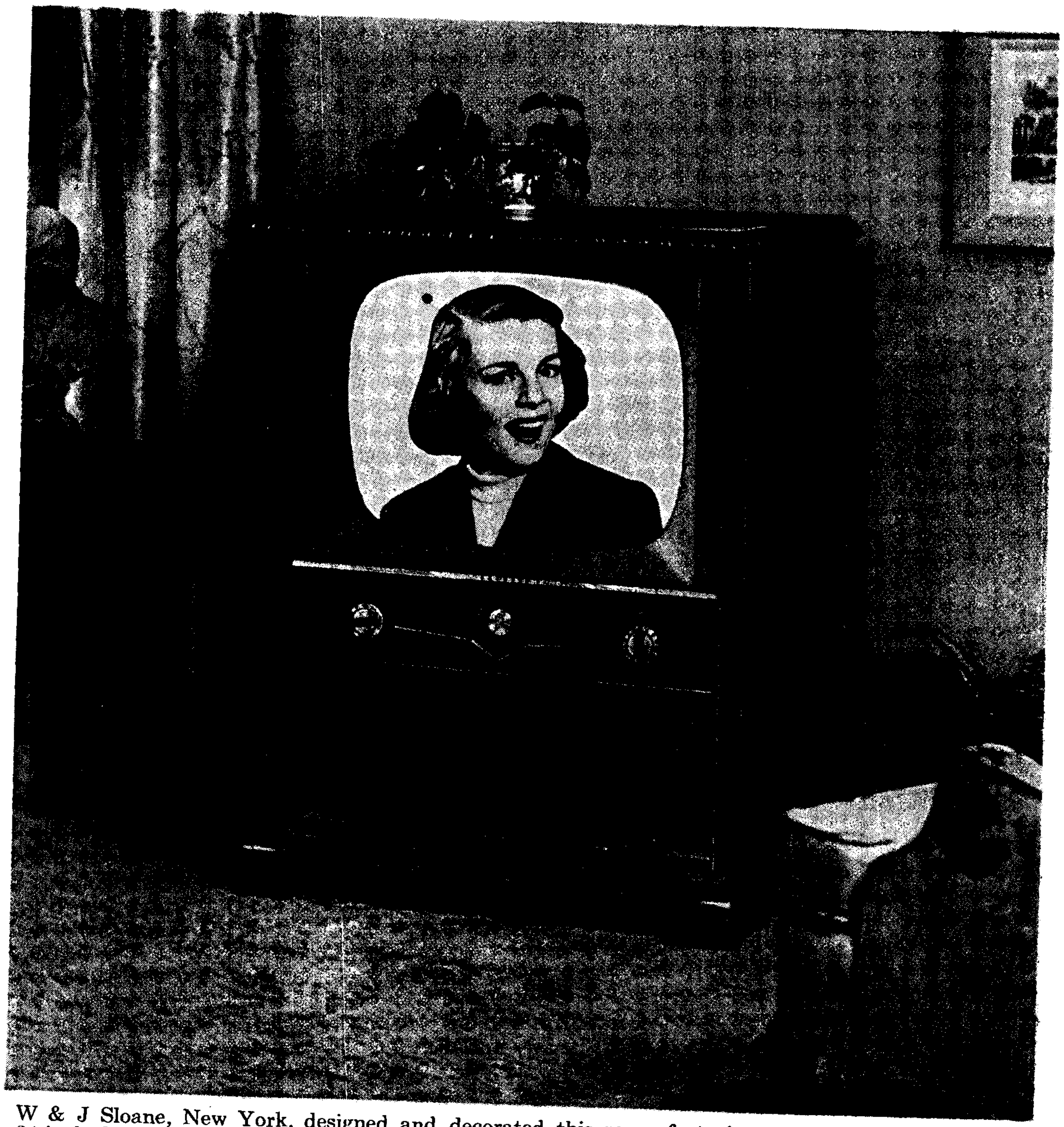
wit
elec



21-inch Custom TV, FM-AM Radio, and phonograph with 3-speed record changer. Aluminized picture tube. Handsome cabinet is white oak veneer. Model F-21PDBH. *Yours for as little as $6.27 a week.*

28 NEW MODELS

17-inch De Luxe Model. Mahogany-finished cabinet. Also available in blond. Model F-17TOLH. *Yours for as little as $1.90 a week.*



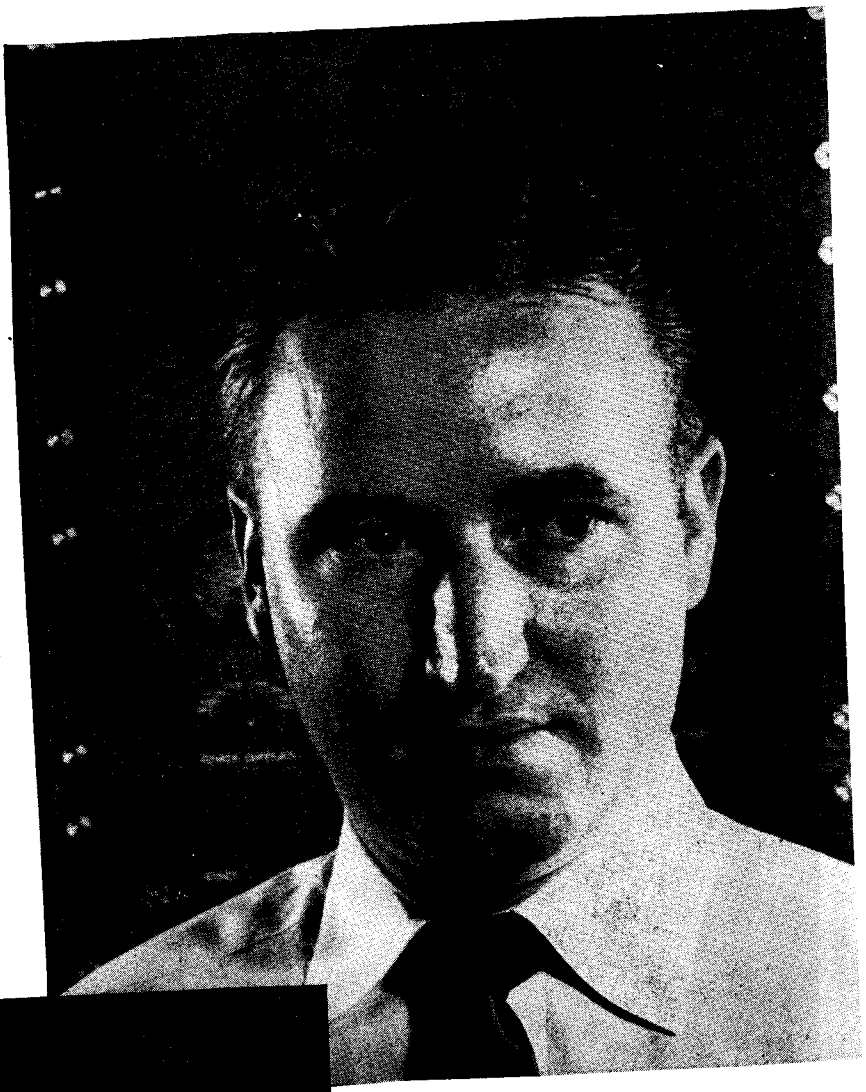
W & J Sloane, New York, designed and decorated this room featuring this handsome 24-inch Crosley Custom Console. Genuine mahogany veneer, hand-polished to a satiny glow. Concealed castors make moving easy. Whatever your decorative scheme, there's a Crosley cabinet to blend perfectly. Model F-24CDMH. *Yours for as little as $5.78 a week.*

24-inch De Luxe Console. Big screen—room-flattering cabinetry. Model F-24COLH mahogany or blond finish. *Yours for as little as $4.01 a week.*

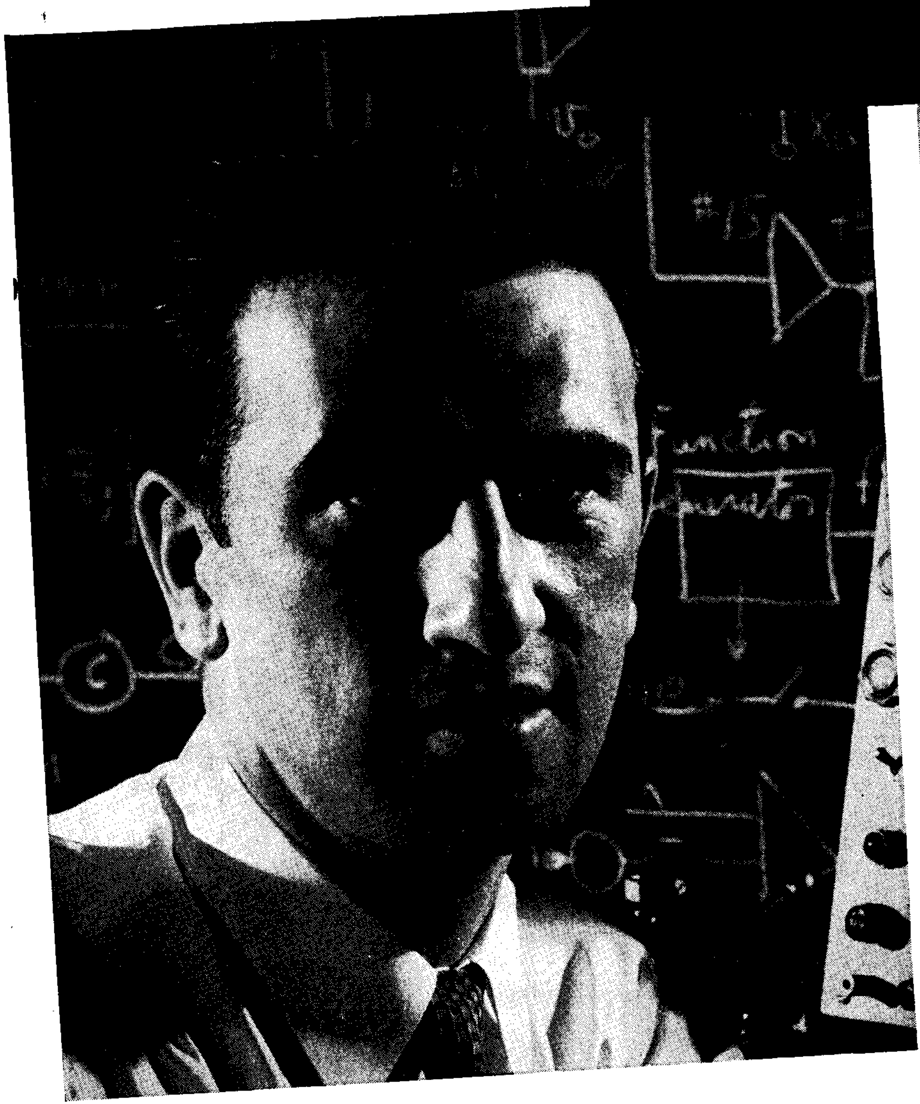
27-inch All-Channel Custom Console. Giant screen with aluminized picture tube! White oak cabinet has organ fluting on speaker grille. Model F-27COBU. *Yours for as little as $5.75 a week.*

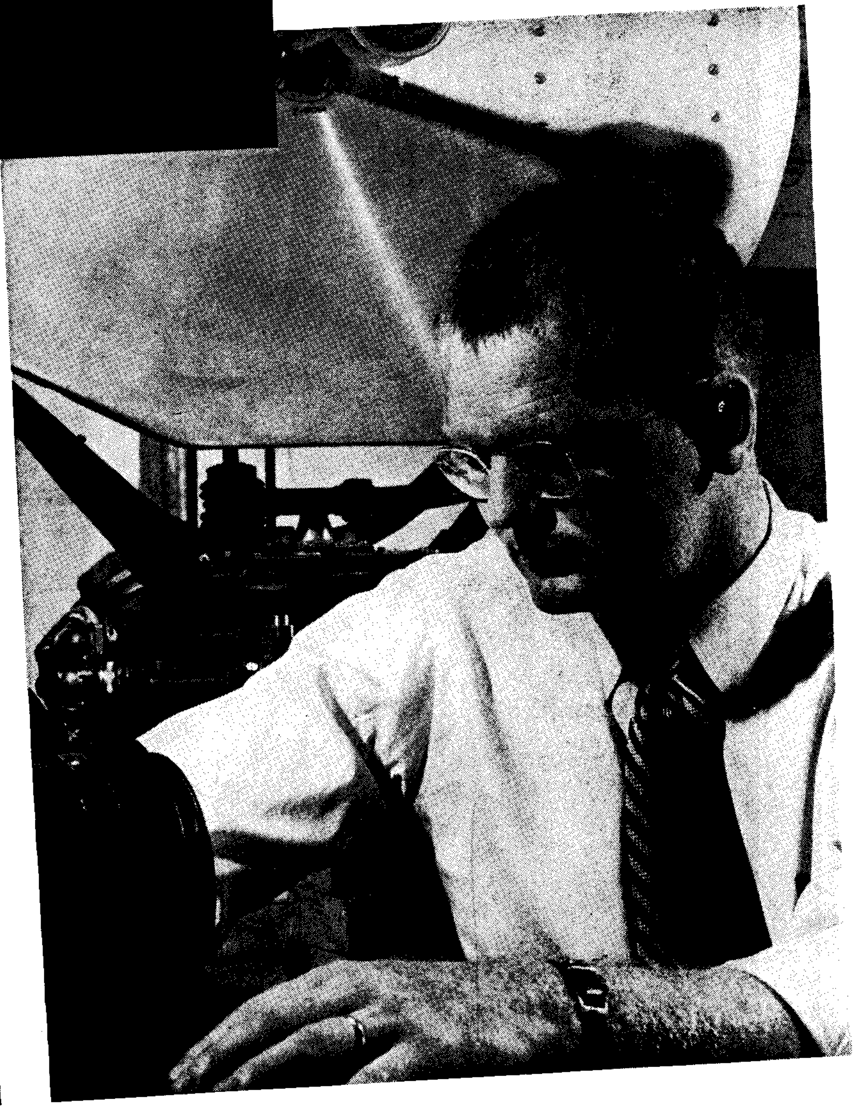
You can see it

Crosley presents "YOUR HIT PARADE" Saturday nights on the NBC Television Network.



[redacted]


#15
Function
generator



The Engineers

THEY HAVE NO FEARS

They step right from school into jobs paying
$4,000 to $10,000 a year—and there's no sign that the demand will slacken

By KARL SCHRIFTGIESSER

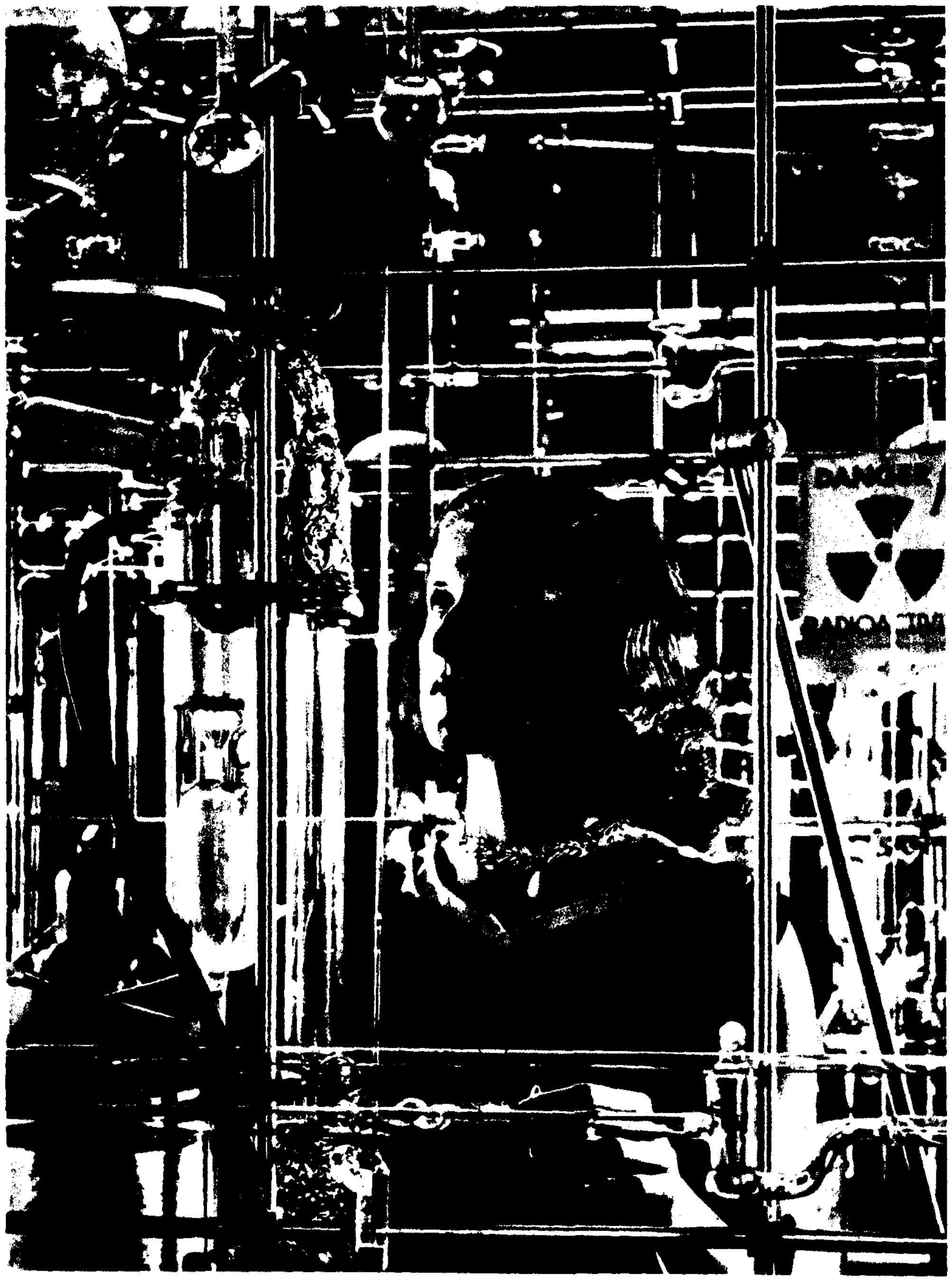
WHEN the senior class of Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute at Troy, New York, doffed cap and gown last June, it stepped forth into the world as the cockiest and most carefree class in the 129-year history of that famed spawning ground of engineers. The same was true of the class of '53 at every good engineering school across the country, from Massachusetts Institute of Technology to California Tech, and it will be even truer of the class of '54, now about to begin its own senior-year grind.

The reason: Big Business is literally begging fledgling engineers to come to work for it. Hungry scouts from airplane, auto, chemical, oil, utilities and steel companies have been sweeping the nation's campuses, exercising all the salesmanship at their command, in an unprecedented drive to recruit new engineering talent to fill American industry's pitifully sparse ranks, and there is no sign that the insatiable demand will abate.

The degree of Bachelor of Science in Engineering has opened up opportunities seemingly unlimited. The class of '53 student with even the lowest marks was so needed by industry that he could ask —and get—at least $4,000 for his first year of apprenticeship in lab, drafting room or shop. At Rensselaer, the crop of 410 engineers graduated last June stepped straight from the classroom into their own choice of jobs at an average starting salary of $4,345 a year.

Graduates of other engineering schools throughout the country also found themselves in the most enviable position in the history of college education. Short in supply but long in demand, they entered a seller's market so avid that some top graduates walked into jobs at from $7,000 to $10,000 a year. About 5,200 companies bid for the graduates, with several major firms seeking as many as 600 each.

According to the most moderate estimates, American industry needs at least 32,000 new college-trained engineers this year. But all the engineering colleges in the United States graduated only 22,500 men and women with engineering degrees last June, and 10,000 of the men face military service. Industrial leaders believe that the demand



There are plenty of jobs for women graduates, too. Catherine Mackay, 1953 Rensselaer grad, won an Atomic Energy Commission fellowship. She also got job offers from industrial firms

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE BURNS

All American Choice

EARLY TIMES

Now America's Leading Premium Straight Whisky*

Tops the field for flavor . . . a hit with fans everywhere . . . Early Times, truly the "All American Choice" because it's every ounce a *man's* whisky—every man's best whisky buy.

*EARLY TIMES OUTSELLS ALL OTHER STRAIGHT WHISKIES AT OR ABOVE ITS PRICE.

Every Ounce a Man's Whisky

EARLY TIMES
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY

Early Times Distillery Company
Louisville 1, Kentucky • 86 Proof

Firms woo student engineers with rich meals and plane rides

will exceed the supply for years to come.

A dramatic example of industry's need is given by Dr. Maynard Boring, General Electric's chief recruiter of Engineers, who has been scouting campuses for the world's largest electrical manufacturer for the last 30 years. He cites an estimate that it takes 27 times more engineering man-hours to make an F-860 Sabre jet fighter plane than went into a World War II P-51 Mustang.

Like Big-Time Baseball Scouts

The recruiting of engineers to fill industry's insatiable demand has become almost a science, with big-league baseball overtones. Like American and National League scouts scurrying from schoolyard to sand lot, their pockets stuffed with fantastic bonus money to lure a potential pitcher before some rival grabs him, the scouts of industry vie with one another each year to sign up fledgling engineers. Like a baseball scout, the industry scout seeks the best; but unlike his opposite number of the diamond, he takes what he can get.

Industry's frantic bidding for engineering seniors at RPI last winter and spring was typical of the goings on at all engineering schools across the country. The situation has leaders of both industry and education worried. But all agree there is little they can do about the aggressive drive for recruits that has shot starting salaries high above normal and has started an inflationary trend that may not reach its apex for several years.

In fact, the situation will probably get worse before its gets better. There will be fewer engineering graduates next year. RPI will graduate only about 50 at mid-term next January compared with 57 last January, and only about 375 in June compared with 410 this year. RPI and many other schools now have their lowest enrollment in recent years, mainly because of the low birth rate during the depression of the 1930s. By 1955, however, all indications point to a steady increase in graduates. The new freshman class at RPI totals about 850—nearly one third more than entered last year.

The current crop of student engineers, like last June's seniors, will find glittering prizes awaiting them on graduation. At the turn of the century, when General Electric and other industries hired an average of one engineer to every 290 workers, the untried graduate generally went on the payroll at about $13 a month. Today the average starting wage at 200 top companies is from $350 to $500 a month! And, in almost every company, these new employees do not actually begin work at once. During the first six months or even a year, they go through a training and test period—at full salary—before they are assigned a particular job.

The opportunities for the able graduate are so great, and the inducements so many and varied, that the youthful engineer about to get his sheepskin picks and chooses the company he'll work for with care and deliberation. He weighs the benefits offered by one company against the location of another; the chance for advancement here against the higher wage there. He even compares the personalities of the various executives with whom he would have to work.

I was told at RPI that one member of the class of '53 had received 19 job offers at salaries ranging from $4,000 to $6,500. He traveled, expenses paid, by Pullman and plane to several companies whose names read like the most select list from Dun & Bradstreet. He was pampered at fine lunches and dinners, propagandized on the stability of each company, offered his choice of specific jobs by many and begged by all to build his obviously brilliant future with them. He finally picked a spot with a modest but good salary, where the work was what he wanted to do, and where, after due consideration, he felt the chance for advancement was the best.

At RPI—and the same held true elsewhere—the crush of industrial talent scouts was so great last winter and spring that for a time it threatened to upset the curriculum of the senior class. Two hundred and fifty-two individual concerns sought dates for interviews. Of these, 224 sent from one to 20 interviewers to the campus. The 28 firms that did not send representatives stayed away only because the independent seniors showed no interest in their offers. Herbert Catlin, RPI's director of student aid and placement, set up a rigid schedule for interviews to prevent them from interfering with the seniors' studies. Although graduation was not until June, the interviewers started coming in February.

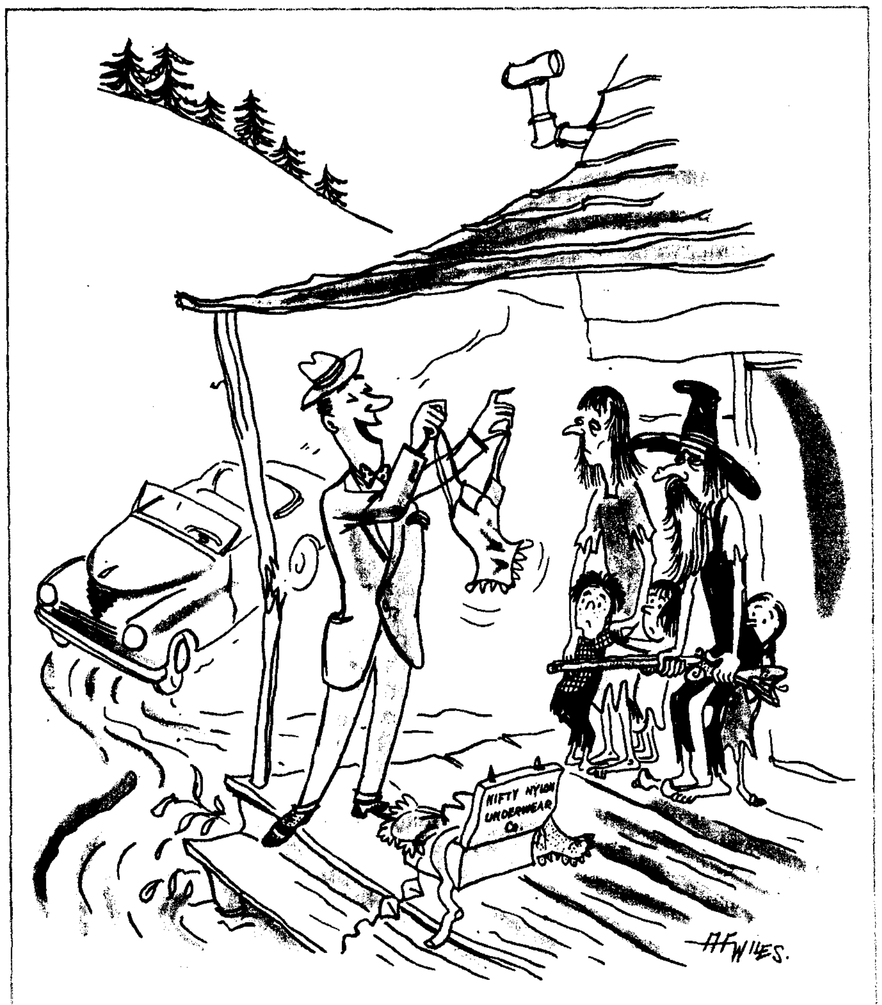
Representatives of eleven companies—Armstrong Cork, Raytheon Manufacturing, Worthington Corporation, Westinghouse, Du Pont, Standard Oil Development, Grumman Aircraft, Eastman Kodak, Sylvania Electric, Stanley Aviation and National Aniline—showed up the week of February 9th. A month later scouts from 23 more of the country's largest industrial corporations held sessions with the seniors.

Two thirds of the 224 firms hired one or more graduates. Only three of the 410 engineering graduates left Rensselaer without a job. One, almost totally blind, is interested in doing graduate work and didn't apply for any job. Another wanted to go back to his home town, situated far from any large industrial center. The third, figuring that his degree should get him a job any time, spurned all comers because he wanted to take a long vacation: the last, he said, he might ever get.

When Job Offers Were Limited

"Back in 1949 and 1950," Catlin told me, "the newborn engineer had to do an honest bit of job hunting. At that time, business was unsure and did not want to commit itself three months in advance. Job offers were limited. But our expanding technology and our defense needs changed all that. By the time the fighting started in Korea, there were no spare engineers around and industry began a frantic search for men with technical training."

Even with a truce in Korea, people high in industry foresee an increasing demand for engineers and many fear that our schools will not turn out enough. One top industrialist who subscribes to this view told me that Russia

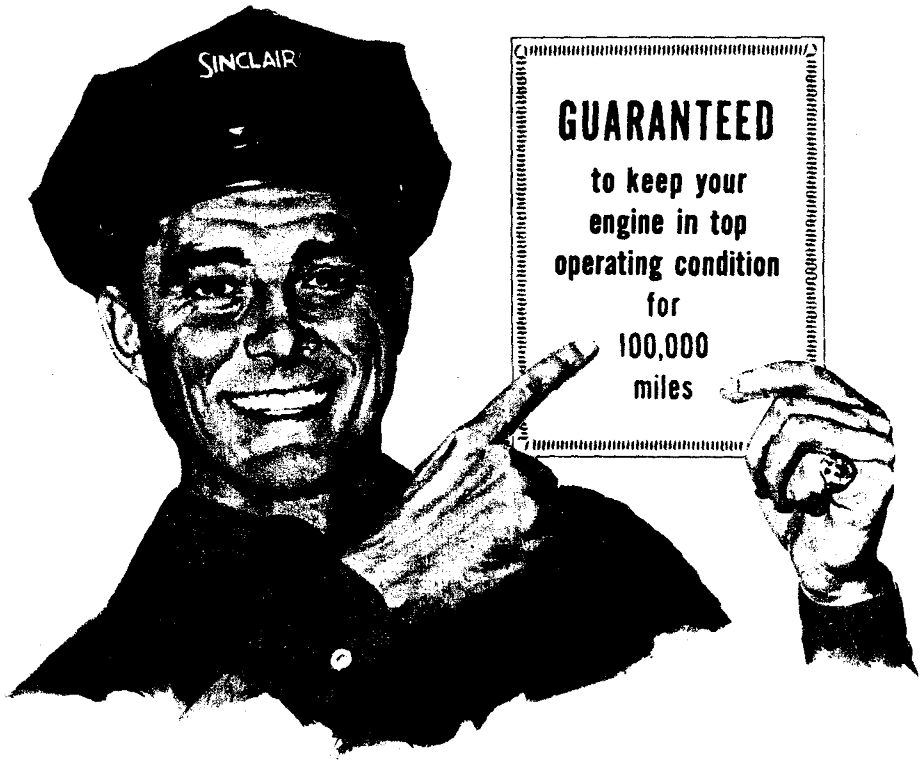


COLLIER'S "Now here's a witty little frock which enchants by inconsequence and flatters by its innuendoes" A. F. WILES

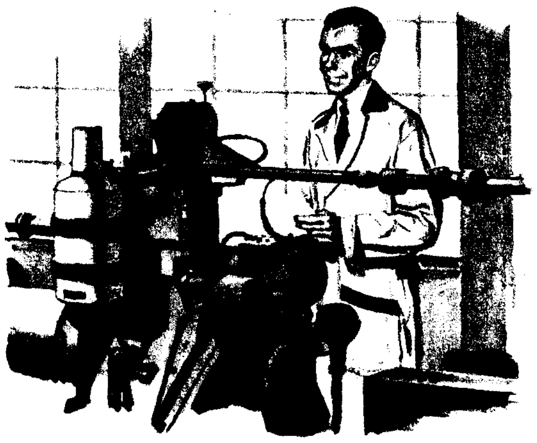
SINCLAIR
EXTRA
DUTY
MOTOR
OIL

A New Motor Oil So Good

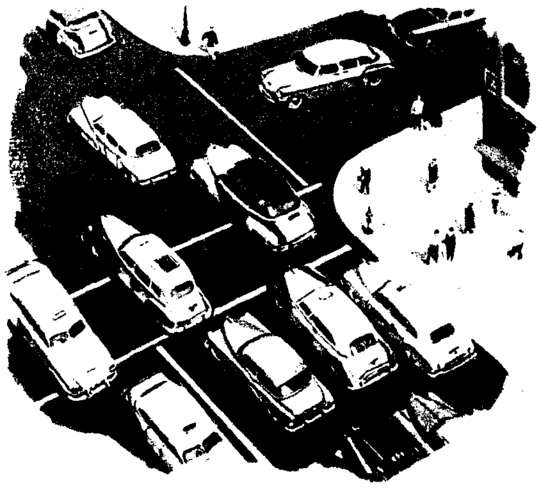
YOUR ENGINE CAN OUTLAST YOUR CAR


SINCLAIR
GUARANTEED
to keep your
engine in top
operating condition
for
100,000
miles

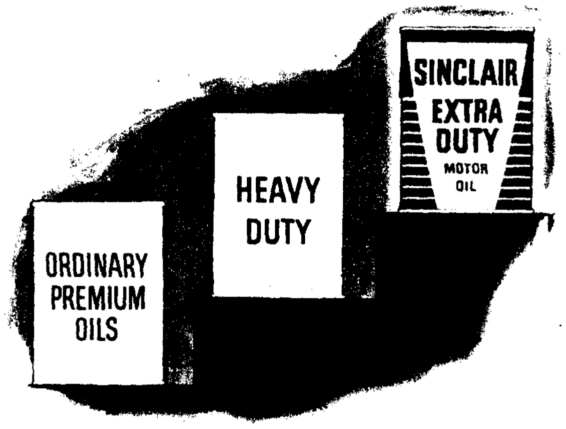
Ask your Sinclair Dealer about this 100,000-mile Guarantee



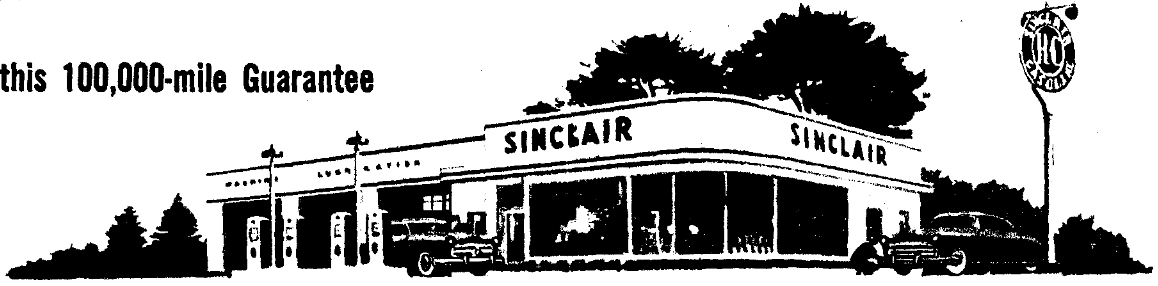
LABORATORY and road tests prove the quality of Sinclair EXTRA DUTY Motor Oil. It's so good it's guaranteed to keep your engine in top operating condition for 100,000 miles – the life of your car – provided the oil is changed regularly as recommended by your car manufacturer.



1030 TAXI-CABS in a 63,000,000-mile test proved that this newly-developed Sinclair Motor Oil reduces piston ring replacements 80% – **CUTS OIL CONSUMPTION IN HALF** during the life of an engine in good working condition.


ORDINARY
PREMIUM
OILS
HEAVY
DUTY
SINCLAIR
EXTRA
DUTY
MOTOR
OIL

A BIG STEP AHEAD of ordinary heavy duty oils, Sinclair EXTRA DUTY has from 50 to 100% greater detergency (cleaning action) . . . and you get up to 9 times less wear on your engine. See your Sinclair Dealer today.


SINCLAIR
SINCLAIR

It's...
Jeweled

It's...
Shock Resistant

It's...
Only $4.95*
and guaranteed for one year

SENTINEL 'DART'

JEWELED with precision-ground genuine sapphires, SHOCK-RESISTANT movement. Stainless steel back, leather strap, unbreakable crystal. *And guaranteed for one year!* All these "expensive" features, yet this smartly styled wrist watch is yours for only $4.95* (chrome) ... or $5.50* (yellow)

COMPARE **Sentinel**
for styling . . for quality
. . for price!

*Plus Taxes

Made and guaranteed by
THE E. INGRAHAM CO., BRISTOL, CONNECTICUT

is producing 30,000 well-trained engineers each year compared with America's average of 22,000.

At Rensselaer I talked with several 1953 graduates about the present situation. The reactions of these young men and women (Rensselaer graduated two women last June) ranged from a sort of awe at their sudden importance to vast amusement at the frenzied efforts of the high-pressure scouts to lure them into their firms. None of the representative graduates with whom I talked seemed overwhelmed with their own importance, but all of them liked the feeling of independence the situation gave them.

H. Russell Kunz, twenty-one-year-old native of Troy and a rather shy, brown-haired lad, will go to work for Pratt & Whitney, one of the largest aircraft manufacturers, at a starting salary of about $365 a month. Before he chose this job, four other companies—a film manufacturer, a machine maker, a pump manufacturer and a large electrical manufacturer—offered him equally well-paying jobs. But Russ had always wanted to build planes, and all through his four years at RPI he dreamed of working on jet engines. That's what he's going to do.

"I was pretty lucky," he says. "Last year my brother got the same mechanical engineering degree I have and he never got the kind of offers all us kids got this year. Why, I know one fellow at another school—he's older than me—who'd worked for some manufacturing companies to earn enough money to go to college. He was a machinist. The day after graduation he went to work as an engineer at $10,000 a year."

At twenty-one, Russ is "draft bait." But Pratt & Whitney feels that his defense job as a development engineer on jet planes is just as valuable to his country as serving in the armed forces.

Ex-Navy Man Made Out Okay

John La Forte, an electrical engineer who majored in electronics, has no draft worries. When he got out of high school at Albany, New York, in 1945 he went into the Navy for two years. He attended the Navy's electronics school and on his discharge went to a designing school, took night courses at RPI, spent a year as a GI student at Cornell and then partly financed his three years at RPI by working as a real-estate salesman.

"Last winter and spring I was interviewed by eight companies," he recalls. "I didn't pay any attention to the spectacular rates of pay being offered by some companies. I was looking for a company which really offered me good benefit plans and a chance for advancement. So I went with Eastman Kodak at about $400 a month for a 40-hour week. In a nice town, too.

"The way some of the companies pampered us was really amusing. They'd pay us $40 or $50 expenses just to go talk with them at their plants. Sometimes they'd fly us out. Most of the fellows already had made up their minds where they wanted to work, but it was a wonderful chance to see the country for free."

One company, I was told, flew an embryo engineer from Troy to Colorado to discuss a job possibility. The student, one of Rensselaer's leading lacrosse players, was due to take part in a tournament at Miami, Florida, the next day, so the company also flew him from Colorado to Florida—all as part of its effort to induce him to join its engineering staff.

Another huge corporation sent a staff of high executives and salesmen to Troy, took over an entire floor of a college building for a whole day and put on a campaign that had the whole student body agog. The salesmen praised the company's working conditions, its stability, its great future; they told of all the benefits offered its workers in the way of insurance and hospitalization plans; they mentioned fantastic salaries.

Seniors who evinced interest were invited to the company's main plant, where they were feted like visiting royalty and taken to lunch by the corporation president.

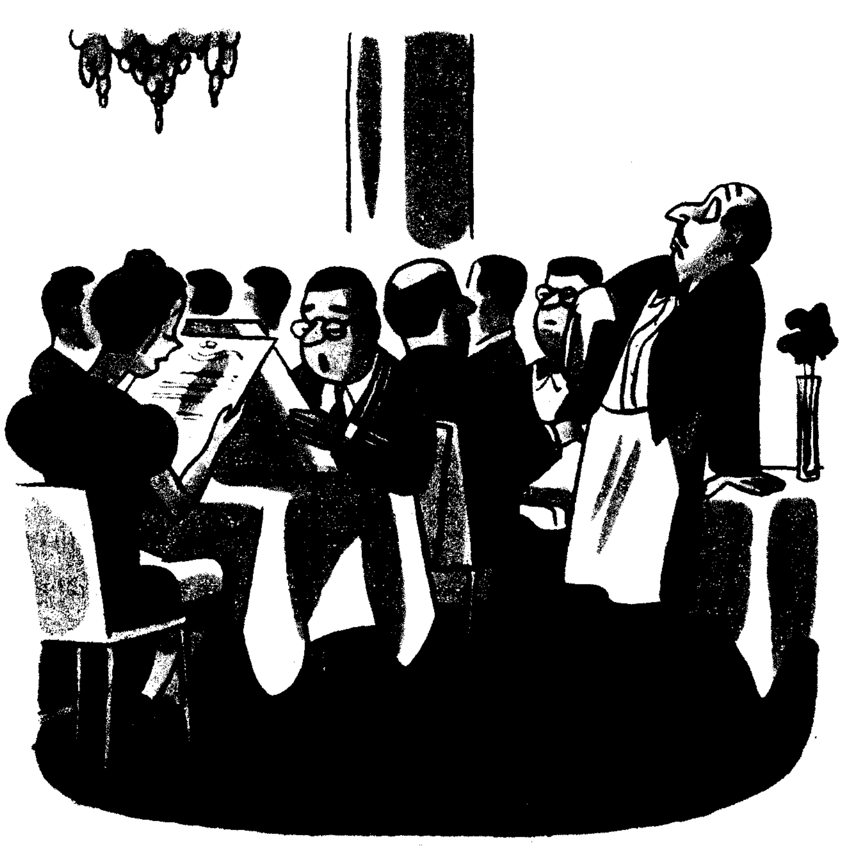
Older, established firms are inclined to be less flamboyant. The stability and opportunities they offer usually bring them the cream of the crop—able, steady engineers, youngsters willing to go to their training schools, find their niche and work their way toward the top. Take Fred Reynolds, an electrical engineering graduate. He's from Denver, Colorado, by way of Detroit. A Navy veteran, Fred attended Trinity College at Hartford, Connecticut, and put in a year at a draftsman's desk in New Britain, Connecticut. He and his wife, Loretta, came to Rensselaer two years ago. Loretta, with a science degree, took a job as a teacher—to support them both.

"Ever since I was a kid, I've thought I'd like to work in the Bell Telephone Laboratories," he says. "I went to see them last spring and what I learned pleased me. It's a progressive organization, working on things for the future. It also offers a three-year educational program while you work." Fred will work for Bell in New York, live in New Jersey and, at about $400 a month to start, he thinks he'll get along well.

Top Salary for Air Force Vet

John Brock, an electrical engineering graduate who hails from a ranch near Goodland, Kansas, and is a veteran of the Air Force (where he received technical training in radio and static direction finding), shopped around by train, plane and car until he found a good spot with one of the biggest business machine corporations in the world. He took the job, he says, because it offered specialized work he liked, good training in his field, and excellent working and living conditions. It also offered him the highest salary reported by any member of the RPI class of '53—nearly $7,000. The lowest, incidentally, that any senior reported accepting was $3,410—$935 below the class average.

Few of the engineering jobs available today are glamorous. True, there are some jobs for civil engineers in the

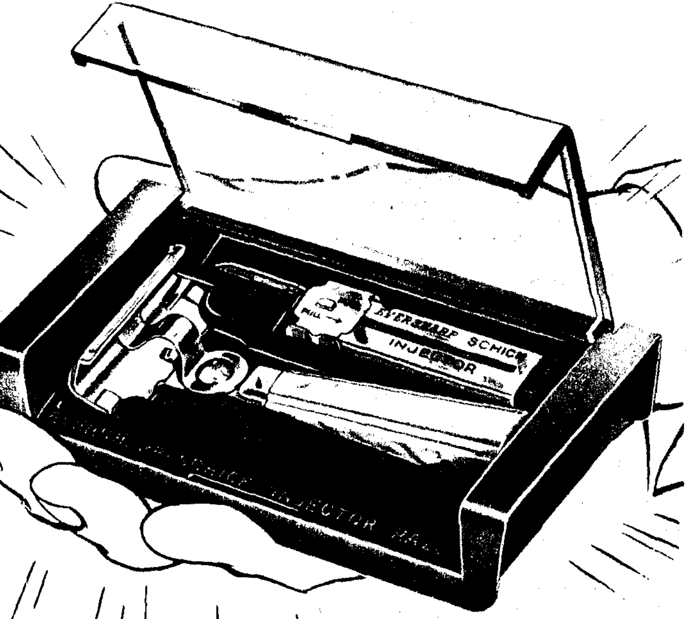


"I don't know. What are you having?"
"I don't know. What are you having?"
"You having the veal?"
"Is that what you're having?"
"Whatever you have"
"Care to have lamb?"
"Whatever you have"
"Might have the beef"
"Might have it too"
"Could have the chicken"
"You having chicken?"
"Might have cod . . ."

FREE

SCHICK WILL REFUND FULL PURCHASE PRICE . . . YOU KEEP RAZOR KIT!

EVERSHARP SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR KIT



This offer being made to prove to you that Schick Injector Razor and Blades give you smoother, cleaner, faster, safer shaves. But hurry . . . supply is limited!

Here's all *you* do:

Today—for the world's best shaves, buy a new SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR KIT for the regular price, only 98¢!

Use all twelve Blades for the smoothest, leanest, fastest shaves you've ever had.

Then send us (1) empty blade cartridge; 2) instruction sheet from razor, and (3) Special Refund Certificate below, properly lled out. Mail to Eversharp, Inc., Box 12, Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

Here's what *we* do:

We will immediately refund the 98¢ you paid. Or if you wish, we will send you two Injector 20's (40 blades) worth $1.46.

So grab this amazing Free Offer! See how only SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR gives you these advantages: Blades change automatically to "lock" at same, precise angle—no twisting, no adjusting . . . "Fits" your face—under nose, around lips . . . Only razor using new, scalpel-sharp "Gold Pack" Blades. Act today!

Here's what *you* get:

★ **Gold Plated Schick Injector Razor**

★ **12 Scalpel-Sharp "Gold-Pack" Blades**

★ **Handy Plastic Travel Case**

Offer Limited One To a Customer!

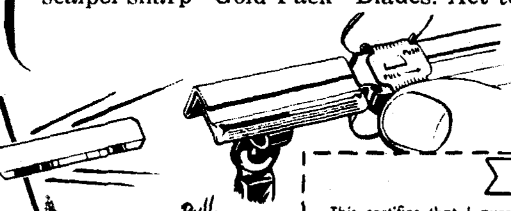
We will refund the 98¢

Clip this Certificate NOW

New Schick Injector Blades Shave You CLEANER, FASTER THAN ANY SINGLE OR DOUBLE-EDGE BLADES IN THE WORLD

The superb performance of this razor is matched only by the smooth-shaving quality of today's scalpel-sharp SCHICK INJECTOR BLADES. Produced on newly designed, precision engineered machines, these are the fastest-shaving, cleanest-shaving blades ever made.

©1953 Eversharp Inc., 350 5th Ave., N. Y. C.



Push-Pull.
Click-Click!
Blade's Locked-
Shaves Slick!

SPECIAL REFUND CERTIFICATE

This certifies that I purchased a 98¢ Schick Injector Razor Kit, and have complied with the terms of this offer. Enclosed is the instruction sheet from my new Schick Injector Razor and the empty 12 blade cartridge from the Kit.

Please ☐ Send me $1.46 worth of Schick Injector Blades—2 packs of 20's or ☐ Refund my 98¢ D

To be Filled in by Dealer:

DEALER'S NAME__________ PURCHASER'S NAME__________ (Please print)

ADDRESS__________ HOME ADDRESS__________

CITY__________ STATE______ CITY__________ STATE______

SOLD BY__________ DATE______ SIGNED__________ (Purchaser's Signature)

This special offer limited one to a customer and is made only to the individual purchaser. Coupon must be signed by purchaser and is not valid if refund is requested by any other party. To be valid, Certificate, Instruction Sheet and empty Cartridge must be mailed before expiration date, Midnight December 31, 1953. (Remember to allow yourself enough time to use the blades.)

Mail to Eversharp, Inc., Box 12, Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

TO BE VALID REFUND CERTIFICATE MUST BE RETURNED WITH INSTRUCTION SHEET FROM KIT AND EMPTY 12 BLADE CARTRIDGE.

Imported
MARTINI & ROSSI
Vermouth
"on-the-rocks"
it's wonderful!

So Modern . . . this bright new idea that's sweeping the country! It's delightfully light . . . and downright delicious. Try Martini & Rossi Vermouth "on-the-rocks" yourself—and taste why so many smart people are serving it today! Yes! find out why it's great when you drink it straight!

Easy to serve! Pour Martini & Rossi Imported Sweet Vermouth over ice. Garnish with a twist of Lemon peel.

the largest selling vermouth in America!

BLUE CHIPS by RENFIELD

RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK, N. Y.

far reaches of the world, building bridges or cutting pipe lines through the jungles. But the greatest demand seems to be for electrical and chemical engineers and for metallurgists.

Women graduates also are in demand, as blonde twenty-year-old Catherine Louise Mackay, found out. Kay, tall, lithe and brown-eyed, had an A average through her four years at RPI. The daughter of Rensselaer's professor of metallurgical engineering, she was vice-president of her class of 600, which included one other girl—Mrs. Jeanne Pederson, of Troy, who took her degree in physics.

Girl Graduate's Opportunities

This year Kay won an Atomic Energy Commission fellowship in radiological physics. It will give her nine months of study at the University of Rochester and three months at the Atomic Energy Commission Laboratories at Brookhaven, Upton, New York. But already the Shell Oil Company has tried to bring her to its research plant in Illinois, and the Olin Industries have offered her a good job on development projects at New Haven, Connecticut, and as an editor of research publications. The salaries compare favorably with those offered the men in her class. Three colleges also have offered her part-time jobs as instructor while she works for her master's degree. As of graduation, Kay was undecided whether to go on to a doctorate or to enter industry.

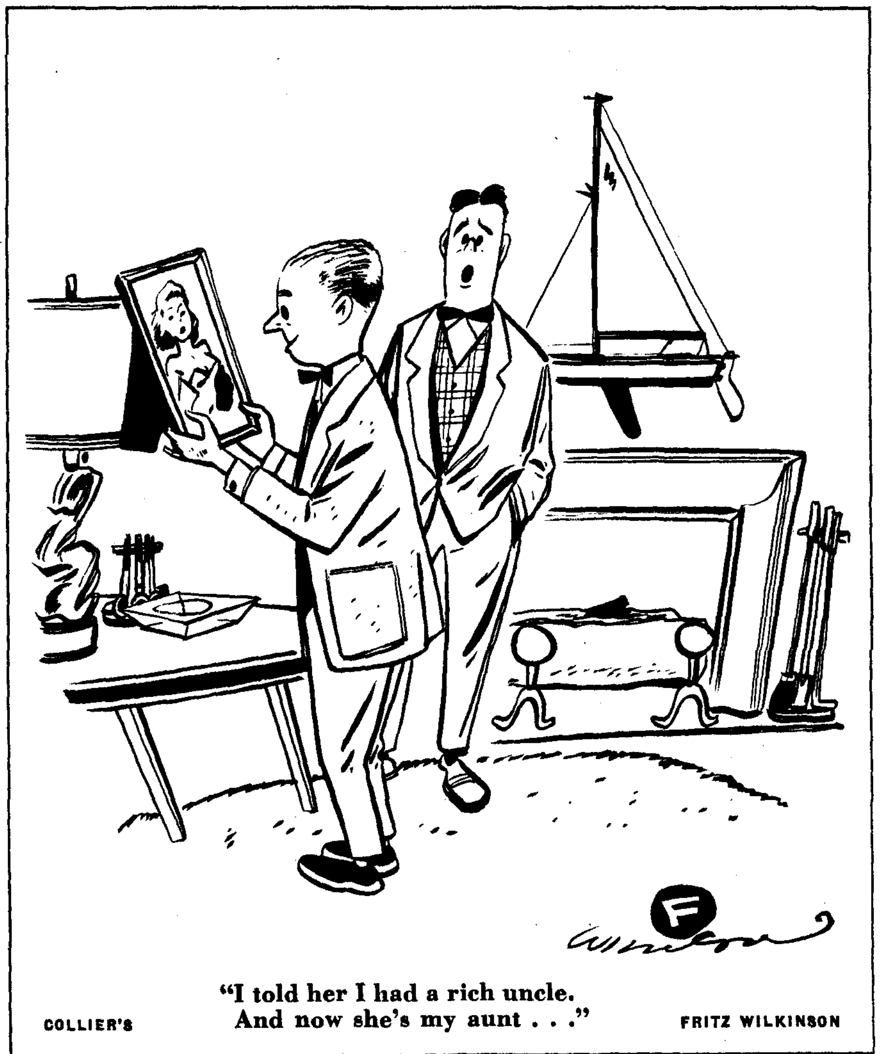
Kay's indecision apparently is not typical. Of all the class of '53 at RPI, only 74 indicated an intention—not necessarily to be carried out—to continue their education as full-time students in graduate schools. Others planned to hold jobs while going after their master's degree, either at night schools or at regular classes which they will attend during working hours under special arrangement with their firms.

How many graduates will eventually turn to teaching is hard to predict. Actually industry's promises of high salaries have cut deep into the ranks of graduates qualified and needed to teach more engineers. An average engineer with a doctor's degree, who in other years could be expected to devote his career to teaching, can—and too often does—step right from the campus into a $7,000 industrial job. And many an engineer with only a bachelor's degree left college last June to take an industrial job paying more than those who taught him ever have earned.

The scouts from industry readily spout figures to show that the average graduate engineer, starting out at $4,000 or more the *first* year, can expect to earn $10,000 a year within 10 years. But fortunately there are always some to whom teaching has a special appeal.

Surveying the engineering field as a whole, Dr. Livingston W. Houston, for eight years president of Rensselaer, believes that the future for engineers is the brightest in history.

In his opinion, more top executives of industry in the future will come from the ranks of engineers than from any other profession. There was a time, when small companies were being merged into big ones, that the man trained in law had the best chance. Now, he says, industry is turning more and more to engineers for its production and factory managers and for its salesmen. It is these posts that lead to general managerships, presidencies and


"I told her I had a rich uncle. And now she's my aunt . . ."

COLLIER'S FRITZ WILKINSON

eventually chairmanships of the boards.

Dr. Houston, himself a graduate engineer who rose through the ranks of industry to head his own firm before accepting the presidency of Rensselaer, told me: "We do not know that today's excellent job opportunities for engineering and science graduates will always exist, but the evidence points to continuance of this trend for a long time to come. There are several excellent reasons why young people should think about a college education which will give them an engineering or science degree.

"First," he went on, "the increasing importance of technology in our growing economy will afford great opportunities for the better-trained people in this field. Secondly, engineering is an excellent background for any other profession because of the exacting training it gives in learning to think and organize one's work. Thirdly, all graduates of technical colleges, whether or not they make direct use of their knowledge, will have an insight and understanding of the world around hem and benefit because they do."

Why Standards Must Be High

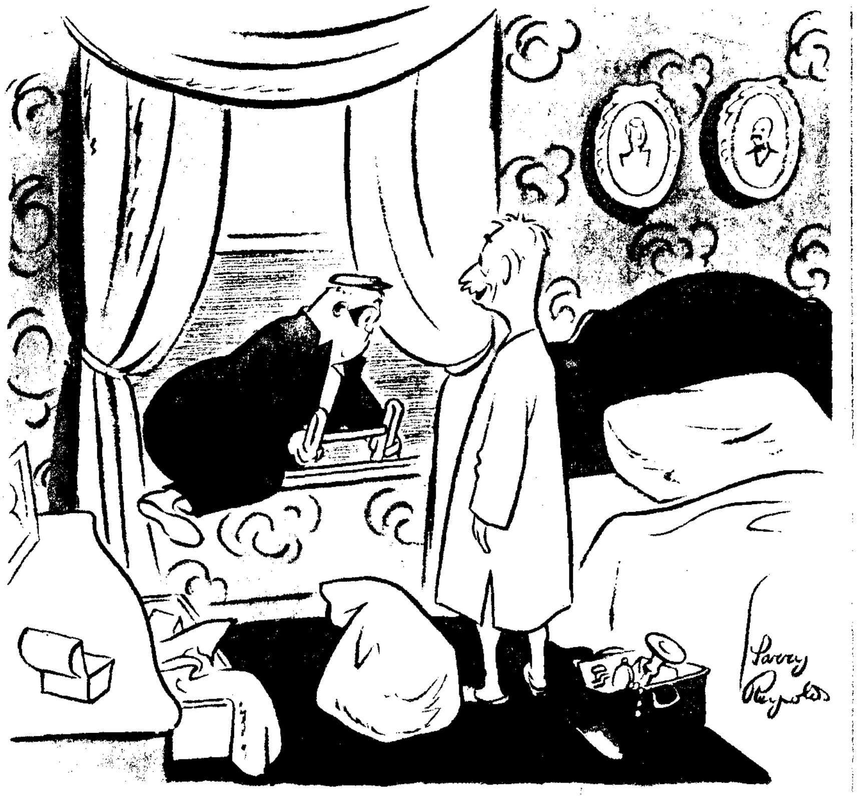
What type of students should study engineering? "To obtain an engineering degree," Dr. Houston says, "students must be outstanding in character, energy and intelligence. The standards of colleges producing engineers must be kept high because the graduates go nto jobs which directly affect the health and welfare of everyone. Finally, he boy who wishes to go into engineering or an allied profession must be sure to take in high school those tudies which will qualify him."

Essential subjects, he says, are English, elementary and intermediate algebra, plane geometry, plane trigonometry and solid geometry, advanced algebra and physics. He smiled wanly when I suggested that the dearth of engineers might be traced to the formidable requirements.

Dr. Houston cannot foresee the absorption point in the demand for engineers. He—and many others who have studied the problem—quote Dean S. C. Hollister of Cornell's College of Engineering, who recently said that of the Americans who reach the age of eighteen, only about 187,000 possess the ability to profit from professional training—as engineers, lawyers, doctors, teachers, soldiers and ministers. Dean Hollister estimates that engineering's annual share is about 44,000. But many do not possess the means or opportunity to attend college, and a number of those who do start out to be engineers fail to complete the course. Under normal circumstances, Hollister says, only about half of the nation's potential engineers actually end up with degrees.

Next June the nation's engineering schools will graduate a far-lower-than-average total of 17,000 students, and industry is already getting ready to rush them. How high the more than 5,000 companies seeking their services will have to bid is anybody's guess. But it's a safe prediction that the engineering graduates will be offered more and better-paying jobs than any other group of seniors in the country. Most of them are only twenty or twenty-one years old, and never in history has the road to success for so many so young been more clearly marked. ▲▲▲

BUTCH



"Tomorrow night at eight will be fine. I'll be sure to have my burglary insurance paid by then"

COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS

At New York's La Guardia Airport—

#5265—ARDMORE. Brown mello calf. "U" wing tip. Also in black.

Whose famous Bostonians are these?

One quick glance deserves a second, and longer look. For these famous Bostonians are truly distinguished shoes. And their outer looks indicate their inner qualities—tell you here is excellence that only the finest leathers and skilled New England shoe-craftsmen can achieve. When TV commentator JOHN CAMERON SWAYZE goes news-gathering, his famous Bostonians take the trip, too.

The man who sells Bostonians® is making friends for life... See the "New in Shoes" for Fall at his store now!

they're Walk-Fitted

Bostonian Shoes, Whitman, Mass., Shoetown, U.S.A.

SILVER ROCK

By LUKE SHORT

This was the showdown; everything Tully had gambled for was at stake. He had to find a way to stop this man—and stop him now

The Story: Tully Gibbs's attempts to develop old Kevin Russel's neglected mining claims began to meet with opposition. Tully still had Kevin's trust, since the old man did not yet suspect that the flattering letters he'd received about Tully—from his son Jimmy, who had died in Korea—had actually been written by Tully himself. And Tully still had the friendship of Alec Bacchione, local guide who was helping him at the *mines, and Sam Horne, newspaper editor. But he seemed* to be losing Sarah Moffit, who worked in the recorder's office and who had accidentally discovered that Tully had forged Jimmy Russel's letters. Also, Tully had an enemy in Ben Hodes, rival mine operator who wanted to marry Sarah. After the county commissioners refused *Tully's* request for aid in building a road to the Russel claims, one of the commissioners, Justin Byers, left the meeting, saying he had a doctor's appointment. Instead he reported Tully's mining plans to Ben Hodes. Hodes bribed Byers to use his position as commissioner to stop Tully, and then hired a man to sabotage Tully's operations. The first step was to smash the fuel pump on Tully's bulldozer. When this was repaired Hodes's man struck again: first by putting sugar in the compressor gas tank, then by shooting up Tully's camp. Tully applied to the local sheriff for a peace bond against Hodes, but was refused for lack of proof. Meantime, Sarah confided her discovery of Tully's forgery to Sam Horne, who advised watching Tully but not exposing him to old Kevin. Then Tully learned that Sarah had been checking up on his background and military record, and he knew that Sarah must suspect the truth about him. Hodes's sister Beth, after going to work for Sam Horne at the newspaper, moved out of Hodes's house—freeing herself from her brother's domination. Then Sarah found out that Justin Byers had lied about having a doctor's appointment the day of the commissioners' meeting. Byers had instead made a private telephone call from a nearby county office and then had hurried away. Guessing that the call was to Ben Hodes, Sarah began to suspect a tie-up between Byers and Hodes. It might be hard to prove, but if it were true that Hodes and Byers were collaborating against Tully, that could explain the sabotage at the Russel claims.

CONCLUSION

I'D TAKE you to dinner tonight," Sam said, pausing at Beth's desk, "except there isn't a joint in town where the food wouldn't poison a coyote. We can get a couple of cans of dog food and cook 'em over a hot plate if you want."

Beth looked up at him. "I've got a better idea than that," she said. "Come to our place for dinner—Ben's and my house, I mean. Ben's out of town and will be for a week or so. It's perfectly safe."

At seven o'clock that evening Sam rang the doorbell of the Hodes's house, and Beth let him in. She took his hat and coat and then led the way into the living room. "Have a chair, boss," she said smiling.

"You know," Sam said soberly as he sat down in an easy chair, "you can really spell. You're the best damn' speller the Nugget ever employed."

Beth threw back her head and laughed. "You make that sound as if it were in the same category with being able to dance well or to cook well," she said.

Sam grinned. "It is," he said.

"Speaking of cooking," Beth said, "I'd better take a look at our dinner. Come on out in the kitchen."

Sam got up and followed her into the immaculate kitchen, where he sat down at the table. Beth stirred something on the stove, then took from the oven a plate of warm croutons covered with a linen napkin. Sam watched her curiously as she set a small chafing dish on its stand and lighted the alcohol lamp.

"I'm a sucker for shad roe," Beth said, lifting the lid of the dish.

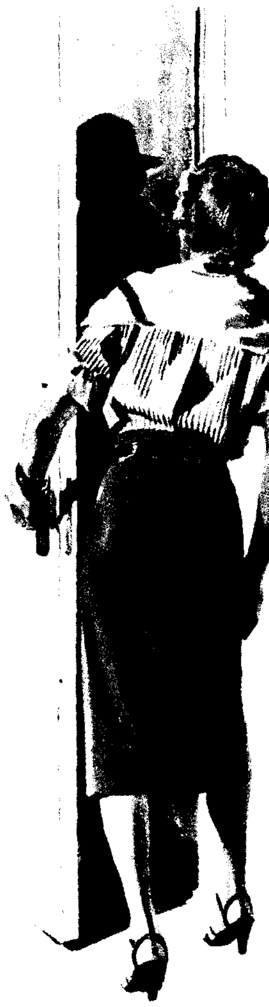
Sam smacked his lips and grinned. "You've got a whole week's wages tied up in that pot, lady."

Beth giggled. "It's only money," she said, scooping some of the shad roe onto a crouton and handing it to Sam. He leaned back in his chair and looked up at her. "I wonder what the poor peasants are doing," he said.

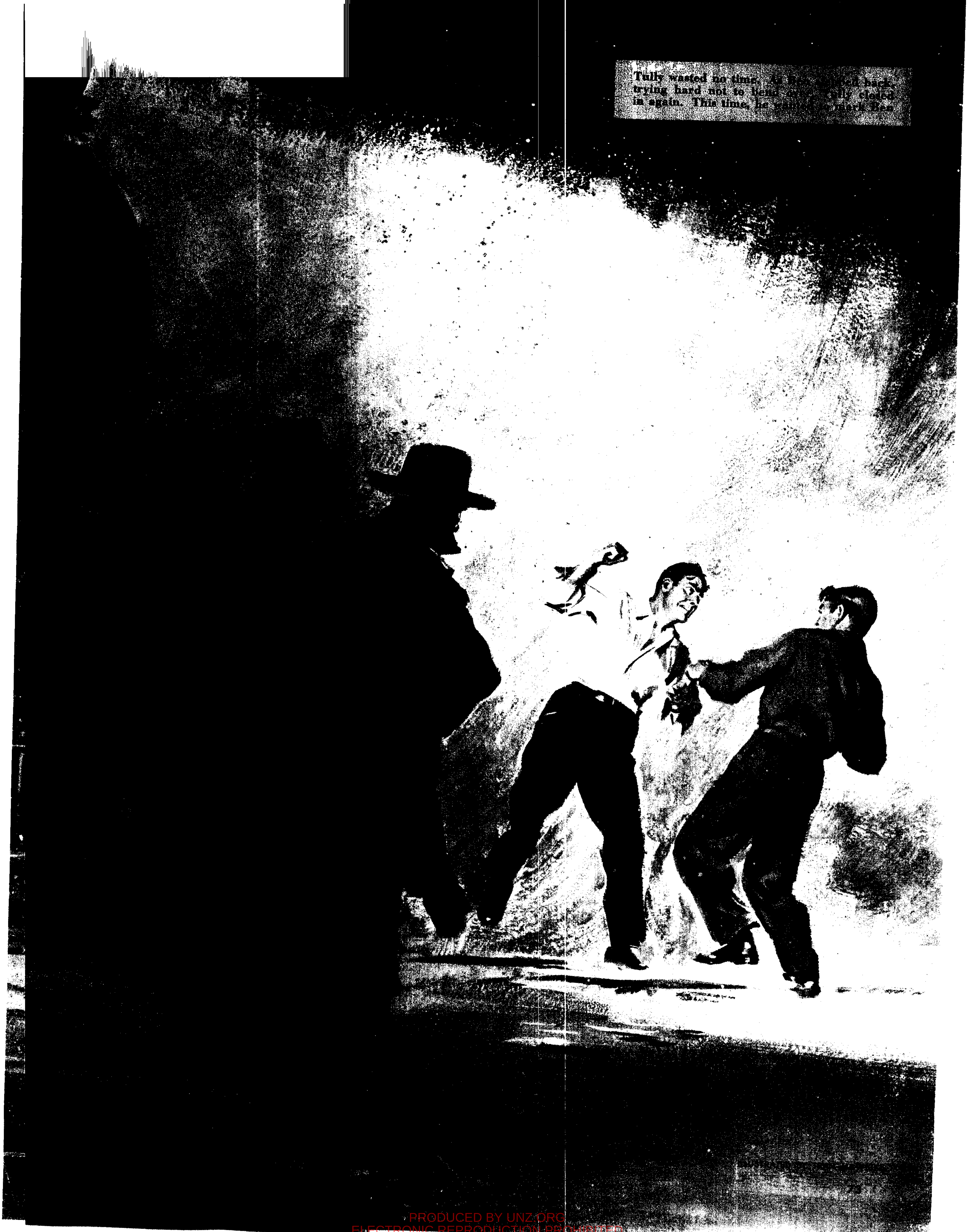
"Eating cake."

Sam rolled his eyes appreciatively as he tasted the crouton. "I can understand Ben's raising hell when you left," he said. "Speaking of that jolly character, did you hear that Tully's camp was shot up this morning?"

"Yes, I heard," Beth said. "Are



She opened the door. It was Tully. "I got some news," he announced grimly



Tully wasted no time. As Ben [illegible] back, trying hard not to bend over, Tully closed in again. This time, he wanted to mark Ben you linking Ben with that?" she asked. "He was out of town. Ben's not that bad," she protested gently.

"He's a purple louse and you know it, Beth. Don't even try to defend him. Now let's change the subject."

"Not quite yet," Beth said. She offered Sam some more shad roe. "If you think Ben is behind all of Tully's trouble, you're wrong."

"Not necessarily Ben," Sam conceded, "but someone Ben's paying."

"You're wrong there, too."

Sam said dryly, "Look now, no violins, please. Just tell me where I'm wrong."

"Ben made it possible for Tully to open that mine," Beth said. "He loaned Tully ten thousand dollars."

Sam looked at her incredulously, then snorted. "You better lay off the tea, kid," he said.

"It's true, Sam," she continued. "Remember when Tully gave Ben a thrashing at the Elks party?"

Sam nodded.

"Next day Tully came here to talk with Ben. I overheard part of their conversation. They had a bet on the outcome of the fight, a ten-thousand-dollar bet."

SAM whistled in surprise. "Where would Tully get any ten thousand to put up?" he asked.

"I don't think it was that kind of a bet," Beth said. "If Tully won, Ben was to loan him ten thousand, no collateral. If Tully lost, he was to stay away from Sarah."

Sam reached absently for another crouton, pondering this information. If Tully had made this bet with Ben the night of the fight, that was *before* Kevin had offered him a half share of the Sarah Moffit. Fantastic, Sam thought; and the rebel in him felt a small delight. Tully not only had the nerve to forge letters from Jimmy Russel, but he also had the gall to suggest and collect this lunatic bet before he even knew that Kevin would have any part of him. A real parlay, Sam mused. There's an operator.

He was called back to the present by Beth's voice. "Does that make Ben out a dog?" she was saying.

"You mean just because he didn't welsh on his bet?" Sam asked.

Beth nodded. Sam looked at her and smiled crookedly. "How long was the note for?" he said.

"I looked in the bank files—I'm a director, you know. The note was for one hundred and twenty days."

"Lady, you don't know what you've just said," Sam said and paused. "Add it up, and it'll come out like this: if Ben can keep Tully from getting out enough ore in one hundred and twenty days to pay back that loan, he'll move in on Tully like a Sherman tank. Tully's only asset is his share in the Sarah Moffit—and Ben'll get it. See?"

For several seconds Beth stared at him, and Sam realized, almost with shame, that Beth had never before really believed in Ben's guilt. Now, suddenly, she did. He felt an overwhelming pity for her at this moment, but he said nothing. It's part of growing up, he thought wryly.

Beth rose finally and said brightly, "Well, how about having dinner?"

They chatted of inconsequential things during dinner, and there was no further mention of Ben or Tully until they had gone back to the living room. Beth offered Sam a cigarette from the box on the coffee table and took one herself. Sam lighted them, then sat down beside her on the sofa. For a moment they idly watched the fire, then Beth said soberly, "I hope Tully makes it, Sam."

"All right-thinking citizens do," Sam said dryly.

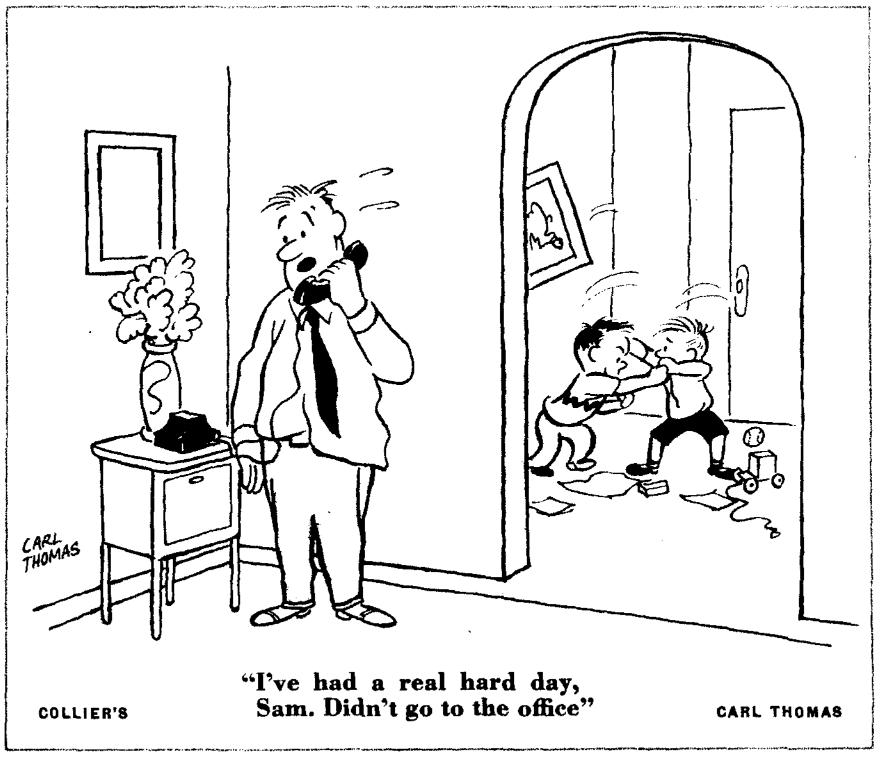
"Is he a nice guy really?" Beth asked.

Sam wondered how he should answer this. Should he say, "Sure, he's just hungry," or, "Not quite," or, "No, he's a stinker"? Unexpectedly, he found himself saying, "Yes, really nice."

Oddly, the question seemed important to Beth. Also she seemed completely satisfied by Sam's answer.

Beth got up now and put some Mozart records on the record player, and then she and Sam talked shop for an hour in an easy, friendly way.

When he remembered to look at his watch, he got up. "Good Lord, I'm windy!" he said. "It's late."



"I've had a real hard day, Sam. Didn't go to the office"

COLLIER'S CARL THOMAS

Beth went with him to the door. His hand on the knob, Sam turned to look down at her. "You know," he said soberly, "I once made a threat I never carried out."

Surprisingly, Beth said, "I know."

Sam kissed her then, found it very good and kissed her again. Then he stepped outside, saying good night and thanks over his shoulder. He had not even reached the street walk before he said to himself: "You slob, you're in love and you know it."

THAT evening as Sarah was about to close the office, Judge Apperson strolled in. He was an aging, over-tall, dirty, irascible old man who had once prospered as an expert on mining law in Azurite's boom days. In later years he had fallen on hard times and was now a sort of chore boy for anyone with a grudge who was willing to take it to court.

He laid a document on the counter and said, "I want to record this."

It was a warranty deed on a mining claim, Sarah saw as she opened the registry. At first the name of the claim, Jote Smith, meant nothing to her, but when she noticed that the property was being conveyed to the Mahaffey she frowned. "Where is the Jote Smith?" she asked. "I've forgotten."

"It's one of those claims old man Carpenter has been nursing along for twenty-five years," the judge said.

"Toward Vicksburg Hill?"

"I reckon."

Sarah finished the recording, handed the deed back to Judge Apperson and said, "If that's the claim I'm thinking of, there's an easement on it."

The judge looked sternly at her. "Well, young lady, an easement is conveyed with the property," he said. "What of it?"

"Nothing," Sarah said. "That'll be a quarter, Judge."

It was curious, Sarah thought after he had left, that the Mahaffey should be showing interest in this claim now. Old man Carpenter had been trying to sell his claims at bargain prices for years, with no takers. Sarah wondered if Ben had discovered that the Jote Smith straddled the same formation as the Vicksburg claims. She remembered, too, that the road to the Sarah Moffit crossed the Jote Smith. But Ben would have to recognize the easement, and that's all that really concerned her.

There was a raw wind blowing when she stepped outside, and as she hurried home she looked forward to a comfortable evening alone. She could wash her hair, do her nails and listen to music. Tully surely would have found a new cook and left for the mine by now.

Mrs. Moffit was reading the paper as Sarah let herself into the apartment. "Hi, Ma! What's for dinner?" Sarah sniffed. "Shrimp?" she asked.

"Curried shrimp." Carefully, Mrs. Moffit folded the paper and said, "Anything exciting happen today, dear?"

"Nothing with me, but plenty with Tully." She told Mrs. Moffit of the shooting at the mine and of Tully's visit to the sheriff.

"But that's absurd," Mrs. Moffit said when Sarah finished. "Ben's out of town. He couldn't have done it."

"Ma, you're being simple," Sarah said patiently. "Ben is paying someone to do it—probably one of his miners or mill hands." She frowned. "Why are you sticking up for Ben? You loathe him, you always have. Admit it."

"Well, I've never really liked him," Mrs. Moffit conceded. "Still, it just doesn't seem sensible. Why should he want to stop Kevin and Tully from opening a mine? He's got a very good mine of his own. He doesn't need money. Why should he make trouble?"

"It might be partly me, Ma," Sarah said quietly.

Mrs. Moffit looked sharply at her. "You mean he's jealous of Tully?"

"Could be."

"Are you giving him any grounds for jealousy?"

"No," Sarah said slowly.

"Then why don't you?" Mrs. Moffit said matter-of-factly.

They ate in the warm kitchen, listening to the rain which had just started pelting softly at the window. Afterward, Mrs. Moffit took off for a library-board meeting. Sarah cleaned up, put a stack of records on the player, and then she washed her hair. While her hair dried, she sat in the living room and did her nails.

SHE was trying to make up her mind whether she really liked the Bartok piece when a heavy knock came at the door. Sarah got up quickly, the towel still about her shoulders, and answered the door.

It was Tully. Sarah's heart seemed to stop for a moment at sight of him. Drops of rain clung to his flushed face above his wet slicker. "I got some news," he announced grimly.

Sarah said, "Come in. What is it, Tully?"

He came into the room and then stopped as Sarah shut the door. "I picked up my cook around dark and headed for the mine," Tully began. "You know where the road curves around that gully?"

"No."

"Well, anyway, somebody brought a chain saw up there and laid fifteen big spruce down across the road."

"How childish!" Sarah said angrily. "This is really fantastic, Tully."

"Oh, brother, you don't know how fantastic. Nailed to the first downed tree was a nice neat sign. It said: *Road closed by order of the owner.*"

That's it, Sarah thought suddenly. That's the Jote Smith claim. For several seconds Sarah considered this. Had Ben bought the claim, hoping that the easement would not be conveyed also? Sarah doubted it. Swiftly then Sarah told Tully of Judge Apperson's recording of the deed that afternoon.

"But Kevin's got easements through all those claims our road crosses, hasn't he?" Tully asked.

"Of course he has."

"Then let's get them," Tully said flatly. "I'll have the sheriff and my own chain saw out there by eight o'clock in the morning." He started for the door.

"Wait, Tully," Sarah said. "I'll go with you."

Remembering the open jeep, Sarah got her raincoat, galoshes and ski cap from the closet, and then set out for Kevin Russel's with Tully.

Kevin answered their knock at his door. "Come in, come in," he said. "What are you two youngsters doing out on a night like this?"

"It's an emergency, Mr. Russel," Tully said.

Old Kevin led the way back to the kitchen and when they were seated at the table, Tully told of the roadblock. Kevin listened carefully. As Tully finished his account, he said, "You have an easement on that Jote Smith claim, haven't you, Mr. Russel?"

Old Kevin nodded. "From Bill Carpenter, yes. I'll get it," he said. Slowly, he moved toward the living-room desk, rummaged around and presently returned with a sheaf of documents held by a rubber band. He sat down, sorted through the documents, and came up with the one he handed to Tully.

Tully opened the form and saw that the easement was properly signed by Carpenter.

Sarah said, "May I see it?" Tully held it out, and she took one look at the

NEW! Oil home heaters that light themselves!

Just turn the dial...Duo-Therm's electric SELF-Lighter turns on the heat

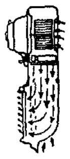
Now—Duo-Therm home heaters that light themselves automatically! You never need matches, paper or lighter rod! No stooping! No guessing!

Just turn the handy heater dial. Duo-Therm's electric SELF-Lighter lights the fire and starts the heat coming. No mess or "may-be". SELF-Lighter starts the fire for sure.

SELF-Lighter is *exclusively* yours in 5 brilliantly styled Duo-Therm circulating home heaters. All have radiant doors for fast room warm-ups . . . built-in humidifier . . . Automatic Draft Minder. Duo-Therm's Automatic POWER-AIR Blower and electric or mechanical thermostat can be added at small extra cost, for fully automatic forced-air heating!

See the Duo-Therm heaters with SELF-Lighter at your dealer's now. Trade in your old heater for one of these great new Duo-Therms. Look for the SELF-Lighter display.

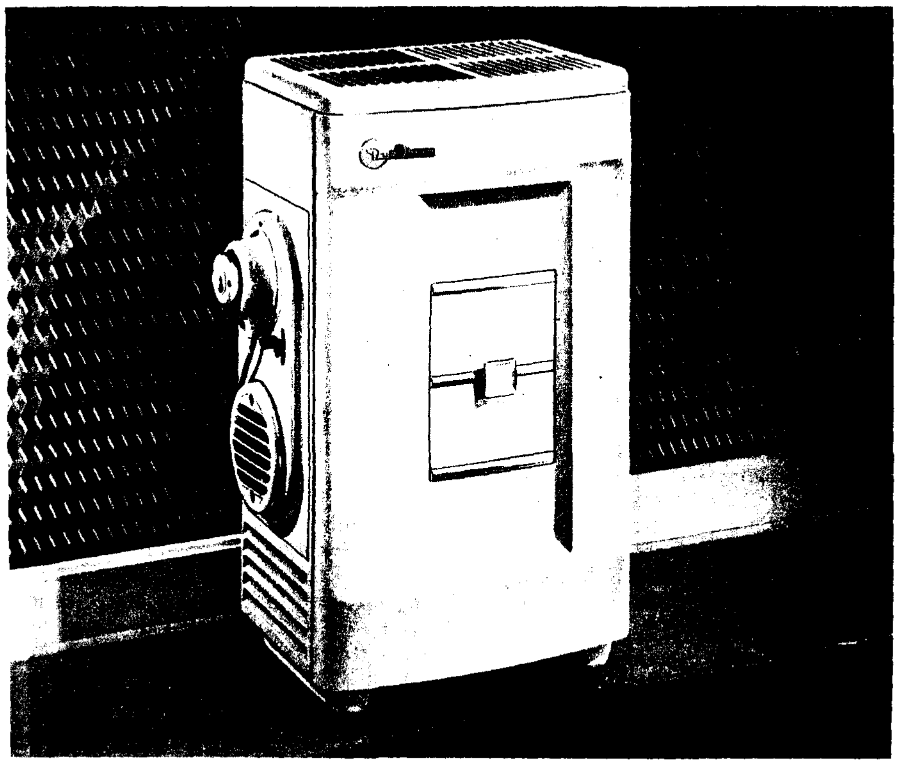
More heat from every drop of oil! Exclusive Duo-Therm Dual Chamber Burner mixes air and oil in 6 stages for a cleaner fire at every setting low to high. Quiet at all stages. No moving parts to wear out. Extra capacity for extra-cold days.



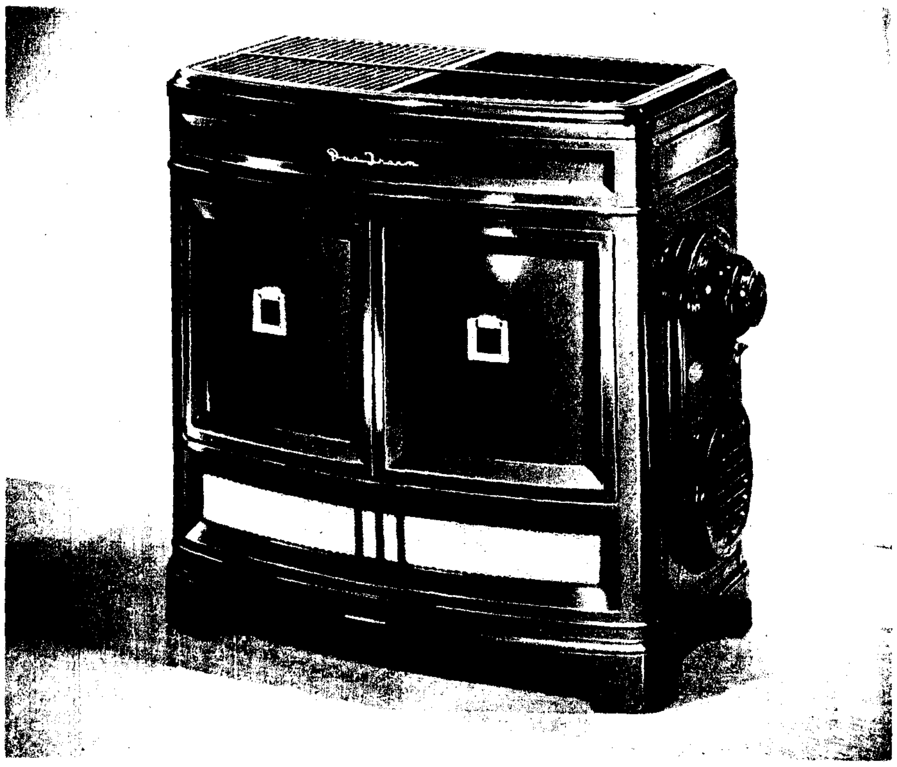
Circulates heat by force . . . saves up to 25% on fuel! Exclusive Duo-Therm Automatic POWER-AIR Blower forces heat to far corners. Drives lazy ceiling heat down for greater comfort. Turns itself on and off. Easily added to most Duo-Therm models, and pays for its slight extra cost in fuel savings.

22 Duo-Therm Oil Heaters, *from $59.95 to $169.95. Attachable fuel tanks, $8.00 and $10. SELF-Lighter models from $104.95 up. Listed as Standard by Underwriters' Laboratories.*

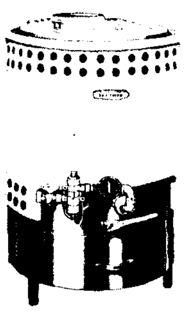
Prices slightly higher in the West



Modern-styled Duo-Therm Imperial. In 2 sizes: 41,500 and 53,000 BTU. Choice of smooth platinum or rich mahogany finish, with brass trim. 2 radiant doors.



Glamorous New Duo-Therm Windsor. 50,000 BTU. Fine-furniture styled console in lustrous mahogany finish with brass trim. 4 big radiant doors for "spot" heat.



NEW! **Duo-Therm Gas Incinerator**

Burns ALL garbage and burnable trash. Automatically gets rid of wet or dry garbage, big bones, tough rinds, all kinds of refuse. Saves you messy work and outdoor trips. Discourages rats, flies, animal pests. Safe, clean, odorless. 2 and 4-bushel models. For any type gas.

ee also Duo-Therm Gas Home Heaters • Automatic Oil and Gas Water Heaters
utomatic COMFORT-SELECTOR Oil Furnaces • Automatic Gas Floor Furnaces

More than 2 million warmly satisfied customers . . .

DUO-THERM

Always the Leader!

Division of Motor Wheel Corporation • Lansing 3, Michigan

Duo-Therm is a registered trade mark of the Motor Wheel Corp., Copyright, 1953

THIS PEN BURPS before it drinks ...but never afterwards!

A pen, like a baby, must be "burped" before it can be filled *full*. EVERSHARP's new VENTURA, with air jet exhaust, does just that — automatically. Holds up to 40% more ink.

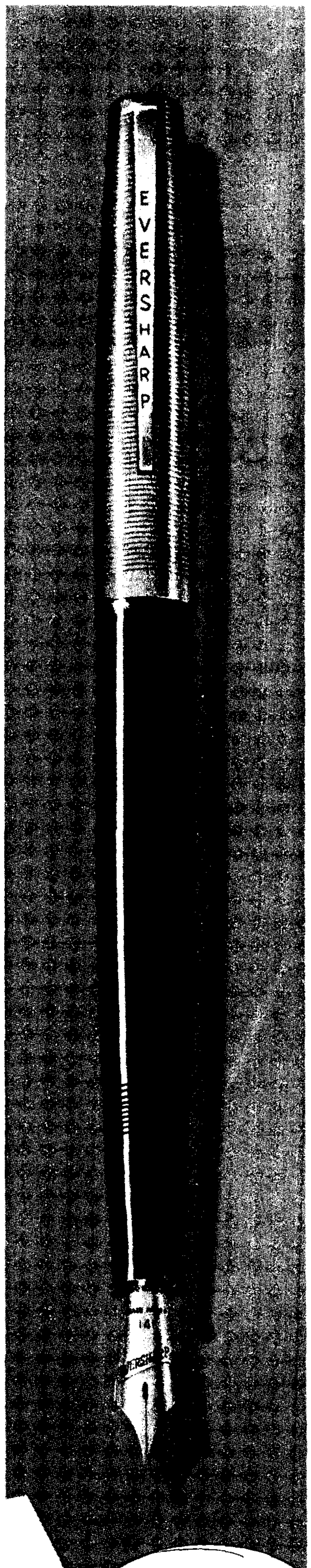
Here's the greatest back-to-school pen ever offered! Write with it! Give it every test! For performance, beauty, balance, economy. Team amazing Air Jet Exhaust with Circulatory Feed and Jet-O-Matic Filler—and you have features found in no other pen—at *any* price!

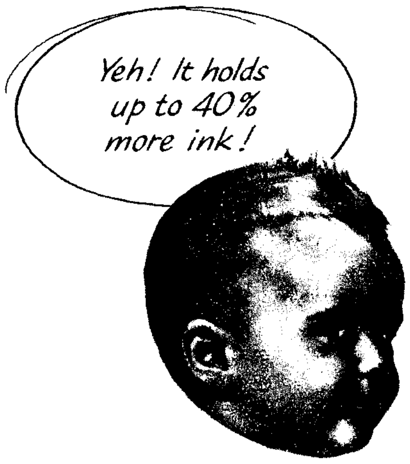
$5.00 FOR THE PEN All Fed. Taxes Incl.

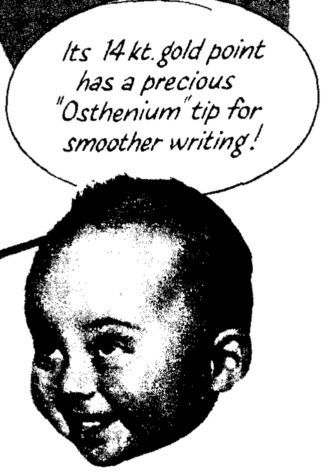
COMPLETE SET . . . with matching Repeater Pencil—gift packaged—only $8.75

NEW EVERSHARP Ventura

©1953, Eversharp Inc., 350 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.




Yeh! It holds up to 40% more ink!


Its 14 kt. gold point has a precious "Osthenium" tip for smoother writing!

easement. Then, with a feeling that was almost physical sickness, she dropped it.

"What's the matter?" Tully asked.

Sarah looked at him and felt an overwhelming misery. "Its not recorded, Tully," she said. "It's worthless. Ben can close the road."

"But Carpenter signed it," Kevin argued.

"Yes, Kevin," she said bitterly, "and Carpenter probably sold Ben the claim believing your easement would be honored. But since the easement wasn't recorded, it just doesn't exist for the new owner."

"You mean our only road to the mine is blocked?" Tully asked flatly.

Sarah nodded. "How could I do that, Tully? Don't you see, I'm the one to blame! I work in the clerk's office. I record these easements every day—and I didn't think to remind Kevin to record his." Quick tears came to her eyes, and she turned and hid her face against the arm of Tully's rough jacket.

IT WAS sleeting the next morning when Tully, just after daylight, rode horseback out of town leading a pack horse with the compressor tank lashed to its back. To skirt the roadblock and the Jote Smith claim in the jeep would have meant bushwhacking in the rain-soaked gully among tangled timber. Horses were surer.

He arrived at the camp a little after noon, soaked to the skin. In the warm cookshack, while he had a sandwich and several cups of coffee, he told Alec of Kevin's forgetting to record the easements. The news was so staggering that Alec did not even seem angry. "So what do we do?" he asked tiredly.

"Keep pitching. We've got grub for a month, and the new cook will be out this afternoon. When the parts come for the cat, I'll pack them in. Get the ore above ground. Right now the road will have to wait."

"What road?" Alec asked bitterly. "Are you going to jump the Jote Smith claim—build an overhead highway?"

"I don't know," Tully said. "There must be a way."

"What way?" Alec asked insistently. "It's forest land on either side of you. Those Forest Service characters won't let you touch it. This is wilderness area, boy. Strictly holy."

Alec had summed it up neatly. There was no road possible that would not cross the Jote Smith claim. The county would naturally refuse to condemn a right of way through the Jote Smith claim. In short, Tully could mine ore, build new bins and fill them—but he would be unable to move the ore off Vicksburg Hill.

"I'll be getting along," he said, and he began to button up his slicker.

Alec watched him morosely. "What do I tell the boys?" he asked.

"Just what I've told you," Tully said. "They get paid. The transport problem is my own."

The ride back to town was almost as dismal and cold as the ride out. Hunched in his saddle, Tully tried again to see a way out of their dilemma, but thinking of it he could only remember Sarah's misery of last night. She bitterly blamed herself for Kevin's failure to record the easements. After they had left Kevin, while she made a pot of coffee in her apartment, Tully had watched her with a growing concern. This, after all, did not really touch her materially. The Sarah Moffit Mine could peacefully die, and nothing in her life would be changed. But Sarah had seemed crushed, and when Tully had said good night and kissed her, she had clung to him almost with desperation. It was as if their common disaster had brought them a new and tender intimacy. . . .

When Tully got to town he took the rented horses back to the stable and then returned to the hotel. The clerk put a note on the counter along with his key. It was from Sarah, asking him to come over to the Nugget office.

Once in dry clothes, Tully went down the street to the restaurant and ate a quick order of ham and eggs, and then walked back to the Nugget office. Through the glass of the door, Tully could see that Sarah, Sam and Beth were waiting behind the counter inside. As Tully came in Sam lifted a hand in grim salutation.

"We've saved a box seat at the wailing wall," Sam said, pointing to the chair beside Beth. Sarah sat on Beth's desk, her legs crossed.

Tully swung the chair around, straddled it, then looked up at Sarah and caught her watching him, an open concern in her face. "Bad trip?" she asked.

"A wet one," Tully said. He shifted his weight in the chair. "Has anything else come unstuck since I left?"

Beth murmured, "What else could?"

"The first thing I did this morning was check on the land records," Sarah said. "Ben was right. Kevin's easements weren't recorded." The old look of guilt and shame fleetingly crossed her face. Then her expression altered. She lighted a cigarette and said, "Besides eating worms though, I've been doing something else. The thing that's bothered me all day is how Ben knew those easements weren't recorded."

"The land records are public, aren't they?" Sam said. "Anybody can look at them."

"That's just it. Nobody has—except Justin Byers. Other people have asked to check something, but they've always asked me to do it for them."

There was a long silence, then Sam said, "Keep talking, Sarah."

Sarah hesitated. "I got to thinking today that Byers' visits started only after the last commissioners' meeting," she said.

"The one where they bounced me around?" Tully asked.

SARAH nodded. "All right," she said, "let me tell what happened after you left." She described then how Byers had left the room and come back in a few minutes, presumably after making a telephone call, then excused himself to keep a doctor's appointment. She went on to tell of her conversation with Dr. Richards, and how she had discovered that he had never treated Justin Byers. Then she told of her call to Ann Hoffman, which had confirmed the fact that Byers had made a very private telephone call from the assessor's office.

Sam whistled softly. "Back up a minute, Sarah," he said. "What went on at the commissioners' meeting that would make Byers put in a quick call, then lie about having to leave?"

"That's just it," Sarah said. "Nothing went on except Tully's asking for help."

"Considering that Ben bought the Jote Smith claim," Beth said, "what more proof do you need that Byers told Ben?"

Suddenly Tully remembered his call at the Mahaffey yesterday morning and an idea came to him. "Beth, hasn't your brother a couple of old battle-axes working for him?" he asked.

Beth smiled. "That's right," she said "My father hired them."

Tully looked then at Sarah. "Sarah, you know them?" he asked.

"I know Olive Lindsay. Why?"

"Okay," Tully said grimly, "call Olive right now. Tell her you've been meaning to call her for the last week and just remembered it tonight. Tell her Justin Byers lost a license plate from his car about a week or ten days ago. Ask her if they found it at Mahaffey. When she says no, ask her if he wasn't out there the Monday morning of the commissioners' meeting."

Sam's soft chuckle broke in as Tully finished. "You're wily, my friend," Sam said. "You have a great future."

Tully could not tell what lay behind Sam's gentle mockery. For the moment it was disturbing. He looked at Sarah and said, "Want to call?"

Without any further hesitation, Sarah reached for the telephone. Everyone in the room heard Olive Lindsay's irritable voice as she answered. Then Sarah followed Tully's instructions and asked about the missing license plate.

Olive's quick answer was negative.

"But Justin was out there, wasn't he? It was on a Monday. The Monday of the commissioners' meeting." The receiver vibrated shrilly, and then Sarah said, "Thank you, Olive," and hung up. She looked directly at Tully. "Yes, that's where he went."

"So Byers is our boy," Sam said. "I underestimated that kid brother of yours, Beth. I didn't figure he was in the business of buying commissioners."

Beth said nothing, only watched Sam, who said benignly, "You about to pull this family-loyalty act again?"

Beth shook her head.

Sam looked at Tully. "You think Byers did it for love, Tully?" he asked.

"There's a way we can find out," Tully said slowly. He looked at Beth now, and added, "Or rather, there's a way Beth can."

Beth's eyes widened in surprise and she said, "How can I?"

"As co-owner of the bank you have every right to look at the books, haven't you?"

"I'm a director. Yes."

"Then tomorrow," Tully told her, "go in and tell Harry Bogue you want to look at the books. Check on your brother's cash withdrawals. Check on Justin Byers' cash deposits. If they jibe, within a few days, we'll have ammunition for a grand jury."

Beth said softly, "All right, Tully. I'll check for you."

But Tully wasn't finished. He said, "You own stock in the Mahaffey, Beth?"

Beth laughed shortly. "About half of it," she said.

"All right, then check on the Mahaffey stockholders. Especially check on recent transfers of stock." He paused. "Can stock be transferred without your consent?" he asked.

"At first it couldn't, but that didn't last long," Beth said. "I wanted to give the widow of one of our workmen some of my stock and Ben objected. So I objected when he wanted to transfer some. Now, we just go our own ways."

"Then check the recent transfers."

"I'll do that too," Beth said grimly.

HARRY BOGUE had scarcely opened the vault the next morning when Beth Hodes came into the bank. She spoke to the assistant cashier and walked into Bogue's private office.

"Morning, Harry!" Beth said. There was something in the tone of her voice that made Bogue faintly uneasy. "I'm going to make a nuisance of myself today," Beth went on. "I want to go over the balance sheets of our depositors."

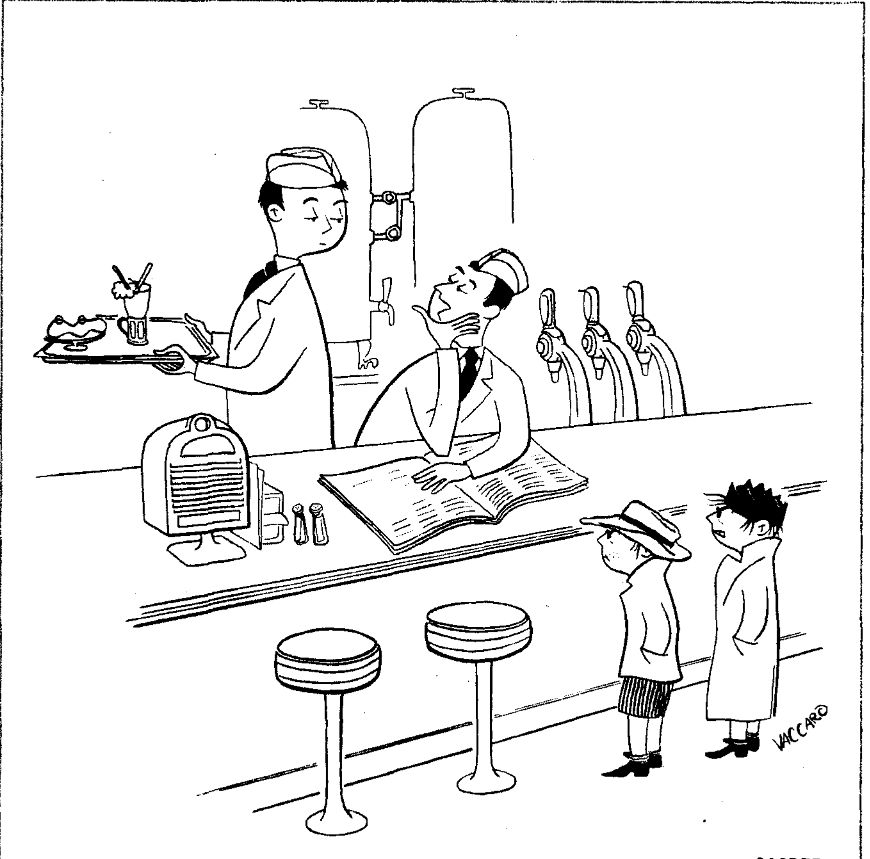
It took several seconds for Bogue to comprehend fully this strange request. Then he said curiously, "Anyone in particular?"

"Let's just start with the A's and work on through."

Bogue looked sternly at Beth and said, "You know that is highly confidential information."

"Come off it, Harry," Beth said dryly. "As a stockholder and director I can look at anything in here except the contents of safe-deposit boxes."

"True," Bogue murmured, suddenly embarrassed by Beth's bluntness. He led the way to a desk in the rear of



COLLIER'S "Do we need any protection?" GASPER VACCARO

Butterfinger
CANDY...enriched with dextrose [a food energy sugar]

Honeycombed Center with Peanut Butter and Creamy Caramel

makers of Baby Ruth, Coconut Grove, Caramel Nougat, Dip *candy bars,* Saf-T-Pops, Fruit Drops *and* Mints

the anteroom, and then wheeled in the truck containing the first half dozen balance-sheet ledgers.

Beth thanked him, and Bogue left her. Retreating to his office he contemplated the calendar on the wall. Something was happening. He had heard about the quarrel between Beth and her brother. He had refused to discuss it in public, but in private with Mrs. Bogue he had speculated with deep interest on the cause of the quarrel and its effect upon him. He had agreed with his wife that he should take neither side—up to a point. When that point was reached, he must place himself definitely on the side of Ben.

NOW, as he watched, he saw Beth go over to the bookkeeper. In a moment the bookkeeper got up, went back to the vault and presently came out with several boxes of microfilm containing photographs of canceled checks, which she inserted in the special projector.

Bogue watched the bookkeeper slowly turn the crank of the projector. Beth watched the screen for a couple of minutes, then dismissed the girl and handled the crank herself. Suddenly Bogue's telephone rang.

The jangle startled him and he swore softly before closing the door to answer it. He spent the next fifteen minutes discussing details of an insurance policy with one of the local garage owners. When he hung up, Beth had gone.

By now the bank's doors were open and Bogue was in the thick of the day's business. But memory of Beth's visit lay in the back of his mind, building up into a nagging, indefinable worry.

It took just one telephone call to push him to his decision. It came at about eleven o'clock. Bogue instantly recognized the irritable voice of Olive Lindsay. "Yes," Harry answered.

"Something's going on out here and I don't know what to do about it," Olive told him. "Beth's been out here wanting to see the company books. She's in Ben's office now with a list of stockholders. What do I do?"

Bogue frowned, then said, "If you want to keep your job, you let her."

He could hear Olive snort. "She's up to no good, you can bet," she said.

"That's not for you to judge," Bogue said stuffily. Gently he hung up the telephone. A few seconds later he lifted the receiver, dialed the operator and said, "Long-distance, get me the Brown Palace in Denver. I want to speak to Mr. Ben Hodes, person-to-person.". . .

Sarah, Tully and Sam Horne were in the restaurant having coffee when Beth came in. As she approached their booth, Tully tried to read in her face the news she had for them. There was no elation there, nothing but a kind of baffled concern. Beth slipped into the seat beside Sam. He asked brusquely, "What did you turn up?"

"At the bank, nothing," she said. "Ben wrote one check for cash for five hundred dollars. I'm sure that was to pay for his convention trip. Byers had a couple of small deposits, but they were both by check."

Tully felt a leaden weight of discouragement. Beneath the tabletop, Sarah reached over and put her hand in his as if in silent sympathy.

"And at the Mahaffey?" Sam asked.

"I got the list of stockholders and the list of recent stock transfers," Beth said, delving into her purse. "Frankly, they don't mean anything to me."

"Any within the last ten days?" Tully asked.

Beth consulted her list. "Yes, one last week," she said. "Ten shares to the Gold Medal Livestock Association, whatever that is."

"What's the address?" Tully asked.

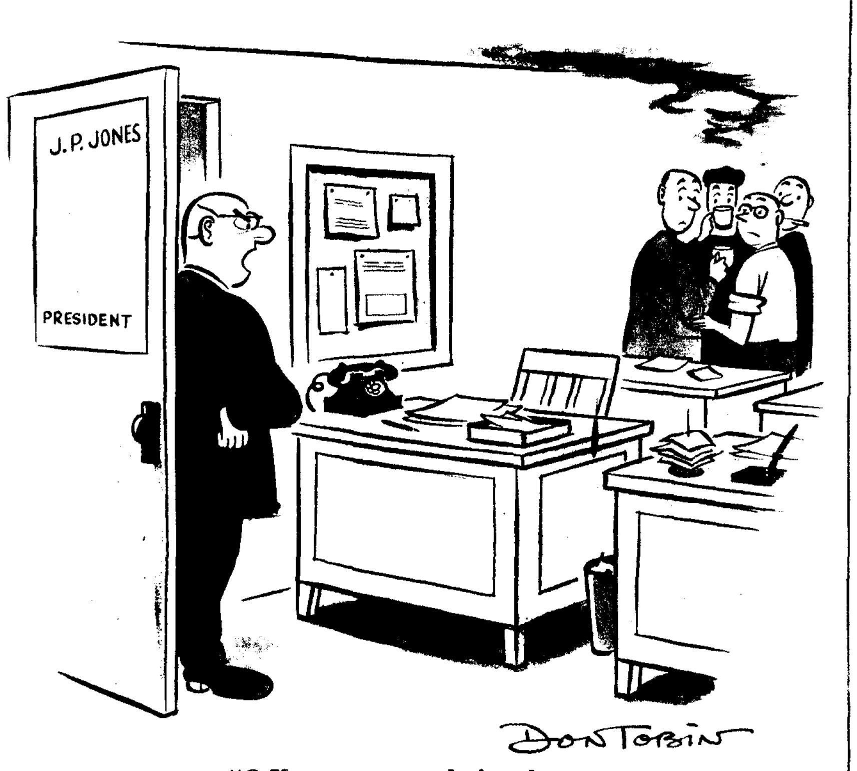
Again Beth consulted her paper. "Galena."

"Ben in the cattle business?" Tully asked. "Does that make sense, Beth?"

Beth shrugged her shoulders. "News to me," she said.

Sarah said softly then, "Wait a minute. Let me get on the phone, Tully."

Tully got up and followed Sarah back to the telephone booth in the rear. When he heard her ask for long-distance and then for the county clerk at the Galena County Courthouse, he dutifully held out a handful of change. When Sarah had reached her party, she identified herself as the deputy county clerk at Azurite. Then she said, "Your county has a file of trade-name affidavits. I wonder if you'd look up the Gold Medal Livestock Association affidavit. I'd like to know whose signatures appear on it."



COLLIER'S

"O.K. now, gang, let's take a ten-minute break for work!"

DON TOBIN

Sarah settled back against the wall, looking up at Tully. "State law," she told him. "Anybody doing business under anything but his own name has to file a trade-name affidavit. It's—" Sarah straightened up and said into the telephone, "Yes?"

She listened intently, and then said quickly, "I've got it. Thank you very much." She hung up then. "The Gold Medal Livestock Association affidavit was signed by Justin Byers and William Wishnack," she said.

BY NOON Sarah had come to an important decision. She knew now that Tully had his weapon, which he'd use ferociously against Ben. Chances were that Ben was checked for good.

That left one more thing to clean up, Sarah decided—the matter of Tully's dishonesty. It was only fair to Kevin to tell him, and yet she shrank from seeing him. Today she had avoided him once. It had been Sam who took the good news to old Kevin that morning while she had been busy getting a ride for Tully on a truck going to Galena. And yet Kevin must be told and told soon, Sarah decided.

That afternoon when she locked up the office, her mind was made up. But as she headed toward the apartment, her resolution began to waver. Once Tully was home with photostats of the trade-name affidavit, it would be a time for celebration. It seemed cruel to wreck their good spirits by stripping Tully of all honor in front of Kevin.

A block ahead of her she saw Beth leave the Nugget office and she knew that Sam would be alone. On impulse she turned into the office. Sam looked up from his typewriter and grinned. "Tully get off?" he asked.

Sarah nodded and asked, "What did Kevin say?"

"Say?" Sam echoed. "He couldn't say anything. He just stood there and grinned like a kid walking into the living room on Christmas morning." He scowled suddenly. "What's the trouble? You don't look very happy."

"All right, I'm not," Sarah said. "Sam, I think it's time to tell Kevin about Tully. Don't you?"

"Me?" Sam asked. "I've got no thoughts on the subject."

"That means you don't think it's time."

"All right, no, I don't," Sam said.

"But Kevin was our first friend, wasn't he?" Sarah demanded. "Why shouldn't we protect him?"

Sam stared thoughtfully out the window. "Maybe the kid's working something out for himself, Sarah."

"No, he's just got that kind of a mind—shifty, evasive and always on the lookout for number one."

"You don't like him, you mean?" Sam asked.

"Damn it, that's just what I *don't* mean!" Sarah said miserably. "I do like him. I just think it's my duty to tell Kevin."

"That's a horrible word, duty," Sam said dryly. "It makes tattletales out of little boys, it keeps men married to wives they should have deserted years ago, and it keeps women mothering drunks."

Sarah was silent a long moment. "What are you trying to tell me, Sam?"

"I'm trying to tell you to keep that cute little nose out of other people's business," Sam said flatly. "All right, so Tully's a nice, dishonest guy. Still, he's going to make Kevin a buck along with the one he makes for himself. Why do you care? Are you going to marry him?"

"No," Sarah said angrily.

Suddenly Sam smiled and said, "Let it lay, kid, let it lay."

Sarah picked up her purse and said, "You're a *big* help, Sam. Okay, I'll let it lay."

TULLY could barely see the lights of the Galena station for the driving snow. Sometime while he was in the photographer's darkroom waiting for the prints to be finished the storm had begun, and he wondered if they were getting it in Azurite and at camp.

He went into the chilly station, bought his ticket and went out the opposite door onto the platform alongside the train. On his way down the platform to the lone passenger car, he met the same brakeman who'd been on duty when Tully first hit Azurite.

"Hi, Lieutenant," the brakeman said, recognizing him.

"Just mister," Tully said grinning.

Just then the engine bell began to clang and the brakeman consulted his watch, then signaled the engineer. "Better climb up," he said to Tully.

When Tully entered the coach he saw that it was almost empty. But a couple of elderly women, shapeless in their winter coats, were blocking the aisle, so Tully took the first seat available as the train began to move.

He stared moodily out into the night, his thoughts on the day's happenings. It had been the wildest kind of luck that Beth had turned up what she had at the Mahaffey. Yet, if it hadn't been for Sarah and her knowledge of county affairs, they might still be wondering who the Gold Medal Livestock Association was.

Someone came down the aisle toward him and went into the washroom, but Tully did not turn from the window. By next week the Sarah Moffit would be operating again, but before that happened he must do something. He must, he knew, tell Kevin about the letters. He had lived with his feeling of guilt long enough to be wearied to his very soul.

He heard the washroom door open and turned his head automatically to see who his fellow passenger was.

He was looking at Ben Hodes.

At sight of Tully, Hodes stopped abruptly, a look of blank surprise on his heavy face. He was wearing the dark overcoat, dark hat and dark blue suit of a prosperous traveler to the city.

For a bewildered moment Tully tried to account for Hodes's presence here. It occurred to him then that Ben hadn't driven his car to the mining meeting—probably because of the new snows on the high passes. A kind of elation tightened Tully's chest as he said dryly, "Hi, neighbor."

Ben scowled. "You been to the convention too?" he said.

Tully shook his head, remembering the photostat in his pocket, and then he thought, Why not here? Why not now? He motioned Ben to sit down beside him. Then, reaching into his pocket, he drew out a Manila envelope, took out one of the photostats of the Gold Medal Livestock Association trade-name affidavit and wordlessly handed it to Hodes.

Ben studied the photostat. Slowly, then, the blood surged to his face, and when he looked up, there was murder in his eyes. "Beth?" he demanded.

"Partly," Tully said. "Partly Sarah,

1 out of every [illegible] cars in America is equipped with AUTO-LITE

AUTO-LITE
AUTO-LITE
Resistor
PATENTED
U.S.A.
WATER ONLY 3 TIMES A YEAR
AUTO-LITE
sta-ful
Auto

• Outstanding quality and performance have made more than 400 Auto-Lite products for cars, trucks, tractors, planes, boats and industry world famous . . . convincing proof, "You're always right with Auto-Lite."

Auto-Lite Bull's Eye Sealed Beam Units are designed for safe night driving. They concentrate more light on the road . . . burn even when the lens is cracked or broken.

Auto-Lite "Sta-ful" Batteries need water only 3 times a year in normal car use. And they last longer!

Auto-Lite Wire and Cable, in spools and package sets . . . a standard of quality for every automotive, marine, aviation and industrial electrical use.

Auto-Lite Spark Plugs . . Ignition Engineered to give top performance in your car . . . include a complete line of Resistor, Standard, Transport and Marine types.

Auto-Lite Original Service Parts include generators, voltage regulators, starting motors, distributors, coils and thousands of electrical and mechanical component parts engineered for best car performance.

THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY • TOLEDO 1, OHIO

SELECTED FOR

"PACEMAKER"

National HOMES®

Especially designed for closet or alcove installation. Available with side grille at right or left, or without side grille.

STEWART-WARNER

OIL AND GAS-FIRED *Wall Furnaces*

In keeping with National Homes' policy of selecting only equipment of genuine merit, Stewart-Warner Wall Furnaces have been approved for their latest "Pacemaker" homes.

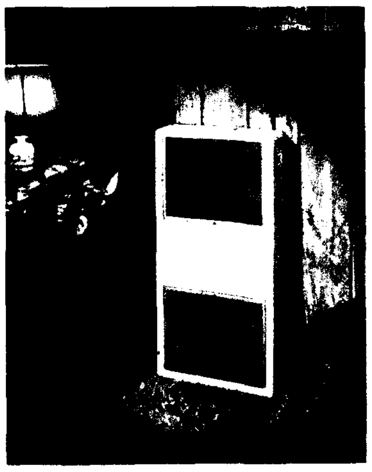
This is really de luxe *automatic central* heating for the small home—with a choice of *thermostatically controlled* oil or gas firing. The Stewart-Warner Wall Furnace is modern in every detail of appearance and efficiency... fits snugly in the wall... doesn't waste an inch of living space. It's smartly styled, handsomely finished.

With this wall furnace in your home you'll have uniform warmth throughout ...automatic fan operation ends the discomfort of ordinary "off and on" heating. Warm air flows from both front and side grilles, or from the front only if desired. In addition, an abundance of *radiant* heat is furnished—directed to the floor where heat is needed most.

SAF-AIRE GAS HEATING

The ideal heating unit for add-on or hard-to-heat rooms

Cleaner, safer heating for one room or entire house... thermostat control if desired. Flame is sealed in the heat exchanger for safety and combustion efficiency. Ideal for heating additions to your home...for enclosed porches, garages, workshops, bathrooms, attic apartments and other hard-to-heat rooms. Uses no chimneys, ducts or electricity. Can be easily installed in an outside wall at any level. Burns all gases, including L.P.



SAFETY SEALED

SEND TODAY FOR DESCRIPTIVE LITERATURE

A PRODUCT OF SW STEWART WARNER

STEWART-WARNER CORPORATION

U. S. MACHINE DIVISION

Dept. D103, Lebanon, Indiana

partly me, but mostly that block of solid oak under your hat."

Ben could only glare at him, and now Tully leaned forward. "Unbutton your coat and relax," he invited. "We're going to have some conversation."

"I bet," Hodes said bitterly.

"Tomorrow morning," Tully began, "you're going to call up Wishnack and Byers and tell them what I want. First, I want the county's cat to clear away that roadblock. Then I want the cat rented to me. Mine will be repaired in a week, but I can use two." He paused. "Who was it that shot at me, Ben? Who smashed the fuel pump? Who sugared the compressor tank?"

Hodes said nothing.

"Whoever it was, Ben, you'd better call them off tonight. And another thing—I want an easement through the Jote Smith claim. I want it recorded tomorrow morning. Then, when I get the road finished," Tully continued, "I'll want to rent a four-wheel drive from the county. I'll also want the county to maintain that road during the heavy snows, or else pay my crew to maintain it with my rented equipment. I'm saving the best for the last, Ben." Tully paused, a faint smile on his face. "I'll be obliged for a ninety-day extension on my note. I'm sure you'll be happy to fix me up. Also, you're in the custom-milling business now. You're going to mill my ore at the Mahaffey."

Hodes's voice was thick with anger. "If I don't?" he said.

"A grand jury gets this photostat."

Hodes had never taken his eyes from Tully, and now he said, "My friend, all this may happen, but for you it will happen from a hospital bed."

Tully felt a wry amusement. Ben was predictable; his ultimate recourse was always to violence. "You never learn, do you?" he gibed. Ben got up abruptly and walked back down the car. Tully relaxed against the seat.

The brakeman came into the car now and called, "You ready, ladies?"

Tully looked up and saw the two women putting on their hats. To the brakeman he said, "What's up?"

"We're letting these two ladies off at the schoolhouse crossing. Shorter trip home for them."

THE train began to slow now, and the two women came down the aisle toward the door. Behind them came Ben Hodes. He had taken off his overcoat and suit coat and tie, and now he paused at Tully's seat. "I think it better be now, Junior," he said.

Tully frowned and got slowly to his feet. "In here?" he asked. He looked about him. "It's a little crowded."

"Turning chicken, huh?" Hodes asked levelly.

In answer Tully began taking off his down jacket as Ben said, "Come on then." Before Tully could ask where, Hodes went out the door, down the train steps, and out onto the gravel alongside the tracks. Tully followed him down the steps, where the brakeman, lantern lighted, was standing in the snow talking to the husbands of the two women. A car's headlights lighted up the night with twin beams.

"Hoagy, you in a hurry?" Ben asked the brakeman, reaching in his pocket and pulling out a bill. It was a fifty, Tully saw. "Split it with the crew," Ben said. "Just keep this train here until we're finished."

The brakeman pocketed the bill, and asked, "Doing what?"

"You'll see." Ben looked at Tully. "Come along," he said heavily. He turned and walked up toward the engine. He's crazy, Tully thought, but a pride just as grim as Hodes's, made him follow. He was aware that the ranchers and their wives, as well as the brakeman, were following him.

BEN went on by the engine cab and halted just beyond the cowcatcher. The engine's headlight lighted up a vast world of swirling white snow. Ben lifted his arm now and pointed ahead to a level stretch along the right of way. "What about there?"

"Lead off," Tully said.

Hodes tramped out into the driving storm to the level spot. Tully followed, with the two women, their husbands, the brakeman and the engineer trailing behind. No one spoke.

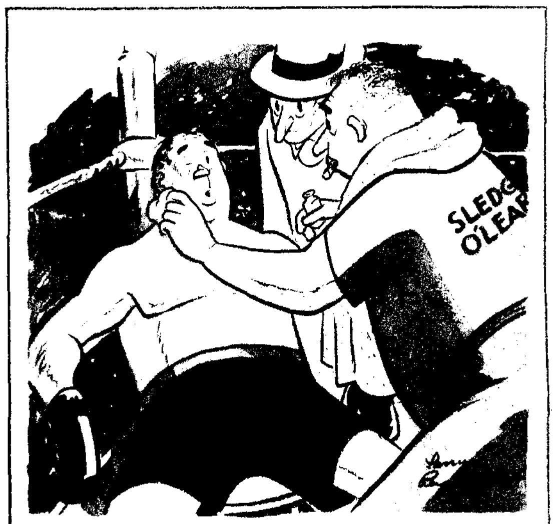
Ben, his shirt already plastered wet against his massive chest, stopped. And the moment Tully stopped, Ben came at him. It took Tully only five seconds to find out that he'd better get his back to the engine headlight. Something he did not see in that blinding glare caught him in the chest and knocked him flat.

He rolled over quickly in the wet snow, came to his feet and circled to his right. Ben charged again, and Tully nimbly skipped farther to his right. Then he saw Ben wheel, halt and squint against the glare of the headlight.

Tully wasted no time. He came at Ben with merciless speed; and with every ounce of his weight behind his left arm, he drove his fist high into Ben's solar plexus. With the butt of his right palm, he drove his hand into Ben's shelving jaw, lifting. The two blows were almost simultaneous. Ben stepped back, fighting the need to bend over, and Tully closed in again. This time he wanted to mark him. Time and again he slashed at Ben's face, driven by an impatient, swelling fury. He could see the blood gushing from Ben's nose, staining his once-white shirt.

Now Ben lunged straight at Tully in a diving tackle. Tully felt Ben's massive arms wrap around his thigh and he felt himself lifted.

Tully landed with a bone-crushing jar on the frozen ground. The fall had broken Ben's grasp, and Tully raised his knee into Ben's face. He heard Ben's



"I really feel sorry for th' guy. I wouldn't wanna have what he's doin' to me on *my* conscience"

COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS

groan, found one leg free and kicked savagely at Ben's head. Ben rolled away, cursing wildly, but Tully was quicker. He came up in a crouch and dived at Ben, landing across his body and driving it into the snow. Tully straddled him and with a savage heave turned him on his back. Relentlessly then, his knuckles bleeding, he drove blow after blow at Ben's head. He felt Ben's body buckling under him, and with stubborn ferocity he hit harder.

Ben's body suddenly lay still, and then Tully was aware that someone was holding his arms. He fought furiously to free himself, but he could not. He was dragged to his feet and held erect. Head hanging, leaning against the brakeman and the engineer, he spent a full minute fighting for breath. Then he raised his head and looked at the man on his right.

It was Hoagy, who said, "That guy bought himself a package."

Tully turned to look down at Ben, who was still lying motionless. One of the ranchers was bent over him, his bare hand placed on Ben's bloody shirt over his heart. "Well, you never killed him," the rancher said cheerfully.

Tully pushed away from the brakeman and the engineer, and stumbled back toward the train. He heard Hoagy say to the engineer, "Well, he bought a ticket, so I guess we load him."

TULLY was first off the train at Azurite, and he did not wait to see how the train crew would handle Hodes. His hands were throbbing in spite of the soaking he had given them in the tepid water in the washroom, and he was enormously tired. He went down past the panting engine, skirted it, and headed for Kevin's house.

Once in the river bottom, he could see the house, with the lights still on. He was glad, but in any case he would have waked Kevin, since he felt now, more than ever, that he must square things with the old man tonight.

He crossed the yard, went onto the porch and knocked at the door. It was Sarah who answered. "Oh, you're back," she said, and smiled. "Everything go all right?" Then, as he stepped inside to the light, Sarah exclaimed, "Tully! What happened to your face?"

Tully felt suddenly defeated. For a fleeting moment he resented Sarah's presence, and then he thought: She's got to hear it too sometime.

"My face?" he said, trying to grin. "Ben was on the train. We got a few things settled—like county help on the road, like an extension on my note at the bank, like renting more equipment, like using his mill."

Old Kevin appeared in the kitchen doorway now and said, "Come on out, boy. Take off your things."

"I'm still cold," Tully said, hoping this excuse to keep on his jacket would seem natural. He knew that his bruised hands and bloodstained shirt would be an unpleasant sight, and he also knew that if he exposed them he would be diverted from what he had come to do.

He followed Sarah and Kevin into the kitchen. They had been drinking coffee, and now Sarah, as Tully sat down in one of the chairs, took the big pot from the stove and poured him a cup. Old Kevin settled himself gently into a chair and smiled at Tully.

"Busy day, son, wasn't it?" he said. "It's coming almost too fast for me." Tully kept his gloved hands in his lap, and he was aware that Sarah, at the stove, was watching him alertly, as if sensing something was amiss.

Tully took a deep breath. "It's not over yet, Mr. Russel," he began. "I guess it's time I mixed some of the bad with the good. I'm sorry it has to be this way."

Kevin frowned. "What way is that?" he asked.

"I'm a crook, Mr. Russel," Tully said flatly "You see, I didn't like your son Jimmy. In fact, I hated his guts. Twice I sat on promotions for him." Tully paused. Kevin's face showed only kindly patience.

"Still," Tully continued, "no matter how much you dislike a man you talk with him—especially if you're both hurt and captured and lying fifty miles behind enemy lines. I already knew some of Jimmy's background. It was while we were prisoners that he told me about the Vicksburg claims. I also knew that Jimmy was going to die. He had gangrene, and there just weren't enough doctors."

Again Tully paused, knowing how cruel his words were and how necessary. Sarah, while Tully was talking, had come over to stand beside Kevin. She was watching Tully with an expression that he could not fathom. She seemed almost pleased.

Tully went on doggedly, "I had set my mind on a fast buck. I got to thinking I'd fought enough of the other guys' war while they were making dough. I knew I'd be out as soon as I was well. But to what?—a company job that maybe I wasn't well enough to hold down?" Tully shook his head. "That didn't seem very smart when, with a little luck, I could make a play for the big kill. By that time Jimmy was too far gone to stop me even if he'd known what I was going to do."

Kevin nodded. "You were going to write me pretending you were a stranger writing for Jimmy," he said. "You were going to say what a wonderful man Lieutenant Tully Gibbs was. You were going to say it so often in those letters from Jimmy that I'd believe it. You hoped to get a share in the Vicksburg claims."

Tully stared at him. "How did you know I wrote those letters?"

Old Kevin smiled gently. "Why, to begin with, those letters just didn't sound like Jimmy. All his life I never heard him say a good word about anyone. That got me suspicious. So when you showed up, I went up to the hotel and asked to see your registration card. It was the same handwriting as was in those letters. You wrote them all, praising yourself. I figured if a man thought he was that good, he ought to be allowed to prove it. I figured as long as you were on the level with me, I'd keep quiet. You were—and I did."

Tully nodded once, and said bleakly, "Well, I'm glad you know." He grimaced. "I'm strictly rock, Mr. Russel—no showing worth a damn." And he raised his glance to Sarah.

WITHOUT speaking, Sarah skirted the table, bent over and kissed him on the mouth.

In total bewilderment, Tully looked from her to Kevin, who was smiling. "I'd suggest," old Kevin said, "that you carry on from here, son."

So that's the way it was, Tully thought. Old Kevin Russel, shrewd, patient and forgiving, had gambled on him—hoping his ambition, his greed and his stupid dishonesty would burn out of him with time. And they had.

Tully felt his throat tighten with emotion. In a moment he looked up at Sarah again. "You heard the man," Sarah said. "The same goes for me."

—LUKE SHORT

Beauty with a future

PORCELAINIZE®

The car in your garage is "your baby," too. You can retain and maintain the beauty so evident in its newest hours with Porcelainize, the "World Standard for Fine Automobile Appearance."

Porcelainize, and only Porcelainize, protects the finish and prolongs the "always-new" look. For Porcelainize is not a coating of any kind but a chemical *treatment* to produce a tough, dry, mirror-like surface with the strength to keep its beauty and the stamina to provide month after month of all-weather, all-climate paint protection.

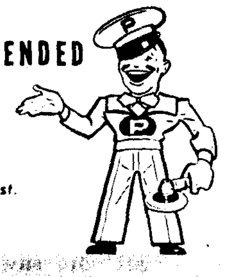
Porcelainize stands alone as the ultimate in protection for the major investment your car represents. Arrange an appointment with your New Car Dealer now. Then ride with pride!

Write for Free Informative Booklet, "The Story of Porcelainize."

PORCELAINIZE SUPERIORITY IS OFFICIALLY RECOMMENDED

Today more automobile factories* have tested and approved Porcelainize than have ever approved any other method of automobile appearance maintenance.

*Names furnished on request.



For New or Older Cars... Applied Only By New Car Dealers

FREEMAN & FREEMAN, INC., DENVER 3, COLORADO

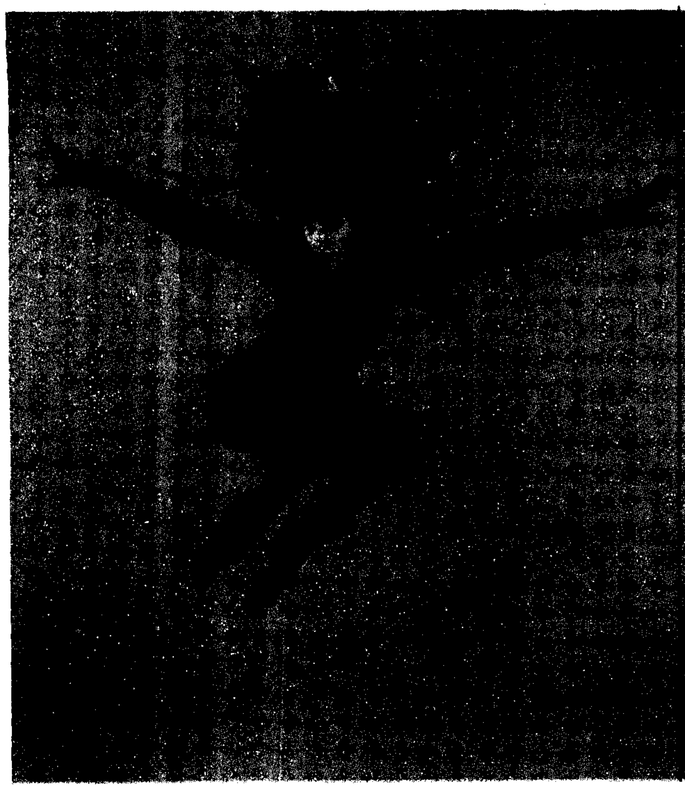
COLLIER'S COLOR CAMERA

Mixing the Mambo

This is a white crane in the ancient jungles of Africa. Its movements stirred primitive imaginations, urged savages to imitation . . .

. . . in Uganda, the Watusi tribesmen—according to legend—adapted the undulating motions of the big bird to ritual dances which are still performed . . .

. . . but one day Watusi, among other African came to America. They brought their rhythm with them, and their dances. And the U.S. got .



And this is a fighting cock in colorful old Spain. It was cruel and ruthless, but it made all who saw it want to copy its grace . . .

. . . out of the urge to pose and posture and leap like the cock, Spanish men—say the old gypsy tales—developed the dance known as flamenco . . .

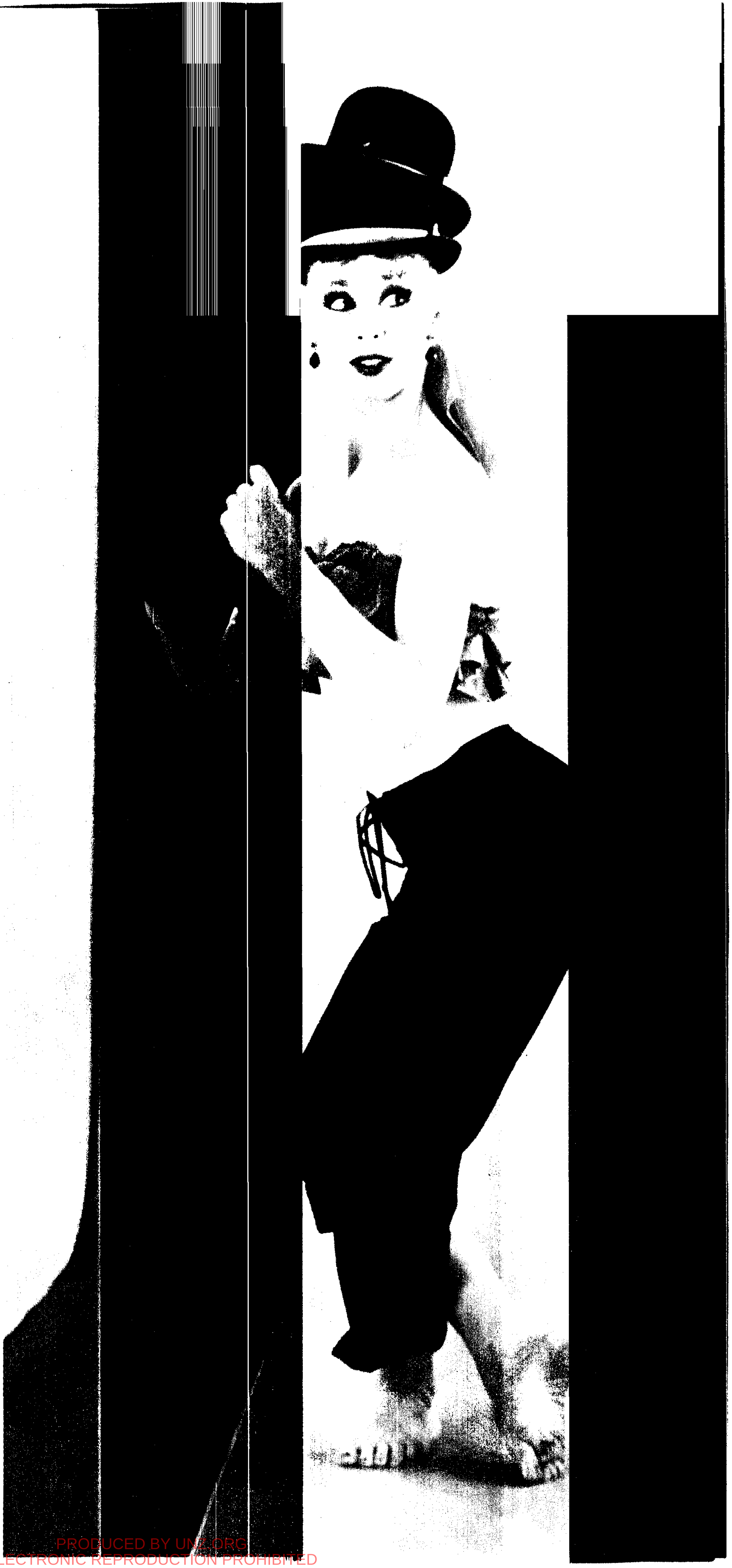
. . . because flamenco is a flirtatious dance needed a woman to bring it to life. When the N World was opened it came to South America .

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ORMOND GIGLI

Gwen Verdon, a star of the Broadway musical Can-Can, is a serious student of her art, as well as a facile dancer. Here she traces, in words and fancy footwork, the evolution of today's mambo from its wriggling origins in primitive Africa and Spain

. jazz—a red-hot wedding of music that makes you ove, and dances as old as the hills. And out of the edding came the Lindy, the Big Apple and jitterbug

. and grew into an effervescent concoction known the rumba. In the States, rumba met and mixed th the Lindy, and so the mambo (right) was born



Continuing The Plight of the HONEST COP

“It's Tough, Very Tough

What's a cop to do when he's asked to risk his life without making a living wage—and

By ALBERT DEUTSCH

FOR many years the logging and seaport community of Eureka, California, has been known as a wide-open town, where commercialized prostitution flourished. To be sure, the vice dens were periodically raided and their inmates fined, but the fines were in effect a sort of disguised license fee; after each raid, the prostitutes returned to the same old stand.

Not long ago a fifteen-year-old girl was found among the inmates of one house. At about the same time there came to the notice of California's attorney general, Edmund G. Brown, the story of a second girl of fifteen who had been picked up by a man in another city and taken to Eureka, where she said she was placed in three bordellos successively, with her sponsor pocketing her earnings. She told officials that other adolescents like herself had been transported to Eureka's bawdyhouses, and that she had seen local policemen being entertained in the houses she worked in.

Brown turned over this and other evidence to local law-enforcement officials, urging action. Nothing happened. Several follow-up communications were likewise ignored.

Finally Brown himself acted, under a statute requiring him to ensure uniform law enforcement throughout the state. He sent in state investigators, who enlisted the aid of three local policemen in gathering evidence. When they had enough, they and the county district attorney cracked down on six houses of prostitution. Then events began to move.

Eureka's police chief suspended the three cops who had helped the state officials. The mayor, siding with the cops, suspended the police chief—then reinstated him. Then the Eureka City Council fired the three policemen. Last June, Eureka held a local election. The mayor didn't seek to

o Buck the System”

es his colleagues making up the difference in graft? He wants to be honest, but . . .

succeed himself, but ran for the city council against an incumbent who had played a leading role in firing the three cops.

The dismissal became a major campaign issue—and the incumbent councilman won over the mayor by a comfortable majority.

The policemen? They stayed fired—which is what happens in Eureka to cops who live up to their oath.

In Covington, Kentucky, where gambling has been wide open, a policeman dared seize two slot machines operated illegally in a store. According to testimony before the U.S. Senate Crime Investigating Committee, a representative of the slot-machine syndicate thereupon rushed into the police station and bawled out the cop in front of his superior officer.

A short time later, the offending cop was suspended on a charge of drinking while on duty and was so harassed from then on that he quit the police force.

Why is the honest cop so often hounded for trying to do his sworn duty? How can it happen?

When I asked experts throughout the country, they generally echoed the pithy response of Police Chief William H. Parker of Los Angeles, widely recognized as a top admininstrator:

"Lack of public confidence and co-operation, and unwarranted political interference."

The California Special Crime Study Commission, following an extensive investigation, endorsed Parker's view. "More often than not, the police have more zeal for law enforcement than do the people who employ them," the commission said, and cited the example of Seal Beach in southern California, where the city fathers actually offered big-time racketeers special inducements to open a large gambling casino. Action by the state attorney general was needed to close the gambling joint; political pressure made local police powerless.

Three great areas of illegal activity—gambling, prostitution and narcotics traffic—comprise the soft underbelly of our law-enforcement defenses. Through that weak spot, organized crime invades whole cities and towns—paying off judges, district attorneys, politicians and police officers to betray their public trust.

Millions of people who'd call themselves "good citizens" contribute to the coffers of these organized criminals; many of our vice laws are either unpopular or of little concern to them. As a result, police officers are prevented or discouraged by public opinion from enforcing the laws they are sworn to uphold.

Galveston Officials Asked to Explain

The Texas Legislative Crime Investigating Committee, which reported its findings a few months ago, manifested a special interest in the wide-open city and county of Galveston. The commission asked local officials why gambling, illegal liquor traffic and prostitution were widespread there.

The mayor said it was because the people of Galveston wanted it that way. The police chief testified that he enforced only those laws the police commissioner told him to enforce. The sheriff of Galveston County explained that he hadn't raided a large gambling casino during his 18 years in office because he was not a member and couldn't get in. (Actually, the committee noted, he still owed the casino some food bills he had chalked up as a patron.)

Police officers who are more anxious to retain their jobs than to observe their oaths often develop convenient blind spots to protected crime. Police Detective Walter F. Ahearn of Saratoga Springs, New York, told Senate crime investigators he had never looked into any of several wide-open gambling joints. When asked if it wasn't the job of a detective to detect, he replied: "Well, I still wanted to work . . ."

One sheriff, Walter Clark of Broward County, Florida, was asked by the Kefauver Senate Crime Investigating Committee why he seemed to be unaware of large-scale gambling operations known to nearly everybody else in his district. He answered piously: "I am not going around snooping."

Individual cops who dare to buck politico-criminal alliances may face threats of reprisal from all elements of the evil entente. When the Senate committee investigated conditions in Atlantic City, it found the famous New Jersey resort "riddled with rackets." The only gambling arrests seem to have been made by a group of patrolmen known as the Four Horsemen, who had undertaken an antirackets crusade. These cops and their families were threatened by the underworld—and from within the police department itself. At last, they were exiled to lonely, outlying beats.

Gamblers Prove Their Police Influence

Then, according to the Kefauver committee, the Four Horsemen were told by a well-known local gambler and political wheel, Stumpy Orman, that they would be restored to their former posts if they agreed not to molest gamblers any more. On the advice of a U.S. Justice Department official who wanted to test the underworld's influence on the police department, the cops accepted the deal. Within four hours, they were all back on their original posts.

Orlando W. Wilson, dean of the University of California's School of Criminology, and former police chief of Wichita, Kansas, is a seasoned expert who has surveyed many police departments, and reorganized a number of them. He knows the folly of citizens who believe corruption can be controlled where organized vice is allowed to exist.

"Where commercialized vice is tolerated," he told me, "gangsters are tempted to organize these operations and monopolize the huge profits. The take enables the racketeers to corrupt public officials—and the corruption of some policemen becomes inevitable."

Now and then the racketeers run afoul of an officer who is not only honest but smart enough to bring them to book. Such a one is Detective Lieutenant George Butler of the Dallas, Texas, Police Department, which is headed by one of the best chiefs in the business, Carl F. Hansson. Butler recently recounted to me the amazing story he told the Kefauver committee in 1950.

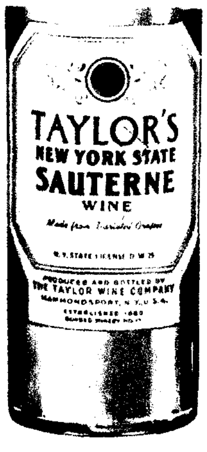
Butler's friend Steve Guthrie was elected sheriff of Dallas County in 1946. Soon afterward, Butler was approached by Paul Jones, a racketeer with a long criminal record. Jones said he represented a Chicago syndicate that was running a million-dollar-a-year business in gambling and illegal liquor traffic. The syndicate wanted to move into Dallas, and it offered these terms:

The syndicate and the new sheriff would "enter into a 50-50 partnership." If Guthrie wished to run again when his term ended, the crime syndicate would "buy off all competition and pay all of his campaign expenses." The new sheriff could "pick any friend of his he liked and trusted, and the Chicago outfit would set this friend up in the coin-machine business, furnishing him with all the capital and equipment necessary."

Jones estimated that Guthrie alone could realize $150,000 a year out of the deal, and asked Butler to arrange a meeting. Butler contacted Guthrie,

While police scandals get [illegible] police heroism is very [illegible] Shortly before he was [illegible] New York cop Edward [illegible] killed trying to [illegible]

© MAX PETER HAAS



MAKE YOUR NEXT BOTTLE

TAYLOR'S SAUTERNE

AND TASTE THE DIFFERENCE—

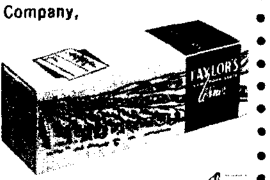
Captured Flavor!

If you want your wines light, bright, delicately dry—then Taylor's New York State Sauterne was made for you! It's the perfect table wine with chicken, turkey, fish—or any light, main course dish. Make your next bottle Taylor's Sauterne—and taste the difference...

INVITED OUT FOR DINNER?

Surprise and delight your host with a gift of Taylor's Sauterne in a handsome Taylor gift carton (at stores, where legal). He'll appreciate your good taste!

The Taylor Wine Company,
Vineyardists and Producers,
Hammondsport,
New York



CAPTURED FLAVOR
Taylor's

TAYLOR'S
NEW YORK STATE
Wines and Champagnes

from the famous cellars at
Hammondsport, New York

who agreed to co-operate with the police in seeing Jones, since it offered an unusual chance to find out how the syndicate bought its way into other towns.

Several meetings were arranged in Guthrie's home; before each one a hidden microphone was set up inside and a photographer secretly placed outside. Jones talked freely, and 42 recordings were taken with the hidden microphone, along with photographs of the men entering and leaving the meetings. The evidence was turned over to the proper authorities and Jones was tried and convicted of attempted bribery.

The Guthrie incident shows how the toleration of vice anywhere in the United States may pave the way for criminal invasions of other areas—where racketeers may find police more compliant than Butler and Guthrie. There are also other community and cultural attitudes which help account for the demoralization of many of our police forces. One such attitude is the widespread public apathy toward the special problems of the police—an apathy that tends to engender in the average policeman a sense of frustration, resentment and cynicism.

What We Expect of Our Cops

We entrust to the police the task of protecting us against criminal assault and depredation. We expect the policeman to be courteous, patient and kind under all conditions and provocations. We expect him to be familiar with all the techniques of modern police science, and to have a working knowledge of the bewildering plethora of federal, state and local laws he is sworn to enforce.

The average minion of the law must be skilled in first-aid work. He is expected to execute hazardous rescues. He must occasionally act as an emergency obstetrician. He is expected to play a leading role in civil defense. He is expected to act as friend and guide to the children on his beat. He is expected to be a master of public relations, a walking delegate for the local chamber of commerce.

What inducements do we offer to attract such paragons? Generally, low pay and long hours. Limited promotional possibilities. Sporadic public abuse. Too often, horse-and-buggy equipment for catching criminals armed with man's latest inventions. Confusing, contradictory and often unenforceable laws.

Usually, the cop is on 24-hour call. He may be called upon for special parade duty on his day off, or for policing public—or private—functions on his night off. In an emergency he may do round-the-clock duty. He must often go to court on his day off to testify. While others may be paid time and a half or double time for extra work, the average cop gets only "compensatory time off"—one hour off for every extra hour of work . . . and he's frequently asked to forget even that compensation because he cannot be spared from his routine duties.

"Too many citizens," one police chief told me, "expect us to enforce all the laws strictly—so long as it doesn't inconvenience them personally." We Americans are shocked by stories of police bribes, yet many of us think nothing of handing a traffic cop a five- or ten-dollar bill along with our license when caught in a violation of the motor-vehicle laws. A great many young men who enter police service with high ideals swiftly encounter crushing disillusionment when they find that this public invitation to corruption has been accepted by their superiors.

One young patrolman in a Midwestern city told me how, soon after he had joined the force, he angrily turned down an offender who had offered him $200 in exchange for freedom—only to find, the next day, that the culprit had found another taker for the money, and that the court case had been dismissed. The cop demanded an explanation of the court clerk, who said, "Forget the whole thing. I see you're green. You'll learn the ropes."

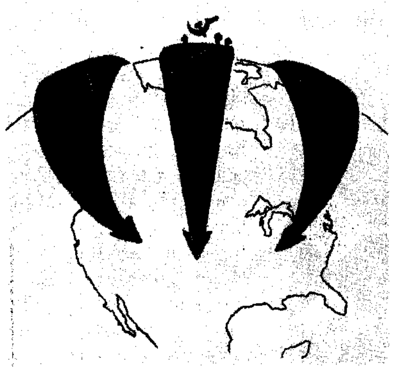
"Today," the young officer told me bitterly, "I'm taking mine like the rest."

Thus was one cop's idealistic picture of his local police force rudely shattered. In sharp and curious contrast to our own lofty concepts of what our local cops should be are our traditionally suspicious and often hostile attitudes toward police as they are. The average citizen is prone to see the cop not in his proper role as friend and protector, but as an unpleasant symbol of authority and potential trouble.

Next in Collier's

October 16th Issue
On Sale October 2d

SPECIAL REPORT



HOW READY ARE WE FOR THE Russian H-BOMB?

Officials are troubled over the possibility of a Hell-bomb attack via the pole. What's being done to prevent it? Here is the first authoritative, detailed account

When Sir Arthur Dixon, the eminent British police authority, recently visited this country, I asked him why the policeman in England is so popular with the public. Sir Arthur listed a number of reasons, but this was basic:

"We in England accept the fact that the police act for the people. We expect them to be honest—and they almost always are. We give our police the dignity befitting their important role as public protectors."

There are, of course, communities in this country—Berkeley, California, and Milwaukee, Wisconsin, are outstanding examples—where public attitudes toward the police are on a par with the English tradition, but they are exceptions.

The crime literature of England generally reflects high public regard for the police officer. Ours tends to swing violently in the opposite direction. In spite of the piously repeated slogan, "Crime does not pay," our popular stories often glamorize the criminal and poke fun at the policeman. And in our crime fiction, radio, movies and television, it is usually the lone-wolf private detective—the "private eye"—who brings the criminal to bay, not the cop. Notable exceptions are such radio and television programs as NBC's Dragnet, based on the down-to-earth scientific work of the Los Angeles Police Department, and the CBS program Broadway's My Beat, which favorably portrays a New York City police detective.

In our culture, evil tends to get better press notices than virtue. Corruption among police, when it is uncovered, invariably gets headline play; the day-to-day honesty and devotion to duty displayed by the majority of policemen usually pass without public notice. Unusual acts of heroism, even to the point of martyrdom, get a day's splash in contrast to the nine-day wonder of the police scandal.

"It's getting so it's practically a social stigma to be a cop," a Washington policeman told me.

It is idle to talk about effective repair of our broken-down police machinery without first facing up to the critical question of changing negative public attitudes and eliminating the outside pressures that weaken and sometimes paralyze our local law-enforcement services.

But that's not to deny the real need of an internal cleanup in all too many of the nation's police departments.

* * *

Everybody in Chicago who knows anything about local law enforcement knows what a "captain's man" is. Everybody, that is, except genial, silver-haired Police Commissioner Timothy J. O'Connor, who recently told an investigating body that he had heard of captain's men only through the newspapers. Police officers I questioned in Chicago shook their heads and wondered aloud how a man of 25 years' service—even a man with the commissioner's unchallenged reputation for personal honesty—could possibly help knowing about the captain's man: the cop who is appointed by his commanding officer to collect graft from the racketeers in his precinct.

"Actually," a police department official said, "Commissioner O'Connor has quietly conducted a vigorous campaign to clear all precincts of captain's men."

Here we glimpse another facet of the honest cop's plight: What should he do about lawless practices within his own department? Should he expose the activity to his superiors or to the public eye? Or should he place loyalty to his fellow policemen, even criminal cops, above his sworn duty to the public that hires him?

Don L. Kooken, professor of police administration at Indiana University—a former detective and police captain, now a nationally recognized spokesman for the Honest Cop—is a severe critic of the general failure of police agencies to clean house from within.

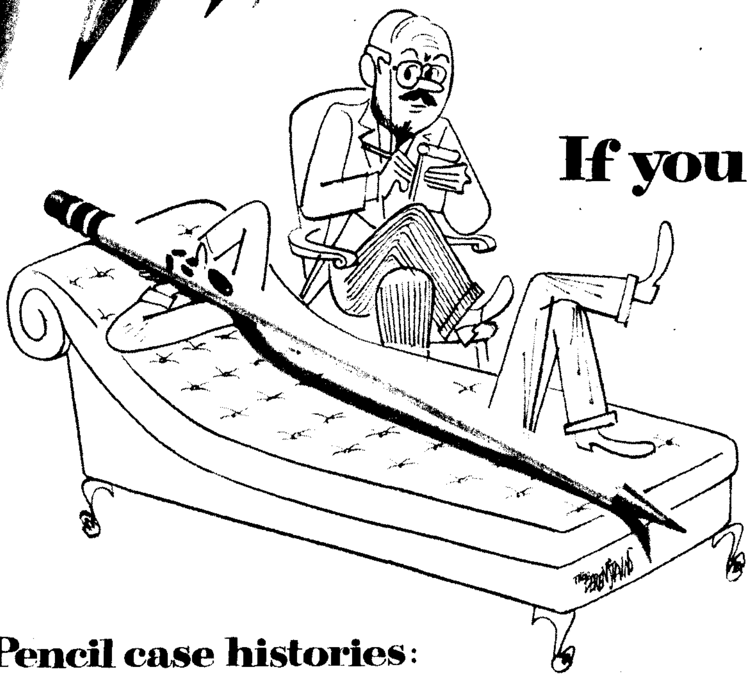
"I'm fully aware of the part crooked

The Famous Dixon
TICONDEROGA
and company...
Leadfast MADE IN U.S.A. DIXON TICONDEROGA 1388 No 2
Leadfast MADE IN U.S.A. Dixon RED ANADEL 1940
Leadfast MADE IN U.S.A. DIXON THINEX BLUE-376
MADE IN U.S.A. DIXON BEST RED-349
Leadfast MADE IN U.S.A. DIXON'S TYPHONITE ELDORADO HB
DIXON
ENDURO
No. 20

If you could psychoanalyze pencils

...you'd find they have their different appeals and aptitudes, talents and special qualities. Take for example—

DIXON TICONDEROGA. *No split personality* here. *Leadfast®* construction bonds lead to wood like a *well-integrated* family unit. Millions of folks in offices and homes are in love with Ticonderoga, the pencil with everything. *Its economy is in its quality!*



Pencil case histories:

DIXON THINEX There's no *conflict* here even though this "slim as a whisker and neat as a pin" pencil has a yen for both bookkeeping and art. Great for color sketching, map making, checking. 36 non-smudge colors.

DIXON ANADEL has a *superiority complex.* Makes beautiful watercolors. Touch a wet brush to an Anadel drawing and see for yourself! 24 colors.

DIXON FLAMINGO has a *reciprocal fascination* for newspaper men. Extra bold, extra black, extra slick, extra thick—this pencil can always be found near editors, rewrite men and copy readers.

DIXON "BEST" experiences no *frustration* when confronted with dozens of jobs from graph-making to checking. Particularly attractive to artists, engineers and architects. 36 colors.

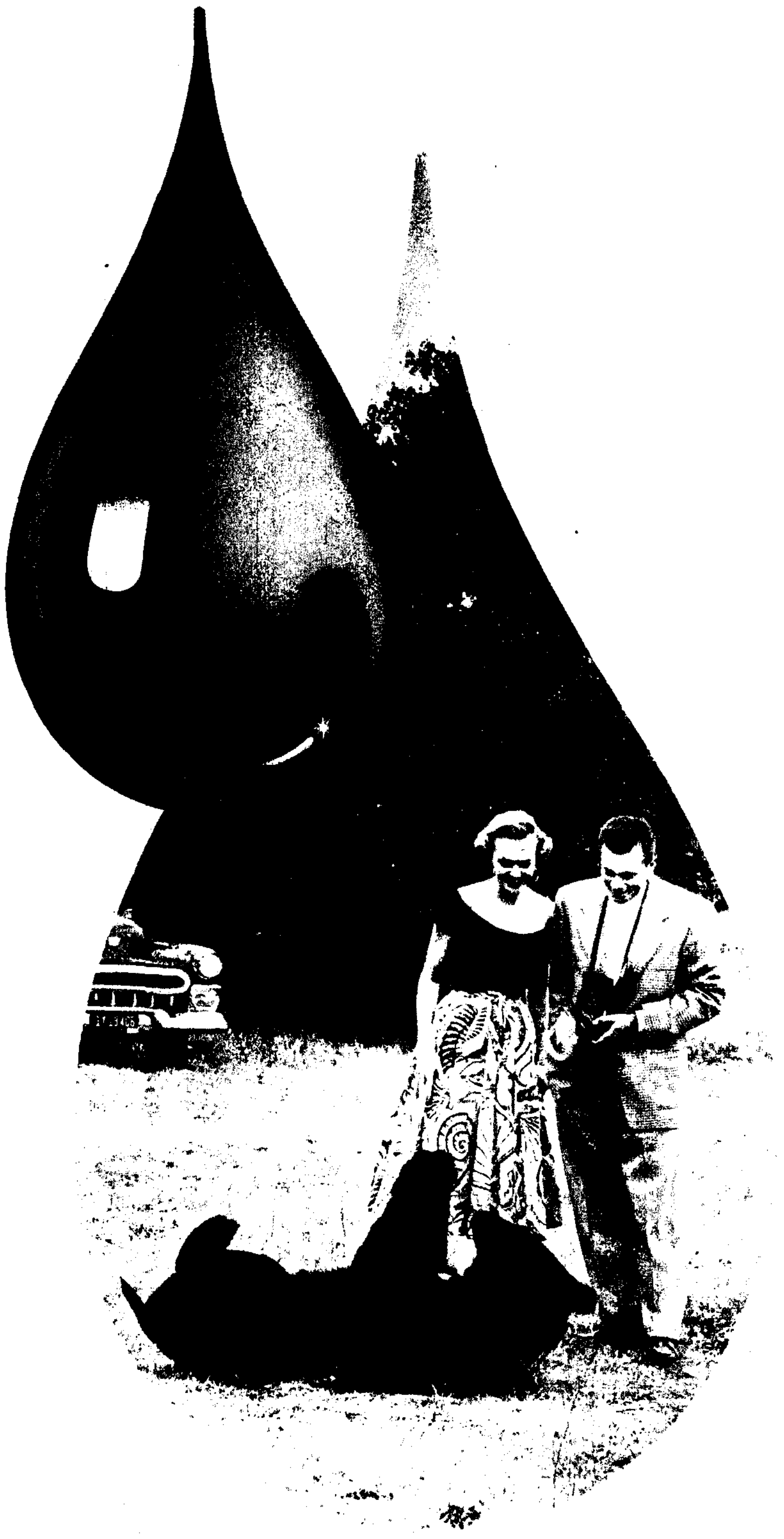
DIXON ELDORADO Draftsmen, artists, and architects are inspired to better work because of *association* with Eldorado. Eldorado's *reaction* is always favorable, resulting in better drawings, cleaner blueprints.

DIXON ENDURO has a *phobia* for dull points. *Case histories* prove this sharpener to be a pencil's best friend. Takes pencils of any diameter and keeps 'em sharp as a tack.

All Dixon Pencils (Ticonderoga and Company) are cheaper by the dozen, cheaper yet by the gross. Buy Eldorado, Best, Thinex and Anadel at stationers, art supply stores and blueprint houses. Buy Dixon Ticonderoga Pencils at stationers and stationery counters everywhere.

DIXON
ANADEL
INDELIBLE WATER SOLUBLE
COLORED PENCILS
DIXON
TICONDEROGA

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE COMPANY, *Pencil Products, 52-J103, Jersey City 3, N. J.*



Purple motor oil sets another new high in engine protection!

For 100% engine performance: have your engine checked frequently at your car dealer's.

Use the finest motor oil money can buy—the new, improved Royal Triton.

Royal Triton is famous for its ability to protect precision-built engines.

Now a new combination of additives puts this amazing purple motor oil even further ahead of ordinary heavy-duty oils in meeting the rigid quality specifications of any car manufacturer.

With these new additives, Royal Triton has even greater stability and cleansing action, as well as an increased ability to neutralize wear-causing acids. This means that Royal Triton will add thousands of miles of new-engine life to your car.

Remember the distinctive color of Royal Triton. It is your assurance of *complete lubricant protection* —no matter how severe the driving conditions.

Available at leading car dealers' in most areas of the U.S. and Western Canada.

ROYAL TRITON Motor Oil

UNION OIL COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

Los Angeles, Union Oil Bldg. • New York, 45 Rockefeller Plaza
Chicago, 1612 Bankers Bldg. • New Orleans, 917 National
Bank of Commerce Bldg. • Cincinnati, 2111 Carew Tower Bldg.

ROYAL TRITON Look for this sign

ATTENTION CAR DEALERS: THE NEW ROYAL TRITON NOW MEETS SUPPLEMENT 1 SPECIFICATIONS!

The number of corrupt cops on a force may

politicians and apathetic citizens play in the breakdown of law enforcement," Captain Kooken told me. "But that doesn't excuse the disinterest so many police executives display in cleaning their own houses. Local law-enforcement agencies will never have public confidence so long as they tolerate in their midst crooked practices for which they would promptly arrest and prosecute outsiders."

Nothing astonished me more in my own six-month, nation-wide journalistic inquiry for Collier's into the current police crisis than the cover-up tendencies among law-enforcement officers who are personally untainted by corruption. Honest police chiefs will go to extraordinary lengths—even to the point of making suspects of themselves—to shield crooks and incompetents within the ranks. In many places I found an almost neurotic feeling among police that they are a persecuted minority, serving as a convenient scapegoat for the public.

A perverse sense of loyalty tends to brand as a traitor to his group any police officer who publicly exposes dishonest colleagues. Crimes that would send an ordinary citizen to prison are punished by mild reprimands, transfers, light suspensions without pay, or requests for resignations. Dismissals are rare, and police prosecution even rarer. Mike Moretti, now serving a prison sentence for the wanton murder of two innocent youths in 1951, is still on the rolls of the Chicago Police Department, technically under suspension.

Most of the police chiefs I interviewed were reluctant to discuss even widely publicized cases of dereliction of duty within their departments. Chief Robert V. Murray of Washington, D.C., who has earned a reputation for personal honesty, tried to keep "off the record" the names of certain suspended officials in his department, names which had been splashed over the front pages of the press for weeks in connection with bribe and extortion charges. Some, like Commissioner O'Connor of Chicago and Commissioner George P. Monaghan of New York City, insisted that their departments were perfectly clean at the very moment that revelations of widespread corruption and brutality were being aired in the press.

Report Called Malicious Smear

Police benevolent and fraternal organizations also tend to manifest a supersensitiveness to any public criticism, however well founded. Some become hysterically abusive. When Bruce Smith of the Institute of Public Administration, an outstanding expert, recently completed a municipally financed, documented report criticizing the New York City Police Department on its morale, efficiency and personnel standards, a policemen's association labeled the report "a malicious smear against every member of the uniformed police."

A few months ago, Frederick Woltman, of the New York World-Telegram and Sun, who won a Pulitzer prize for his anti-Communist newspaper reporting, launched what developed into a general New York City newspaper attack against local police brutality—and a policemen's organization reacted by calling the affair a Red plot to discredit "New York's finest."

No police force can be clean unless its chief is honest. But mere executive honesty is not enough to guarantee a graft-free police force. Time after time, rank-and-file cops told me: "This department would be cleaned up in a day if our chief said that anybody who took protection money would be fired, *and showed that he meant it.*"

Some police executives say that no honest man who joins the force is ever corrupted afterward. "If a cop is corrupt," one police chief told me, "it means he was dishonest in heart when he joined the force."

Is that true? How about the young cop who turned down the $200 bribe—but now, because he found police graft so widespread, is "taking mine like the rest"? The police officer is engaged in an occupation beset with corrupting influences at every turn; he may resist temptation once or a score of times, but may succumb through attrition—especially when he observes that corrupt practices are not only sanctioned but encouraged by his peers.

The Case of Officer "Jackson"

A Chicago policeman with more than seven years of service told me the story of his own corruption on my pledge that I would keep his identity confidential. I'll call him Paul Jackson.

Jackson was assigned to a two-man patrol car, changing partners from time to time. He heard his partners boast of bribes and shakedowns from traffic violators, dope peddlers, ambulance-chasing lawyers to whom they phoned accident cases, and the like. He found that certain bookies, gambling joints and lawbreaking taverns on his detail were not to be molested. Some higher-ups were getting pay-offs. At the district station and other police hangouts, Jackson heard lively accounts of the goings on at protected gambling dens at which cops occasionally dropped in as patrons.

This policeman learned that there was a more or less recognized price list for fixing traffic violations—$2.00 for parking illegally, $5 for making a prohibited turn, $10 for speeding—and that a great many Chicago motorists were aware of this pay-off scale. He saw some of his colleagues quote rates—and pocket the pay-offs—for police services they were supposed to render free to storekeepers and others. He learned that some members of the force rolled drunks and accident victims, and that many cops who raided crap games would release the suspects after pocketing a jack pot to which each gambler contributed. He learned that desk sergeants in precinct stations would lower bail for prisoners for a cash consideration.

At first Jackson remained scrupulously honest. But he never considered turning in his fellow cops; that seemed to him an act of gross disloyalty. He was considered strange by other policemen. They respected and trusted him, but most of them tried to avoid going on details with him; the pay-offs didn't proceed smoothly in his presence. He was treated as something of an outsider.

"Finally," Patrolman Jackson told me, "I gave up and played the game. I know there are other police officers in Chicago, plenty of them, who won't

be small. But how about all the others who know about the graft—and don't tell?

take a nickel of tainted money. But I couldn't hold out. I have a wife and three kids.

"It's the system. Some can buck it and stay honest. But it's tough, very tough, and it was too tough for me."

To prove that the experiences he recounted were not dug from the past, Patrolman Jackson showed me a diary he kept of his police activities during the first four months of 1953, with the names of fellow officers he had seen taking pay-offs, details of the incidents—and frank admissions of his own takes.

From Patrolman Jackson and other Chicago cops, as well as from local experts in close touch with the Chicago situation, I learned of petty rackets within the police department itself, where cops pay off other cops for favors granted and received.

Until recently, newly inducted cops attending the police department's rookie training school were expected to take up collections at the end of the course for their policemen-instructors. "The reason," one officer told me with cynical frankness, "was that the men assigned to instruction posts were off the streets and therefore not in on the take."

One grisly inside racket involves favoring certain squad patrolmen by assigning them to deliver bodies to undertakers' parlors. The standard rake-off for such deliveries, paid to the delivering cops by the undertaker, is $10 per body. The man making the assignments usually gets $10 a month from patrolmen thus favored. Then there is the pull-box racket: large numbers of Chicago cops pay fellow policemen assigned as switchboard operators about $2.00 a month for covering failures to pull the police box on their beats at hourly intervals, as required by department regulations.

"This arrangement," says Virgil W. Peterson, operating director of the Chicago Crime Commission, a citizens' anticrime group, "permits participating officers to leave their posts at will—and permits criminals to operate without fear of detection."

Gifts That Develop into Graft

Few abuses of authority have so hurt police in the public eye as the acceptance and even active solicitation of gifts, which have become a lucrative racket in many areas. Many police executives see no harm in allowing their subordinates to accept gratuities and gifts. But police history demonstrates that the practice, once condoned, tends to snowball viciously. Beginning with the receipt of petty gifts from storekeepers and others, it may develop into exacting cash tribute not only from malefactors but from honest businessmen under threat of making trouble for them by finding violations of obscure ordinances.

Another police racket is the practice of selling tickets wholesale for benefit balls and other police-sponsored functions, usually far in excess of the capacity of the gathering place. The police salesmen often palm off the tickets in large blocks to racketeers and others dependent on their protection, as well as to honest businessmen fearful of police disfavor should they refuse to buy or contribute.

Virgil Peterson's agency uncovered a racket connected with this practice in Chicago that apparently flourishes in other cities as well. The policeman pressures prospective purchasers, such as tavern keepers, to pay for a block of tickets—which are then handed back to him. He sells the same tickets over and over, finally turning in only the proceeds for one sale and pocketing the surplus.

A variant of this objectionable practice was disclosed in hearings before the New Jersey Law Enforcement Council last July. A man named Thomas H. Bloom testified that as chief fund raiser for the County Detectives Benevolent Association of New Jersey, Inc., he had raised $530,000 in checks during the last five years, under an agreement which gave 40 per cent to the association, and the rest—plus all cash contributions—to himself.

Another widespread racket is the sale of advertisements for the annual publications or benefit programs of various policemen's organizations. The ads are often solicited from racketeers at exorbitant rates—implying, as Captain Don Kooken has observed, "a purchase of protection for their questionable practices."

Police officers are charged with the fair administration of the law. Yet in many localities there are shocking contrasts in the kind of law administered to different groups of citizens. People lacking pull may be pushed around, arrested on vague charges, and treated generally as second-class citizens, while others get a kind of superprivileged status, as holders of police courtesy cards—not to be confused with police cards legitimately granted to reporters, physicians and others.

The courtesy card, signed by the police head, usually states simply, "Please give the bearer every courtesy," but it is widely used as a license to violate the law. A variant of this practice is the wholesale granting of courtesy or honorary-deputy badges, sometimes to notorious racketeers.

The courtesy-card practice is especially obnoxious when the recipients are influential persons who should set the example for law observance and who usually are quick to demand that strict law enforcement be applied to the less fortunate.

Most citizens are not aware that a policeman's duties entail not only the protection of persons and property against criminals, but also the protection of the citizen's constitutional rights and liberties. Too many police officers violate, rather than protect, these basic rights—committing illegal actions that range (says Captain Kooken) from "the filing of unjustified vagrancy charges with exorbitant bail, through incommunicado confinement to prevent contact with a lawyer, coercive grilling of suspects in the hope of securing a confession, application of physical torture when other methods of coercion fail, and even up to actual framing of innocent persons, which has too often occurred."

Most instances of police brutality never come to public notice. But now and then a particularly outrageous case gets publicized. Such a case occurred in Los Angeles on Christmas Eve, 1951, when a number of policemen—many of them drunk—took turns for hours beating and kicking six helpless youths in their city jail cells. The police department conducted an intensive investigation, resulting in the suspension of a dozen cops, the removal of two, and the resignations on request of three others. Eight policemen were tried on criminal charges; three were acquitted; the others received sentences ranging from a $500 fine and one year's probation, to a one- to ten-year term in state prison.

SCHOOL
Hoppes

"He and I have been around just a few places together —history class, study hall, library, but nothing serious like walking me home"

COLLIER'S LOWELL HOPPES

There is, of course, a police side to the brutality problem. Occasionally an alleged case of police brutality turns out to be justifiable self-defense. The police themselves are often beset and cruelly mauled by gangs or by individual hoodlums; it takes considerable self-discipline and training to meet every situation calmly and judiciously when danger may be lurking around any street corner. But there is a mountain of evidence attesting to the widescale use of unnecessary physical force against innocent citizens who dare assert their rights, or who just happen to be around when a sadistic cop gets into a dour mood.

A little over 20 years ago, President Hoover's National Commission on Law Observance and Enforcement, headed by George W. Wickersham, made public a sensational Report on Lawlessness in Law Enforcement. The report revealed a widespread use of the third degree—"that is, the use of physical brutality, or other forms of cruelty, to obtain involuntary confessions or admissions."

Resort to the third degree and other coercive measures has decreased considerably since the Wickersham commission made its report, but the impressive number of verdicts still reversed by our state and federal appeals courts because of evidence of third-degree tactics shows that this area of police lawlessness is still wide enough to warrant constant public vigil.

Even when they aren't the direct victims of police brutality, taxpayers suffer from it—as evidenced by the hundreds of thousands of dollars paid out annually by local governments in civil suits brought by citizens subjected to police manhandling. Some months ago Thomas Furey, a New York reporter, cited four recent instances of police brutality that had cost the taxpayers of his city a total of $169,500 in damages—not to mention the high cost of prolonged and involved court proceedings.

"Forbidden Means" Banned

Beyond the injury to individual victims, beyond the money loss to taxpayers, we must give thought to the pungent observation of the Wickersham commission: "The fight against lawless men, if waged by forbidden means, is degraded almost to the level of a struggle between two lawbreaking gangs."

The honest cop cannot escape the inexorable problem that confronts him: What should he do about the corrupt and lawless practices he witnesses within his own ranks? He cannot shake off the blame completely by despairing references to political and public pressures that subvert his fellow cops. He must understand clearly where his main loyalty lies—and must act upon that knowledge.

As the U.S. Senate subcommittee which investigated crime in Washington, D.C., reported last year: "The number of influential police officials who sank to the actual criminal offense of enriching themselves from bribes is doubtless very small. But the number of police and civil officials who must have been aware of the situation—and who left well enough alone—was surely larger than any specific disclosure in this inquiry indicates."

Obviously, the honest cops—and they are many—cannot doctor the sick law-enforcement machinery alone. They need the informed and incisive support of honest politicians and concerned citizens. But while the full responsibility is not theirs, they must accept and act upon their part of it.

They would be better able to cope with their problems if more communities would face the fact squarely that it is impossible to buy top-rate law enforcement at cut-rate prices. The next article will show how careless recruitment and weak incentives have helped bring about the current police crisis—and how some communities have managed to build up good police forces by raising standards and giving their cops a chance to be proud of the uniform they wear. ▲▲▲

The final article of this series will be in the October 16th Collier's, on the stands October 2d

37—Star halfback Doak Walker looks over some castoffs on Lions
80—Pass-grabbing Cloyce Box was sold by Washington for $250
60—Guard Dick Flanagan was discarded by the Chicago Bears
62—Guard Jim Martin was traded to Lions by Cleveland Browns
40—Bob Smith, ex-Buffalo Bill, was league's No. 2 punter last year
23—Jug Girard, ex-Packer, subbed ably for ailing Walker in 1952
14—Halfback Bob Hoernschemeyer came from old Brooklyn Dodgers
Coach—Raymond (Buddy) Parker formerly coached Chicago Cards

Detroit's Castoff Champions—THE MEN

UNITED PRESS

Not all Detroit's stars are castoffs from other teams. Here are two whose entire pro football careers have been with Lions. Doak Walker (left) breaks through Los Angeles line in 1952 conference play-off as Leon Hart (82) moves in to take out Norbert Hecker (88) of the Rams

They were just surplus man power or washouts to rival clubs, but they brought the Lions the '52 professional football championship. What about this year? It's all up to those retreads again

By BILL FAY

ON THE eve of the professional football game between the Detroit Lions and the Los Angeles Rams last October, halfback Doak Walker of the Lions squatted down before a television set to tune in comedian Sid Caesar and—*snap!*—a leg muscle popped painfully out of place.

After the Lions' team physician examined Walker's ailing leg, it was announced that Doak would be sidelined for at least six weeks. Since Walker was the highest-scoring halfback in the National Football League, this catastrophic news apparently killed the Lions' hopes of winning the pro championship.

When reporters queried Raymond (Buddy) Parker, the Detroit head coach, about Walker's replacement, Parker said, "I guess we'll start Jug Girard. He ought to run pretty good."

Despite Parker's optimism, there seemed little reason to suspect that Girard—obtained from the Green Bay Packers shortly before the start of the season—would be a satisfactory substitute for Walker. Even when Parker made the deal, he'd earmarked Girard solely for pass-defense duty.

But amazingly Girard ran exceedingly well against the Rams, and the Lions won, 24 to 16. What's more, Girard kept right on running exceedingly well the rest of the season. Specifically, he averaged a robust 3.6 yards per carry as the Lions captured nine of their last 10 games—including a 17-to-7 victory in the league's championship play-off against the Cleveland Browns.

It was like that all through the 1952 season. Every time the Lions got

PADULO-MENDICINO

34—Fullback Pat Harder, ex-Cardinal, was considered washed up
22—Bobby Layne was a third-string quarterback for Chicago Bears
51—Center Vince Banonis came to Lions from Chicago Cardinals
1—Quarterback Jim Hardy, another ex-Cardinal, can sub for Layne
81—Bill Swiacki was acquired from New York Giants to play end
33—Ollie Cline, who also came from Giants, is a fullback
75—Tackle John Prchlik formerly was a New York Bulldog
88—End Jim Cain came to Lions in deal with Chicago Cardinals

NOBODY WANTED

into trouble, some castoff like Girard got them out. In fact, the Lions can be described with the utmost accuracy as pro football's Castoff Champs.

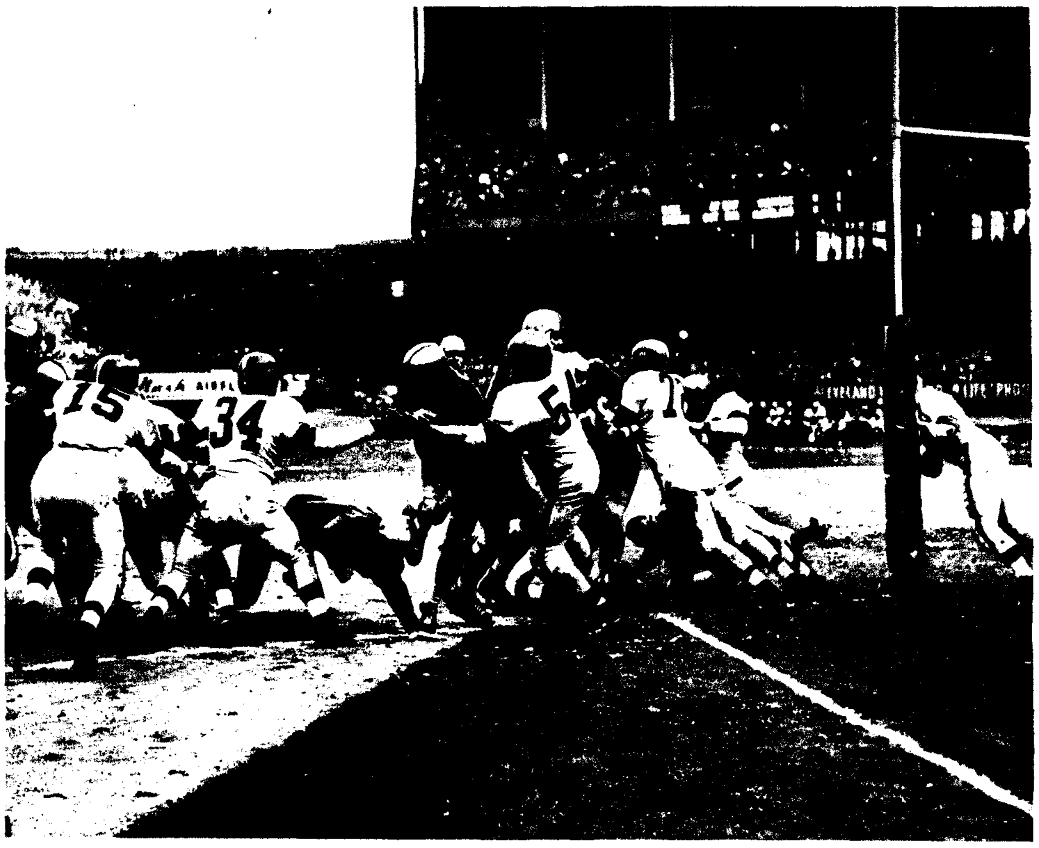
Take the heavy-duty backfield which sparked their title drive—the same quartet of migratory workers Parker is depending upon to help the Lions win another championship this season. It comprises castoff Girard and three other retread veterans acquired from rival clubs: quarterback Bobby Layne, who had been tried and found wanting in T-formation skill by the Chicago Bears; halfback Bob Hoernschemeyer, a refugee from the deactivated Brooklyn Dodgers of the defunct All-America Conference; and fullback Pat Harder, who had been traded away as a physical washout (bad knees) by the Chicago Cardinals.

The Lions also are using castoff players in other key positions this year, including Bob Smith, the ex-Buffalo Bills' defensive back who as a Lion ranked No. 2 among National League punters last year with a 44.7 yard average; guard Dick Flanagan, who was discarded by the Chicago Bears; another guard, Jim Martin, who was traded away by the Cleveland Browns; center Vince Banonis, end Jim Cain and quarterback Jim Hardy, a trio of ex-Chicago Cards; end Bill Swiacki and fullback Ollie Cline, formerly New York Giants property; tackle John Prchlik, ex-New York Bulldogs; and end Cloyce Box, who scored more touchdowns (15) than any other player in the league last season.

It is worthy of mention that Box was practically donated to the Lions by George P. Marshall, owner of the Washington Redskins. Many pro football fans may be shocked to learn that Marshall is regarded as a philanthropist in Detroit gridiron circles, but it's a fact. Here's why:

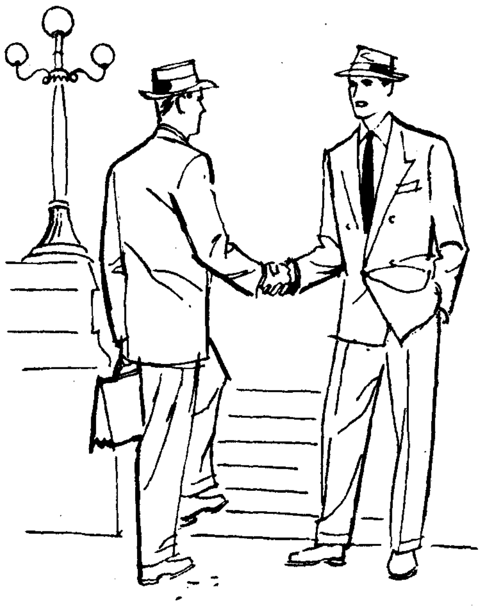
One April morning in 1948, Marshall phoned the late Alvin (Bo) McMillin, then head coach and general manager of the last-place Lions. "Bo," said Marshall, "you need a lot of help and we've got a player who'll improve your ball club. His name is Cloyce Box. He's a big, tough, rookie halfback from West Texas State who's never played anything but the single wing. We're running from the T so we can't use him, but he'll fit right into your offense. Believe me, Bo, the kid's a great prospect and we'll give him to you"—Marshall paused to let the full impact of his magnanimous offer smash through to McMillin some 800 miles away—"we'll give him to you, Bo, for only $500."

"George," interrupted McMillin, "our scouts know Box. He's a powerful kid but awfully clumsy. Needs lots of polishing. That $500 figure



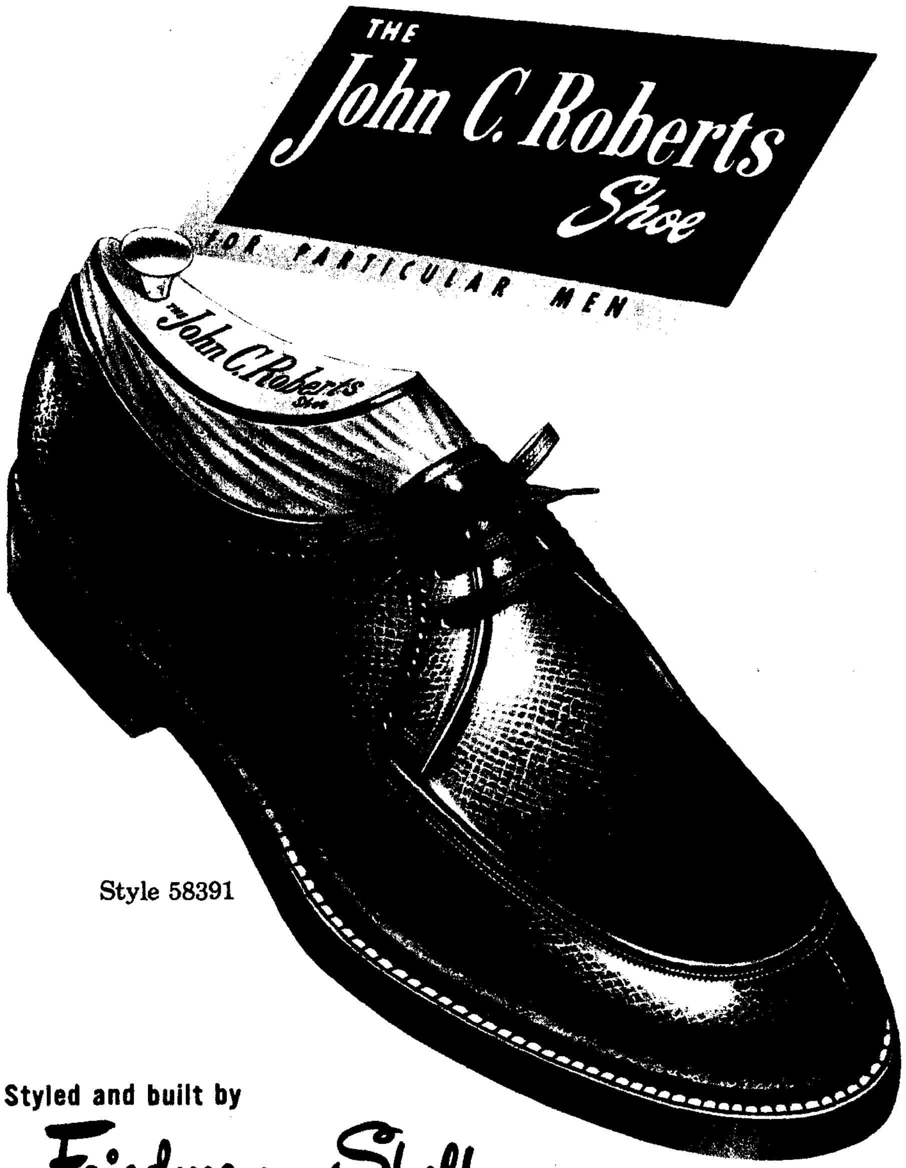
UNITED PRESS

Acquisition of Jim Hardy from Chicago Cardinals enabled quarterback Bobby Layne to become more than just a ball handler. With Hardy on hand to take over in case of injury, Bobby runs with ball. Here he scores from Cleveland's two-yard line in 1952 pro championship game



You'll remember to ask for JOHN C. ROBERTS once you've worn a pair. They feel good from the very first step. That's because their comfort is *built in.* They look good, too. For every pair is expertly crafted of fine leathers by the *world's largest shoemakers.* Yes, JOHN C. ROBERTS shoes make friends of your feet for life. Visit the JOHN C. ROBERTS dealer listed in your phone directory, or write us for his name and address.

A name to remember
Comfort you won't forget



Style 58391

Styled and built by
Friedman-Shelby Division
International Shoe Company • St. Louis • World's Largest Shoemakers

Even the Lions' coach is a castoff.

is 'way too high. But we might be able to go $250."

"Sold," boomed Marshall. "You've bought yourself a player."

Much to McMillin's delight and Marshall's consternation, Box turned out to be a really great player. Switched from halfback to end, he eventually replaced the Rams' Elroy Hirsch as pro football's most feared pass grabber.

Lucky Breaks on Three "Ifs"

It is axiomatic that any team which wins the pro title must be good—and lucky. The Lions qualify on both counts. As Coach Parker remarked recently: "Three players—Box, Layne and Harder—kept us rolling last year and each of them represented a stroke of luck. If Marshall hadn't phoned us, we never would have gotten Box. If Harder's right knee hadn't swelled up big as a cantaloupe during the 1950 season, the Cards wouldn't have traded Pat to us. And if George Halas of the Bears hadn't pulled off one of the most fantastic deals in pro football history, we wouldn't have gotten Bob Layne."

Parker's reference to Layne requires some explanation. Indeed, the full story of how Layne arrived in Detroit—and developed into one of the league's most valuable quarterbacks—illustrates what a wonderfully wacky sport pro football really is.

Layne reported to the Chicago Bears from the University of Texas in the fall of 1948. He was a fine passer, but crude and unskilled in the play-calling and ball-handling intricacies of the T-formation. Since Sid Luckman and Johnny Lujack—two experienced and skillful quarterbacks—were then on the Bears' payroll, Layne spent almost the entire 1948 season on the bench. Every time George Halas, the Bears' owner-coach, looked around, he would see Bobby sitting there and getting paid $15,000 a year for enjoying the view.

After a while, the sight of Layne—or perhaps it was the thought of the $15,000—began to pall on Halas. At the close of the 1948 season, he sold Layne to the New York Bulldogs for $50,000 and the Bulldogs' No. 1 pick in the college drafts for 1949 and '50.

When the deal was announced by Ted Collins, then the Bulldogs' owner, a veteran pro coach commented: "What a deal! Halas must have used a gun on Collins. The Bears get off the hook for Layne's salary—and Halas picks up the two best college players in America for a third-string quarterback he can't even use. Those miserable Bulldogs are a cinch to finish in last place—and the last-place team always gets first pick in the college drafts."

But Halas' super-duper deal backfired. Veteran Sid Luckman retired and young Johnny Lujack, who had been expected to carry the Bears' quarterback load for at least five years, suffered an injured shoulder and quit football after the 1951 season. So the Bears, who had started the 1948 season three deep at quarterback—with Luckman, Lujack and Layne—found themselves bogged down in the 1952 campaign without a single topflight signal caller.

In 1950, the Bulldogs in turn traded Layne to Detroit. Bobby has been there ever since—getting better every year. Ironically, Layne turned in his finest pitching performance of the 1952 season against his old Bear teammates. He completed 22 of 35 passes for 296 yards and four touchdowns as the Lions clobbered the Chicagoans in Detroit, 45 to 21.

Appropriately enough, Detroit's castoff champs are tutored by a castoff coach. Raymond K. (Buddy) Parker is a drawling, raw-boned six-footer from Kemp, Texas, who has jus turned forty. However, Parker is special kind of castoff. Indeed, Budd may be the only coach in pro footbal history ever to fire himself for incompetence. It happened in 1949, afte the Chicago Bears walloped the Chicago Cardinals, 52 to 21, during th final game of the season.

When reporters approached Parker then the head coach of the Cardinals for a post-mortem statement, Budd said, "Man for man, the Cardinals ar a much better team than the Bears When you have superior personnel an get beat by 31 points, something mus be wrong with the coaching. I gues I'm not good enough to be a hea coach in this league, so I'm quitting—right now."

"Got any prospects?" asked a reporter.

"No," Parker replied, "but I ca always go back to Kemp and sel lumber."

However, he didn't go back t Kemp; he signed next season as a assistant coach with the Lions. Whe McMillin resigned after the 1950 season, Buddy took over as head coach c a fourth-place club which had won si games and lost six in the Nation League's powerful Western Divisio

"What this club needs," Parker sai at his first staff meeting, "is a goo fullback. Some big guy who can mak yardage and block for Layne and ou other passers. Trouble is I've bee checking the college rookies we've g coming up this fall and nobody on o draft list looks like a real goo blocker. Guess we'll have to make trade with somebody."

Baiting the Hook for Doak

When Parker queried Cleveland r garding a deal for Emerson Cole, th Browns' No. 2 fullback, coach Pa Brown of Cleveland expressed interes "You know, Buddy," Brown observe "your team is a little thin at tackle, to Suppose we give you Cole *and* one our first-string tackles; and you gi us a halfback—say Doak Walker."

This proposition did not appeal Parker, who considered Walker a f more valuable football chattel tha Cole and/or any of Cleveland's tackle "No, thanks," Parker told Brow "We're not interested in trading chocolate cake for two doughnuts."

Parker came to the reluctant concl sion that there was no future in attem ing to make advantageous trades wi players already on the Detroit roste "The only way we can improve," remarked at a strategy session, "is keep all the good men we've got a pick up some more good men. Th means we'll simply have to make trad with *next year's* players."

Parker's proposal to convert t fourth-place Lions into a title co tender by trading next year's playe may sound confusing to anybody n familiar with the way pro clubs g their man power. Briefly, here's how the pros operate:

Every year each of the 12 clubs in turn selects a graduating college football player, with the last-place team picking first, the next-to-the-last-place team picking second, and so on. After all 12 teams make their first-round selections, the rotating draft continues until each club has picked 30 men. Of course, not all 30 players join the club that draws them. Some graduates turn down the chance to play in the National League, and, in any event, a club actually signs only those who prove good enough in fall training to make the team.

A Pair of Useful Veterans

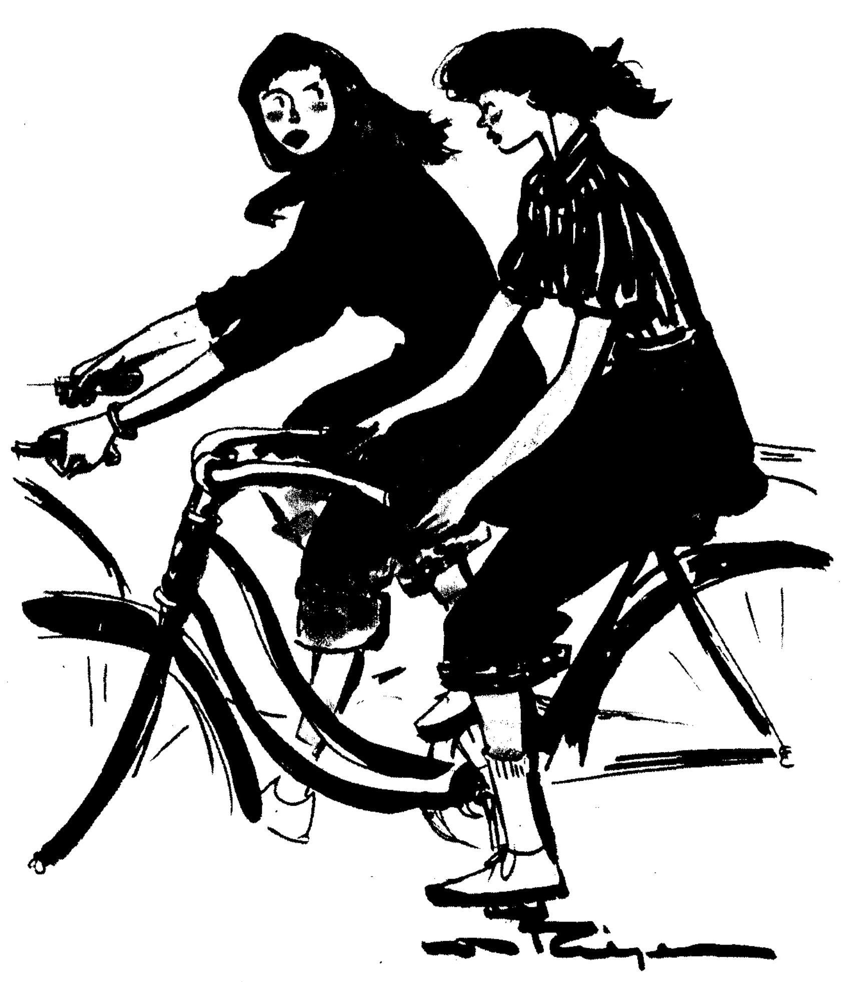
League rules permit teams to trade future draft rights. Parker first swapped the Lions' No. 1 pick in the 1952 college draft to the Cleveland Browns for a veteran Cleveland player who could improve the Lions *during the 1951 season*—Jim Martin, the versatile Notre Dame ex-lineman who had played end for the then champion Browns. Next he traded the Lions' No. 2 choice in the 1952 draft and fullback John Panelli to the Chicago Cardinals for veteran fullback Pat Harder.

In informed pro circles, neither of Parker's deals was looked upon as a brilliant coup. Martin was then twenty-six years old, six feet two and 220 pounds. On the basis of his rookie performance in 1950, Martin undoubtedly rated as one of the league's most aggressive and efficient linemen. However, according to Cleveland sources, he had certain theories about playing end which were at variance with Coach Brown's ideas; and Brown, a strict disciplinarian, was reported more than eager to get rid of him.

In contrast to the robust Martin, Harder was a battered veteran of five pro campaigns. Moreover, Harder suffered from chronic knee miseries. After the 1950 season, in fact, Pat had announced his retirement from football. However, he changed his mind and reported to the Cardinals' camp the following September—less than three weeks before the start of the 1951 season. When Parker learned of Harder's return, he immediately put in a long-distance call to Curly Lambeau, then the Cardinal coach. After five minutes of conversational sparring, Lambeau, who thought Harder was washed up physically, gleefully accepted Parker's proposition.

The Harder deal put Parker squarely on the spot. With both the Lions' No. 1 and No. 2 draft picks for 1952 traded away, he simply had to come through. If the worst happened and Harder's knees buckled, the Lions would not have a fullback for 1951 and almost no chance to pick a prime college replacement in the 1952 draft.

Discussing these controversial deals with Edwin Anderson, the Lions' president, on the eve of the Lions' 1951 opener, Parker said, "Boss, don't worry about Harder. I coached Pat at the Cards. He's got a watery right knee that swells up after almost every game. He hobbles around almost all week but he's always out there grind-



COLLIER'S

"He's so jealous he doesn't want me to baby-sit for boys over five"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

BIG HIT—3 WAYS!

ONLY FLEISCHMANN'S GIVES YOU THE BIG BIG 3

1. CHOICE QUALITY
Fleischmann's Superb Straight Whiskies Blended With Fine Grain Neutral Spirits

2. Every drop 90 PROOF
rich, robust, delicious!

3. WINNING PRICE
America's Greatest Whiskey Value!

BLENDED WHISKEY · 90 PROOF · 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, PEEKSKILL, N. Y.

FLEISCHMANN'S
Established 1870
90 PROOF
PREFERRED
BLENDED WHISKEY
Blended and Bottled by
THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION
Peekskill, New York

Sunshine for your rainy days!
RAINFAIR NYLON RAINCOATS
100% Waterproof Unconditionally Guaranteed

The NYLONAIR raincoat is a wet weather wonder!

Here's packaged sunshine to shrug off the wettest weather! The Nylonair is made of pure Dupont nylon, 100% waterproofed, and has a rich lustrous sheen that makes it a welcome companion anywhere. Though it weighs but 15 oz., it is almost indestructible, can be toted about in glove compartment or topcoat pocket. Comes in a handy pocket-size envelope. Color, greytan. Unconditionally guaranteed, $14.95.

Similar wet weather protection in the Zephyr, a rugged raincoat of 100% waterproofed nylon. Featherweight, full-cut, in tan or green. Unconditionally guaranteed, $11.50.

Write for [illegible] booklet and name of nearest dealer.

RAINFAIR, INC., RACINE 4, WIS.
[illegible]

Detroit prepared for '53 by trading more rookies for veterans

ing out yardage on Sunday afternoon. He's the best blocking fullback in pro football. If he stays healthy, we can win the championship."

Harder stayed healthy—and Parker's optimistic prediction very nearly came true. Protected by Harder's rugged blocking, quarterback Layne settled down and pitched 26 touchdown passes—only two short of Sid Luckman's pro record for a single season. The Lions came within four minutes of winning the Western Division title. At the critical moment, Joe Arenas, the San Francisco safety man, ran 60 yards on a punt return to set up the touchdown that beat the Lions, 21 to 17, in the final game of the regular season. So the Lions (7-4-1) finished second in the Western Conference behind the Los Angeles Rams (8-4-0), who subsequently walloped the Eastern champs, the Browns, for the N.F.L. title.

After the disappointing '51 finale, a reporter asked, "Buddy, are you going to rebuild with younger players?"

"No," Parker replied, "I'm satisfied with our club. If anything, we need a few more old pros."

As if to emphasize the point, Parker got ready for the '52 season by making two more trades. First, Buddy dealt a pair of rookies—fullback Art Murakowski of Northwestern and guard Bob Momsen of Ohio State—to the Chicago Cardinals for quarterback Jim Hardy, a competent T-formation tosser with six years of pro experience. Then, Buddy sent end Ed Berrang of Villanova and rookie tackle Steve Dowden of Baylor—to Green Bay for halfback Jug Girard, a gridiron handy man who had been toiling unspectacularly for four years on weak Packer teams.

Hardy Deal Was Most Important

In retrospect, the acquisition of Girard (who subbed so capably for the ailing Walker) appeared to be Parker's most productive move of the '52 season. However, Buddy doesn't think so. He believes the Hardy deal was more important, even though Hardy completed only 28 passes during his infrequent game appearances and ranked 22d in effectiveness among N.F.L. quarterbacks.

"It isn't so much what Hardy did," explains Parker. "It's what Hardy could have done that counted. We knew that if Layne got hurt Hardy could step in and call a good game. With a good capable sub like Hardy on the bench, we could take a calculated risk and let Layne run with the ball more than the average well-protected pro quarterback—who seldom does anything except hand off the ball or pass it from the T-formation. We added split-T running plays—and Layne ran them so well he finished the season as the league's ninth-ranking ball carrier."

Actually, Layne gained more yards per rush than any other ball carrier in Detroit's backfield—an unprecedented feat for a T-formation quarterback. Bobby accumulated a total of 411 yards in 94 attempts for an average gain of 4.4 compared with Bob Hoernschemeyer's 4.3 over 106 attempts; Girard's 3.6 over 61, and Harder's 3.0 over 81. Doak Walker averaged 4.1 yards, but because of his injury made only 26 attempts last year.

The addition of Layne's running threat gave the Lions the most diversified attack in football. After they humiliated the Bears, 45 to 21, George Connor, the Bears' All-League linebacker, commented:

"You can't set a defense against the Lions because they've got a perfectly balanced attack. They can run you to death—every man in the backfield is a running threat. And Layne can pass you to death, because he's throwing at Box and (Leon) Hart—two ends who can do anything.

"Take Box," Connor pointed out. "He's six four and weighs 220 pounds—big enough to block on running plays and still fast enough to get downfield for deep passes.

"Or take Hart. He's six five and weighs about 260. He's a terrific blocker as well as a perfect target for short, high passes—the kind that give you a first down in the tight spots and keep your offense rolling.

"Any way you look at them," Connor concluded sadly, "Box and Hart are the most dangerous pair of offensive ends in the business."

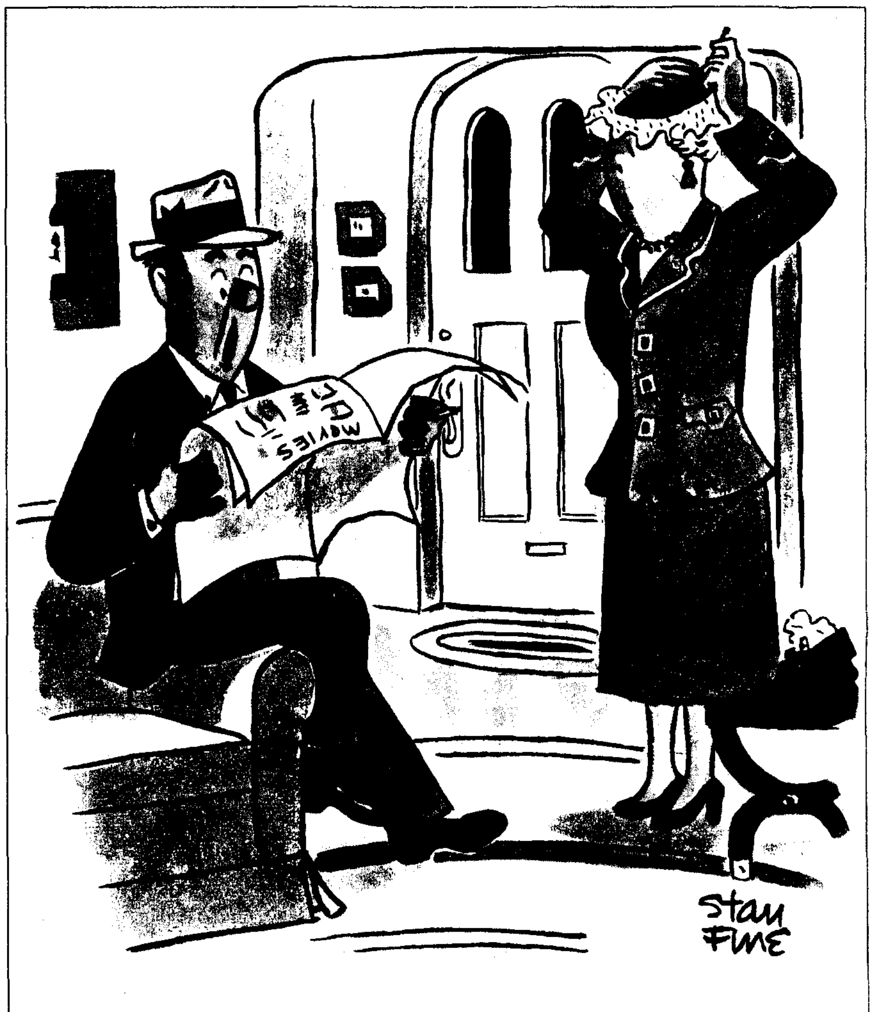
In preparing for the current season, Parker completed another of his characteristic rookies-for-veterans trades, sending young quarterback Tom Dublinski of the University of Utah to the Baltimore Colts for fullback Dick Hoerner, a thirty-one-year-old veteran with six years of N.F.L. experience, including first-string duty with the champion Rams in '51.

Among rival pro coaches, the Hoerner deal was interpreted as an indication Parker feared the durable Harder was at long last wearing out; and, when Hoerner decided last August to retire from football, Parker's coaching colleagues began to hope that the champion Lions might soon be experiencing acute fullback troubles.

No Need to Replace Harder

However, if apprehension over Harder's condition had led Parker to seek a possible replacement, the rugged Harder quickly dispelled all doubts with his brilliant blocking and running when the Lions whipped the College All-Stars, 24 to 10, in August. Hoerner, it seems, is not going to be missed. Recently, when Parker was asked by reporters to give one good reason why his Castoff Champs should retain their title, Buddy replied succinctly: "Harder is hitting harder."

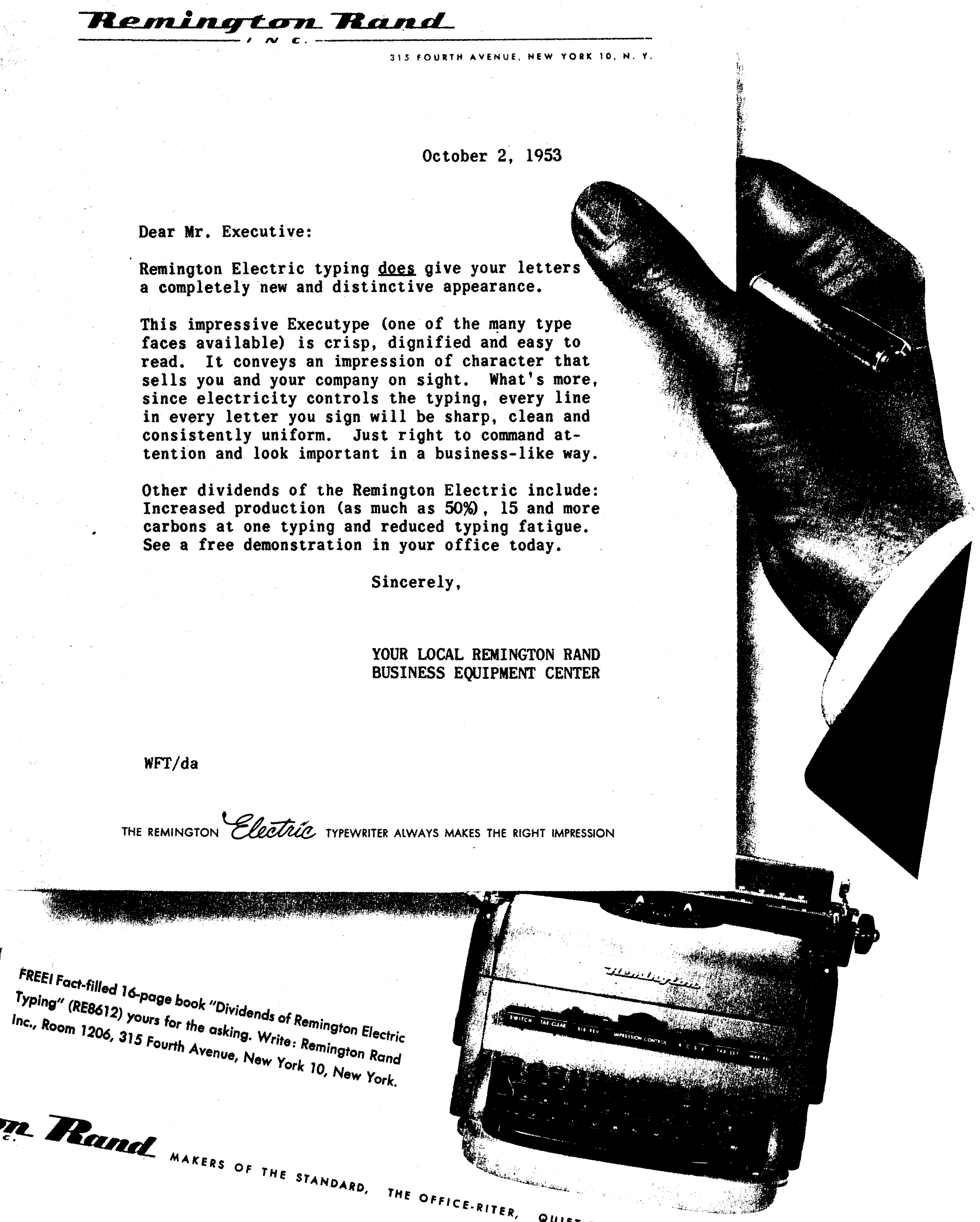
With Harder hitting harder, and the high-scoring Walker fully recovered from his bout with the television set, Parker's '53 Lions figure to be tougher than ever. At least around Detroit you won't find many fans seriously worried about the possibility of their Castoff Champs being cast out of the top spot in the National League this season. ▲▲▲



"There's a choice of three 3-Dimension pictures showing in town: 'Roaring Tracks,' where locomotives run over you, at the Stanley; 'Jungle Terror,' where wild lions leap into your lap, at the Fairfax; or 'The Wax Fiend,' where you fall into a tub of boiling wax, at the State. Which one appeals to you?"

COLLIER'S STAN FINE

Every Letter you sign
CAN BE AS DISTINCTIVE AS THIS....



Remington Rand
INC.
315 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

October 2, 1953

Dear Mr. Executive:

Remington Electric typing does give your letters a completely new and distinctive appearance.

This impressive Executype (one of the many type faces available) is crisp, dignified and easy to read. It conveys an impression of character that sells you and your company on sight. What's more, since electricity controls the typing, every line in every letter you sign will be sharp, clean and consistently uniform. Just right to command attention and look important in a business-like way.

Other dividends of the Remington Electric include: Increased production (as much as 50%), 15 and more carbons at one typing and reduced typing fatigue. See a free demonstration in your office today.

Sincerely,

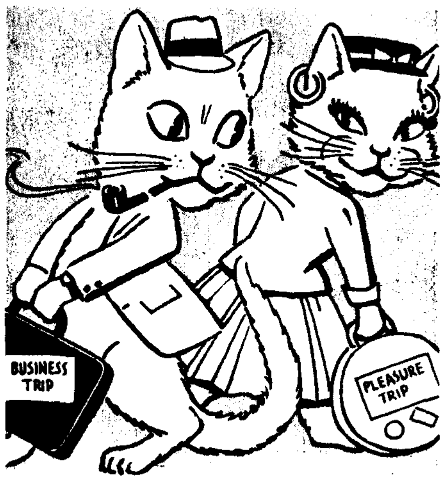
YOUR LOCAL REMINGTON RAND
BUSINESS EQUIPMENT CENTER

WFT/da

THE REMINGTON *Electric* TYPEWRITER ALWAYS MAKES THE RIGHT IMPRESSION

FREE! Fact-filled 16-page book "Dividends of Remington Electric Typing" (RE8612) yours for the asking. Write: Remington Rand Inc., Room 1206, 315 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, New York.

Remington Rand INC. MAKERS OF THE STANDARD, THE OFFICE-RITER, QUIET-RITER AND NOISELESS TYPEWRITERS



Copy cats agree on

NCB TRAVELERS CHECKS

Wise tourists, vacationers, business people copy the habits of experienced travelers and protect themselves against loss by carrying NCB Travelers Checks on every journey. They'll purchase anything, anywhere. If lost or stolen, you get a full refund. Cost only 75c per $100. Buy them at your bank. Good until used.

The best thing you know, wherever you go

NATIONAL CITY BANK TRAVELERS CHECKS

Backed by The National City Bank of New York
Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

Yorktown
Shoes for Men
Quality that's more than polish-deep
$9.95 TO $14.95
Gardiner Shoe Co., Inc., Gardiner, Maine

The Shadows of the Images

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

felt a twinge of envy. Paul was young enough to be merely impatient with evil and its symbols, to brush them out of his way with an angry word. He had not lived long enough to know fear and doubt and the dark night of the soul. His own sins had not weighed on him heavily, and the sins of others had not been thrust upon him.

Beverly Colter glanced at the young man, then looked at the image. She cocked her head on one side, and there was a half-smile on her face. "How much does it cost?" she asked.

Julius Weinstein stood looking at her, but she was absorbed in the figure. Finally he said, "Fifty dollars."

Father Brennan stiffened in his chair. It was, he thought, preposterous. Julius could not sell such a piece of work for only fifty dollars. Not in conscience! He knew the conscience of Julius Weinstein. Whether Julius had little money or much, he did not know; but Julius did not need money. He could sell this figure for ten dollars if he wanted to do so, but he would not. He was too well aware of those who competed with him—men who had families and a need for profit. For those men, he was scrupulous in keeping his prices just and proportionate. His conscience would have it no other way. But now? It was difficult to understand.

THE young man named Paul was arguing vehemently with the girl. "You're crazy, Bev," he said. "Nobody would even want a thing like that around."

"I would."

"Why?"

The girl was standing in the full light from the lamps. Her features in profile seemed delicate and sharply cut, although Father Brennan's first impression had been that she had rounded features. She laid her hand on Paul's forearm.

"Look," she said, "you go to a church where they have statues of Jesus and Mary and all kinds of saints. You think that's all right, don't you?"

"Of course, I do. That's different."

"It's different," the girl said, "because it's what you do."

"No, it's different—period! A statue can give you a feeling of reverence. A painting can. It can remind you that God made you, or that men and women have succeeded in doing a decent job of living. I have a crucifix in my room. I have pictures of my father and mother, too; and they remind me of things."

The girl laughed. "Okay. That's you. I don't believe in God. It's all a lot of folklore and nonsense." She gestured toward the image. "So is that. I don't believe that *he* ever existed, either. But that's a perfectly swell piece of work. It does something to me. I like it."

She turned suddenly to Julius Weinstein. "Wrap it up," she said. "We'll take it."

Julius lifted the image with seeming reluctance and held it a moment in his hands. Then he swathed the figure of Satan in tissue paper and fitted it neatly into a box.

The girl wrote out her check and waved it for a few seconds. She was smiling and there was a smug quality in her smile. Her face seemed round again. She laid the check down, and when Julius offered her the box she turned her head. "Carry it for me, will you, Paul," she said lightly. She smiled briefly at Julius Weinstein. "Thank you," she said to him. "I'm so glad I came in."

The young man was surly and tight-lipped about it, but he carried the package. The chime sounded when the two people opened the door on their way out. The store seemed suddenly wrapped in silence. When Julius pulled the lamp chain, Father Brennan raised his eyes.

"Fifty dollars, Julius?" he said.

"No. I'm not that kind of fool. She paid me a hundred dollars the other day. She is a customer. She did not want the boy to know."

"She wanted to shock him, you said. So you helped her? I'm not critical of you, Julius," he said thoughtfully, "but I wish that girl did not have that particular image. No one with her starkly pagan attitude should have it. It isn't art to her, it is something else, something very close, perhaps, to what its maker intended it to be. And it stands for evil—monstrous evil."

Julius raised one bushy eyebrow. "Surely," he said, "you don't think of Satan as a person?"

It was the old, difficult question. Father Brennan crushed the stub of his cigarette. "He is a spirit," he said. "A spirit does not have to be a human personality. He stands for evil, for our sins, our weaknesses, indulgences and compromises. Perhaps he feeds on us and grows powerful in negation. That image of him has known worship, homage, adoration; it was created in a spirit of perverted love. I wish that that girl didn't have it."

He rose to his feet, suddenly self-conscious. "I'm sorry, Julius," he said. "I've been poor company. I haven't even sufficiently admired that Bernard of Clairvaux—one of the nicest pieces I have ever seen."

Julius Weinstein was standing too. He held the image of the great Bernard in his hands, turning it over thoughtfully.

"You honor my shop, John," he said, "and you honor me. Your friendship is a comfort to me."

He extended his frail hand, and Father Brennan took it. It had been a strange afternoon. Julius Weinstein seldom called any man by his given name, and never a Catholic priest. His "John" fell softly. There had been affection in it.

PAUL LOGAN stalked down Cody Street to his car, ignoring Beverly, who made no effort to keep pace with his nervous plunging stride. He opened the unlocked right-hand door and tossed the wrapped package into the back seat.

Beverly came to a stop six feet away from him. She had her hands in her pockets, and her face was blandly expressionless. "Aren't you even going to kiss me good night?" she said.

I'll take you home," he said, "and you can kiss yourself good night."

She climbed into the car, and when he slid in under the wheel, she looked at him and smiled. "You're acting childish," she said, "but you must know that yourself. Little boys of twelve act the way you're acting, but some of them grow out of it."

"You're living in the biggest glass house in town, kid," he said grimly, "so never mind the rock-throwing. You are so damned juvenile—posturing around and acting bravely defiant, snapping your fingers at the lightning because you don't believe in lightning."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

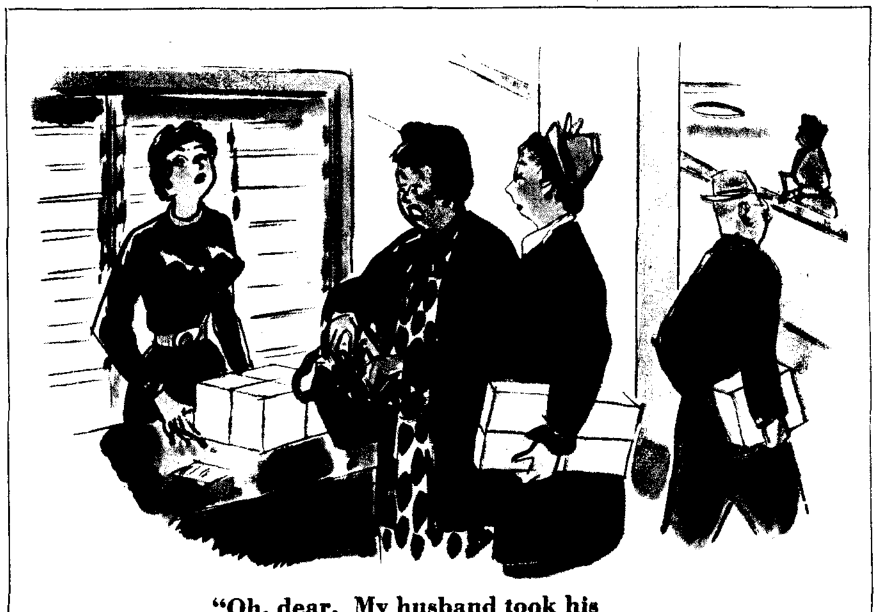
"Yes, you do. You thought that it would be a grand joke to spring that lousy image on me in some place where I wouldn't care to make an issue of it."

"But you did make an issue of it. You're more interested in superstition than in art."

"Art! Don't go hypocritical on me! You aren't interested in art. You saw just what I saw in that thing, but you didn't have any faith to be affronted. I do have. That's the difference between us."

Paul drove savagely, venting his annoyance at the girl, on his car and on traffic in general. All the dates he'd had before with Beverly Colter had been fun—nothing serious, but she'd interested him. When she'd asked him to come with her today to buy a statue, he'd accepted and had asked her to have dinner with him later. He'd had to break a date to do it, and now he was sorry.

He told himself angrily that Beverly



COLLIER'S "Oh, dear. My husband took his wallet out of my purse again!" HERB WILLIAMS

Colter was the perfect example of the shallow, machine-made mass-production mind that rolled off the state university production line every June. She had a smattering of points and arguments, remembered in and out of context, a line of patter illumined by glittering generalities and sparkling analogies, capped with epigrams. She knew all of her rights and none of her obligations. She was a spiritual and philosophical illiterate.

Paul drove down Cody Street to Wesley Avenue and south on Wesley.

"I don't know why you have to quarrel with me," Beverly said. "I wouldn't have said a word if you had taken me in some place and bought some simpering angel with golden wings."

Paul swore under his breath. "Toots," he said, "I'm a law student, and I've had that trick pulled on me in more debates than you'll ever listen to. As you put it, you are a patron of the arts, loving your figure of Lucifer because he represents a culture, an expression of thought and belief. You are on a high plane and prepared to tolerate me, even to the point of permitting me angels. My angels, of course, will simper and have gold wings; but still you will tolerate me. Your paths are broad and lighted by the sacred fires of art and science, while mine are narrow and dark with bigotry. But you will be tolerant if it kills you!"

Beverly sighed. "I don't know what you're talking about," she said.

"You don't have to know. This is where you live."

HE SWUNG the car between two stone gates which were connected by a wrought-iron arch. The neon sign on the arch read: *College Courtel.* A driveway in the shape of a horseshoe circled the enclosure, with small individual dwellings and their adjoining garages spaced around its perimeter. During the school year, such affluent students as Beverly Colter were permanent tenants.

Paul stopped midway on the right-hand arc, and Beverly touched his arm. "Thanks for bringing me home, Paul," she said. "I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. Truly. Won't you at least have a drink?"

Paul looked down into her face. He had been hurling savage arguments at an infuriating opponent, and now he was looking at a pretty blonde girl with wide blue eyes and incredible black eyelashes.

It was difficult to remember how the quarrel had started. There wasn't anything that he had to prove to Beverly Colter. Her obscure motivations had no significance for him.

"I'll collect that drink," he said.

"Coming right up." Beverly made a halfhearted, helpless reaching motion toward the back seat. "If you'll hand me my package, Paul, I'll carry it in."

He picked up the package which had been such an issue a short time ago. It was light in weight—a small thing, he thought, on which to build a controversy. He tucked it under his arm.

Inside the cottage, Paul placed the package from Julius Weinstein's on the floor and laid his topcoat across a chair. Beverly walked away from him across the living room and disappeared through a doorway in the southeast corner.

A painting of a ballerina on the east wall dominated the living room. She seemed to be leaping into the room from the kaleidoscopic background of the canvas—a girl in a flame bodice and a foamy, billowing ballet skirt, her face shadowy or blurred with motion, colorless save for the vivid red of her mouth. Paul stared at her and liked her; she was less woman than dancer, less figure than motion, but there was life, grace and vitality in her, caught for a moment of indefinite duration. Nice, he thought.

THE wall behind the painting was gray, and the furniture of the room was modern in blonde wood—a two-cushion divan, with the cushions striped in green and gray; two matching chairs; a combination radio-record player; a bookcase with two portraits in silver frames on top; a rectangular coffee table with an undershelf.

Paul crossed to the bookcase and bent over to read the titles and the names of the authors. Beverly did not have very many books, and he did not find any surprises among them. She was taking her time in the other room and Paul knelt down to look at her record collection, mostly concert and symphonic selections. He was returning the albums to the shelves when Beverly came into the room.

"Where do you think you are?" she said. "In church?"

He rose slowly to his feet. "You misunderstand," he said. "I was proposing to a lady."

He waved to the painting of the dancer. Beverly raised her eyebrows and shrugged. "You wouldn't get to first base—she doesn't speak English. Do you like Scotch or bourbon?"

"Scotch, with water. I like her. Did she come with the place?"

"Nothing any good came with the place. I like her too. She doesn't care about anything but dancing. A Czech painted her—in Taos, of all places. I wanted her the moment I saw her."

Beverly turned and went into the small, gleaming kitchen. Paul leaned against the doorframe, watching her while she mixed drinks. She handed one to him and together they walked to the living-room divan. For the first time, Paul was conscious of the aching quiet, of snow piling up outside and muffling all sound.

"I forgot to tell you," Paul said. "My brother liked the picture of you. He stopped by my room this noon."

"The one who's a policeman?"

"Tom. He's the only brother I have. And he's a detective lieutenant."

"What did he say?"

"He whistled."

"Silly! You said that he liked it. What did he say?"

Paul frowned, trying now to remember. "I don't know," he said. "He doesn't make long speeches." He grinned suddenly. "We're slightly different that way."

Beverly shook her head. "I can't picture it," she said. "Your having a policeman brother, I mean."

"You couldn't picture him even if, in my crude way, I could tell you what he's like. He does things. He's quiet. He's got a lot of power physically, but looking at him you don't realize how much. He's got more intelligence, more savvy, more varied knowledge than anyone I know—and you'd never suspect that, either, just meeting him. On top of that, he's got integrity, and he's damn' good company."

Beverly was silent. Paul sipped his drink and gestured with the glass toward the two portraits in silver frames on top of the bookcase.

"Your parents?" he said.

She nodded. "Theodore Harrison Colter," she said, "and Diana Luanne. Divorced, of course."

"Why 'of course'?"

"They had to be. He had too much money, and she had too much charm. So he fell into a great, overpowering, mature passion, and she took a lot of his money and went to Paris, where people appreciate charm."

She spoke without bitterness, but Paul was disconcerted by her frankness. "You sound as though you disliked them," he said.

She shook her head. "I hardly know them. They never knew what to do with me. I was a terrible complication. They found schools and camps for me, and I was always catching trains." She laughed and tipped her glass. "I was sixteen when they were divorced, and to spite each other they staged a battle for my custody. It wasn't one of those quiet, civilized divorces; it was noisy and full of fireworks. And they each got six months of my year."

Her lips tightened slightly. Paul had an idea that she did not talk about her family or her history very often. Tonight something had touched a spring in her that released her speech. He liked that.

"I'm grateful to them, both of them. They let me alone," Beverly said. "They didn't make me believe everything they believed. I'm not a Catholic or a Protestant, or a Democrat or a Republican. They didn't stick any labels on me. I'm the most completely free and independent person I know. I'm what I grew into. I haven't got an inhibition or a frustration in my whole system. I'm myself."

"Are you?"

"Yes."

Paul ignored the challenge of that yes, his eyes fixed on the two portraits across the room. These two people explained so much about Beverly, about the shaping, the influencing, the conditioning that they had given her and that she denied having had.

"Never mind looking at them," Beverly said. "You've heard enough about them. What about your family?"

"There's Tom and three sisters who live in other cities. My sisters are married and they have children and I don't hear from them very often; so it comes back to Tom. He's my family."

"Your parents?"

"Dead."

BEVERLY tilted her glass. "I can tell by your expression that your mother was a saint," she said. "Don't tell me about her. I couldn't stand it. We'd quarrel again."

"She didn't have much time to be a saint," Paul said. "I wasn't going to talk about her."

Paul took his drink slowly. He thought about his family in relation to Beverly's. Beverly would not understand a woman who did the washing and the ironing and the cooking for a husband and five children in a shabby six-room house, without the benefit of a washing machine or modern kitchen equipment. She wouldn't understand Terence Logan, who was big and rough and occasionally loud, who was a cop who never earned much money, who sometimes drank too much, and who dropped dead while chasing two petty thieves, leaving his family in debt.

It was a story that nobody could tell to Beverly, because she would see only horror and shabbiness in it. A person had to live with that story to know that it had beauty, that it was a story of love and loyalty—that people full of faults and trouble learned tolerance and

You'll Love the Feel of Its Cushion Bite!

MEDICO

Crest FILTER PIPE $3.50

with Guaranteed BITE-PROOF NYLON BIT

Odorless! Tasteless!

Also available in MEDICO V.F.Q. $2

THROW AWAY NICOTINE

When filter turns brown in Medico, throw it away, with nicotine, juices, flakes, and tars it has trapped. Insert a fresh filter for cooler, cleaner, dryer smoking. Imported Briar.

GENUINE FILTERS THROW AWAY NICOTINE

10 for 10¢

OTHER MEDICO VALUES

Medico Clear-Vue . . . $1.89

Medico Medalist $1.50

Medico Cigarette & Cigar Holders . . . $1.00

Medico Filterette Disposable Holders, 3 for 25¢

Wide variety of shapes and sizes

Write Medico Pipes, Inc., N. Y. 22, for Booklet D.

Wigwam Socks

snug-fitting

soft

warm

Cold blinds . . . hard trails — wherever you hunt, you'll enjoy the soft, snug comfort of Wigwams. All lengths . . . for men and women. At leading sporting goods and department stores. Hand Knit Hosiery Co., Sheboygan, Wisconsin

for every sport

Shrink-treated WOOL or 100% Cushioned-Fiber NYLON.

compassion for faults and trouble, that hard work and sacrifice and faith created a strange security in the midst of insecurity.

He could remember all the harsh outlines of the story and yet remember the central figures with tenderness, not sentimentalizing them, finding it unnecessary to change them in memory from what they were in life. He couldn't explain any of that.

"We wouldn't quarrel about them, Bev," he said. "They weren't saints. Not the kind you are thinking about, anyway."

BEVERLY smiled. They sat quietly, very close to each other physically and psychically, ignoring time. Beverly laid her hand on his knee, and a flood of warmth coursed through him. "I've been very good, Paul," she said. "I haven't argued with you or done anything to make you mad since we came in, have I?"

"No. But don't be so solemn about it. I'm not that touchy."

"Paul, I bought something. I'm dying to see it in my own place. But if you—?"

She paused, her eyes on his face. There was no taunt in her, no baiting of his convictions, but he felt slightly ridiculous in the role that she had given him. "It's your home," he said, "and you bought something that you wanted for it. You'll unwrap it sometime, so why not now? I don't care."

"Thank you, Paul."

He watched her cross the room to the package that he had left beside the door. She picked up the package, and her fingers tore eagerly at the wrappings. She dropped the paper on the floor and held the Satan figure in her hands. There was a leashed excitement in the poise of her body as she stared at the image. Then she raised her head and looked at Paul.

"I can't help it," she said. "I think he's wonderful. I never saw anything like him."

"One like him is enough."

"Be nice, Paul." She looked around the room, and a crease of doubt appeared on her forehead. "Where will I put him?"

Paul did not answer her, but Beverly did not seem to notice. "I wanted him in here," she said, "but it won't work. I'll have to put him in my bedroom. I have a place. Come along if you want to!"

Paul followed her and stopped in the doorway. Beverly's room was no more than twelve by fourteen. Her bed paralleled the door and was drawn close to the window on the east side. There was another door, obviously into the bathroom, and a low, blonde, modernistic dressing table between the two doors. The walls were turquoise blue and the coverlet on her bed maroon, as was the seat cushion of the bench before the dressing table. There was a shelf on the south wall, paralleling the foot of the bed, about five feet from the floor. It supported a line of brightly jacketed books.

Beverly stood beside the bed. "Paul," she said, "will you take those books down?" He brushed against her in passing, conscious again of the scent that she wore, and lifted the books from the shelf. As he stacked them carefully on the floor, Beverly placed the image of Satan on the shelf.

The only light in the room came from the reading lamp above Beverly's pillow and the two lamps that flanked the dressing-table mirror. Lucifer stood half in shadow, at home on his small height and a figure of arrogance. His hand was raised in exhortation or command, and his slender, muscular figure was taut. Beverly stood before him for several seconds, her fingers interlaced. Then she turned, with obvious reluctance, away from him.

"Thank you, Paul," she said. "I won't ask you how you like him there. I know you don't."

"Look, Bev," he said, "you can't have that thing there where you see it before you go to sleep and first thing when you wake up. You—"

"Of course I can." She reached out, gripping his arm with her fingers. "I don't see things the way you do, Paul," she said. "None of that religious stuff means anything to me."

She raised her lips to his, and he kissed her. She was warm and soft and clinging in his arms. She gave her lips to him in surrender and then in response. She drew her head back at length, turning her mouth away from his and burying her face against his shoulder. "Please, Paul," she said.

"I'll grant you that his writing will be remembered long after we're forgotten but, for the present, we have the upper hand"

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

He held her wrists, but she kept her arms rigid. The aisle between the bed and the dressing table was narrow. "I never invited any man into my bedroom before, Paul," she said. "Never. You're the first ever to be alone in my apartment with me."

His grip on her wrists relaxed slightly. "Thanks," he said.

"I knew you were safe, Paul, that it was all right because of all the things you believe. It's almost like inviting another girl—"

Her expression was innocent, her voice soft and reasonable, but his grip tightened again on her wrist. "It is like hell!" he said. "And you know better. If you want to make cracks, make them, but leave out the sirup."

Her eyes widened. "Paul!" she said. "I didn't. It *is* like that, isn't it? I mean, a girl doesn't have to worry about you, because you believe in mortal sin. That's right, isn't it?"

He thrust her suddenly away from him. He had no words that would serve him, only violence. She had given him a question that permitted him his choice between two wrong answers, between hypocrisy and the absurdity of explanation.

"Well, is all this religion stuff a lot of talk, or do you believe it?" she said. "If you believe it, why shouldn't I invite you into my bedroom or anywhere else?"

He drew a deep breath. "You were perfectly safe," he said. "I accepted you on your own valuation. Let's leave it at that. It was your mind that introduced the bedroom emphasis—not mine. Now let's get out of it."

She blocked the way when he tried to move forward. She was soft and melting again.

"I'm sorry, Paul," she said.

"Okay. So, you're sorry. Let's go."

She hesitated a moment, than gave ground, turning away from him. At the door she stopped suddenly, so suddenly that he ran into her. "I gave you the wrong idea, Paul," she said. "My mind isn't like that." She tilted her head back, looking into his eyes. "Silly though it may seem to you, I'm still—I mean, I've never—"

"What's silly about chastity?" he asked huskily.

"It's silly because I don't think it's important. It's just an admission that there's something in living that I don't know anything about, and that's my own fault."

"If that's all it means to you, what's been holding you back?"

There was scorn in his voice, a tinge of contempt, and she felt it. "I don't want to be just a part of what somebody else wants to do," she said. "I want to do what I want to do."

He looked at her incredulously. "I never heard a worse reason for anything," he said.

She walked across the living room. "It's my reason," she said. "Forget that you heard it."

She opened the door, and the snow blew over her in a cloud, spangling her. She spun around, as excited as a child, the issues and the problems of the night as completely erased as were the frozen flakes that melted against her dress.

"Look, Paul!" she said. "A blizzard! Let's walk in it. Let's get something to eat."

VICTORIA LEIGHTON was angry. Downstairs at the desk of the university library it was a polite, controlled anger, which permitted her to smile, to make a mild joking remark; upstairs in the powder room, alone, it was the kind of anger that throws things. She scooped a piece of soap out of a soap dish and hurled it at the door. It hit with a satisfactory thud and broke into a satisfying number of small pieces. She washed her hands, running the water at a furious, splashing pace, and jerked savagely at the roller towel. When she was ready to face the mirror she was relatively calm.

Lipstick was all the make-up she used. Her mouth was vivid against the natural pallor of her skin; it was dramatic, and she knew it.

She patted her hair into shape with deft fingers and ran a moist finger over her eyebrows. Her black hair curled softly outward, creating the illusion of greater width in the small oval of her face and giving emphasis to her well-shaped, wide-spaced, deep brown eyes, the best feature she had.

"Behold Victoria Leighton," she said bitterly, "all ready for a big blind date."

She took two sheets of cleansing tissue out of her bag and removed the soap splash from the door. She bent over, too, and picked up every fragment of the shattered soap bar. It was a penance of a sort, and she had performed many such penances.

Her dress was a gray jersey with a wide red belt. She slipped a red scarf around her neck and tucked it carefully into the V of her light gray coat, a coat too light for the weather.

She was all set for a big evening, a substitute date with Paul Logan's brother. They'd probably have a stimulating discussion about police work and then she could go home to her grandmother, who was eighty-three.

She went downstairs and paused on the steps of the library.

AT FIRST she didn't recognize the man who came up the walk. She raised her eyes, hostile, uncompromising. He looked at her and laughed. His laugh was disarming. "I'm Tom Logan," he said, "substituting for Paul."

"Thank you," she said stiffly. "But there's no reason for you to have to keep Paul's dates."

"Nonsense. My car's over here." Tom Logan's easy assurance made the idea of resistance absurd.

He held the door of the car open for her. She remembered only vaguely having met him before, with no clear recollection of the circumstances. Paul had talked about him a lot, and she did remember that he was thirty, compared with Paul's twenty-four.

He was bigger than Paul—not taller, perhaps, but stronger, sturdier, more powerful, certainly more mature. He walked easily, with his body in perfect balance, like a dancer or an athlete in training.

She watched him as he walked around the front of the car to the door on his own side.

"Paul was very sorry," he said. "He had an errand downtown today."

"I know all about it."

He turned toward her, startled. She raised her eyes to his. "The lovely Beverly made sure that I would know," she said. "For the first time in history she came to the library for a book, so that she could discuss her date with Paul in front of my desk."

Tom Logan turned the key in the ignition. "Chalk one against Beverly," he said.

"Should you have said that?"

"Why not?"

"I thought policemen were always tight-mouthed and inscrutable, like Indians."

"I don't know. I never heard. Policemen have toothaches and colds in the head, appendicitis sometimes, and warts and bunions. Some of them owe money to loan companies." He drove slowly down the driveway and turned into the street. "Some policemen have children, and a lot of them have wives."

The girl laughed. "I give up. I hate generalities too."

TOM LOGAN said suddenly, "Look, I'm sorry about what happened today. I don't believe it was Paul's fault. He—"

"I don't care about that."

"No?"

"No. It was an extremely casual date. It was the way it was done. He could have talked to me himself instead of just leaving a message. I didn't like that little act of Beverly Colter's. I'm getting redheaded again just remembering it."

"Don't!"

"I won't. I've talked too much already. Women always talk too much if a man throws out even a mildly sympathetic word. I hate that." She drew a deep breath. "I have an idea that I flunked my manners test," she said. "I shouldn't have called you a policeman, should I? Paul says that you're a lieutenant."

He nodded. "Of detectives. But don't worry about your manners. We're all cops at the Second Precinct."

"Oh. I live there."

"You do?"

"Yes. Didn't Paul tell you? At 1411 Winchester."

He looked at her, then back to the dark, curving road. "That would be across the street from Saint Edmund's Church," he said thoughtfully.

"That's right."

"It's a good block—which probably explains why I didn't know you were there. But the neighborhood isn't safe for a girl."

Victoria thought about that. "Nobody bothers me," she said. "People know me. I teach Sunday school for Father Brennan. I have adult education classes too, at the public school."

"Nights?"

"Of course. Somebody has to do it."

Tom Logan shook his head. "Listen," he said. "Idealism is a lovely thing. Faith and trust are lovely things. But don't walk alone at night."

"Now you are dealing in generalities."

"Those generalities are backed by statistics and a few tons of case histories."

"Maybe so. I still live at 1411 Winchester. I don't want to move. I couldn't move if I did want to."

"Why not?"

"I live with my grandmother. We are he last of the family. The Leightons ived in that neighborhood before this was a state. They lived there when our irst United States senator lived there, when it was the right neighborhood to ive in. Anyway, the family imporance ceased to be and the money vanshed, and my grandmother owns three houses which support her meagerly."

"I'd like to hear the rest of it."

"Would you? Well, maybe someime. I like to talk about myself."

Tom laughed. "And in the meanime, where would you like to have dinner?"

"Somewhere not too far away. I promised my grandmother I'd be home arly. How about the Bob White?"

He nodded and drove over to Colt Street. . . .

Half a dozen people recognized Tom Logan when he came in, and they looked at Victoria Leighton curiously. Facing her across the table in a booth, Tom felt an odd glow of pride that she had come here with him, to a place where newspapermen and other people on the fringe of his world congregated. She was lovely. The cold had brought color into her cheeks, and her dark eyes were gleaming. She had an alive quality, an exciting quality, that defied definition.

"Drink?" he said.

"I'll take a Manhattan. I seldom drink anything, but it's a cold night."

He gave the order to a waitress. "I don't drink much myself."

"Private detectives in mystery novels do. It makes them brilliant."

"They do all right with women, too. I always wonder why. Did you ever see a private detective?"

"No."

He smiled at her, his lips twisting slightly, one corner of his mouth tilting upward—a wry kind of a smile. The waitress brought their drinks and he lifted his glass. "Victoria Elizabeth," he said.

The waitress came back for their order. They ordered steaks. Victoria sighed when the waitress left. "I hope that detective lieutenants are rolling in money," she said. "I feel guilty about that steak, but not too much so. It sounds heavenly."

It was a warm, relaxed interval. Looking across the table, Tom thought: I like this girl. I like her a lot. I wonder if I'm still acting as a stand-in for Paul?

As though she sensed his thought, Victoria made her own approach to the same subject. "I've been trying to find the resemblance between you and Paul," she said. "It's very slight."

"How well do you know Paul?"

"Oh, we've had a few dates—a dance, a few shows. He drove me home from the university every once in a while, and sometimes he came in for dinner. Why?"

HER eyes were amused. He found her expression disconcerting. "He has your picture in his room in the dormitory," he said.

"A mistake of mine. I gave it to him one night when my grandmother—Elizabeth—was rude to him. She's not impressed with him."

"Why not?"

"He's too eloquent. She calls it 'glib.' I'm afraid she likes strong silent types like Gary Cooper—or you. She's quite a person. But that's getting away from Paul. He told me that your father wanted one son to be a lawyer and one to be a priest. Until I met you, I assumed that you were his priest candidate."

"But not now?"

"Definitely not."

"As a matter of fact, he was never specific about that. It was a hope. He never tried to influence either of us. He might have had another hope, a secret one, that one of us would be a cop. After all, that was his life."

The girl studied his face. "I wish I knew what you were both like as children," she said.

"What would that prove?"

"Everything. I don't believe your father expected Paul to be the lawyer. I believe you were his candidate."

"And Paul for the priesthood? Maybe. I don't know."

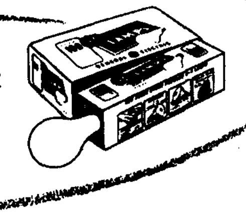
Victoria bit her lip. "Paul wouldn't have made it through the seminary," she said. "Paul is better on his feet than on his knees."

"Still sore at him, aren't you?"

"No. I've always been irritated with

"If that guy on the pole's a bulbsnatcher too, we might as well all go to *bed!*"

NOTE TO BULBSNATCHERS:
G-E LAMP BULBS IN THE EASY-TO-STORE PACK OF FOUR COST AS LITTLE AS THIS:
FOUR 60-WATT 64¢ plus tax
FOUR 100-WATT 72¢ plus tax



GENERAL ELECTRIC

Claims!
Claims!
Claims!
But now comes this solid
FACT!

HERE is a Guarantee with teeth in it! "If, after 500 miles," it says, "you are not satisfied RING-FREE is doing these things... your money will be refunded by your dealer immediately."

Sweeping aside empty claims, Macmillan backs up every statement about RING-FREE Xtra Heavy Duty Motor Oil with this iron-clad Guarantee.

Could we possibly make a stronger statement than that? Could we give you greater assurance that you will get what we say you will get? Could there be a greater difference between the usual advertising puffery and a sincere, down-to-earth pledge like that?

President
MACMILLAN PETROLEUM CORP.
LOS ANGELES • CHICAGO • NEW YORK

M Guarantee

Because Macmillan Ring-Free Xtra Heavy Duty Motor Oil will remove carbon, retard oxidation, resist heat, prevent corrosion, and noticeably reduce friction, we guarantee it will:

1 Increase the horsepower of your engine.
2 Give more miles per gallon of gasoline.
3 Prevent valves from sticking, including hydraulic valve lifters.
4 Reduce annoying engine "ping".
5 Reduce wear and repair.

Drain and refill with Macmillan Ring-Free Xtra Heavy Duty Motor Oil, and, if after 500 miles you are not satisfied that Ring-Free Xtra Heavy Duty is doing the things listed above, your money will be refunded by your dealer immediately.

Macmillan Petroleum Corporation
LOS ANGELES • CHICAGO • NEW YORK

CLIP OUT AND MAIL

R. S. Macmillan, President, Dept. C7
Macmillan Petroleum Corporation, 530 West Sixth St., Los Angeles 14, California

Please send me your folder—"The Oil that Pays for Itself in the Gas It Saves." Also tell me my nearest Macmillan Oil dealer.

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

him. He sees everything much more clearly than he sees himself. He is always in arms against what he calls the intellectual vanity of the university, the enthronement of reason over faith. He does what he condemns in others, and he is what he hates."

Tom shook his head. "You're not fair to him, Victoria," he said. "Paul's not like that. He was an altar boy, you know. I had a voice, and I was in the choir at Saint Edmund's. But I think that's when I became a sloppy Catholic and got away from it all. An altar boy gets close to the Mass. He's part of it. In the choir, the music gets to be more important than the Mass, especially your own part in the music. When I stopped singing in the choir, it was like resigning from Catholicism, the Catholicism I knew best." He might have said more but the steaks arrived, and they both turned their attention to the food.

Victoria Leighton ate her steak with obvious enjoyment. She was a gay kind of girl when she wasn't taking life too seriously. Tom leaned across the table, and started to speak, but checked himself when he heard a heavy tread in the aisle and a booming voice being genial to people along the table route. He looked up and saw Nick Consonants bearing down on him. Nick owned the Bob White.

Tom sighed resignedly. "Here it comes again," he said.

Victoria looked at him curiously, and then Nick was at their table, a stocky, red-faced man with shrewd friendly eyes.

"Lieutenant, my friend, it is good to see you in my place," he said. "And with the lovely lady!" He bowed to Victoria, very happy about her. "The lady would like the police dessert?"

"Police dessert?" Victoria repeated.

Nick strained for a solemn demeanor. "Copcakes," he said.

Then he went down the aisle, his laugh booming, sharing his joke with the world. "Copcakes," he repeated.

Victoria giggled, and Tom shook his head. "He's been telling that one for six months."

"I think he's cute." She tilted her head to one side. "Does he spring that on all your girls?"

"What girls?"

"All right. It's none of my business."

HE LOOKED across the table, mildly flattered that she had been curious. For a moment he considered telling her the truth, then beat the impulse down. It was the empty place in his life at the moment. A police officer moved in a tight and restricted society, which made it tough on bachelors.

After dinner they made lazy conversation over the coffee. When they walked to the front of the restaurant several people called hello to Tom, and he answered them with a wave. It made him feel good. He saw too many hostile eyes in the course of the day. Nick was beaming at him from behind the cashier's counter.

"Maybe it's going to snow," Nick said. He added up the checks with a chuckle. The weather was another one of his jokes.

Tom felt Victoria's presence beside him. I belong in a dump like this, but she doesn't, he thought.

They went out together into the snow, and he held her arm, feeling her shiver in her slight coat, thrusting his body between her and the wind. . . .

Snow was melting on the roofs, and there was a fresh green look of spring on the lawns where a warm wind had burned off the snow. It was an illusion, of course, with weeks of winter still in prospect, but Tom Logan was enjoying the illusion. He was also enjoying his pipe, and the fact that he had a day off and that Paul had come to visit him.

THE two brothers sat in twin leather chairs in Tom's three-room apartment over a garage, smiling at each other. Paul seemed to have grown thinner in the weeks since Tom had seen him, but there was sparkle and vitality in him, a certain impression of leashed drive and energy.

"What have you been doing with yourself?" Tom said.

"Falling in love, I think."

"Someone I know?"

"No. I'm afraid it's Beverly Colter."

"Why afraid?"

"Because nothing could make less sense."

"Love isn't supposed to make sense."

"No," Paul said. "I wouldn't want that. But there should be some logic, even if it's only the logic of natural selection. People should speak the same language, or live in the same world. We don't. She has too much money."

"You're thinking of marrying her?"

Paul's eyes lighted. There was amusement in them, self-mockery too, perhaps. "It's about all I do think about."

"Which doesn't answer the question," Tom said.

Paul spread his hands apart in a gesture of helplessness. "How can I answer it? I couldn't support her. And yet, I date her every night she'll go. When I haven't got a date with her, I worry about other people dating her. I quarrel with her when I see her, then stay awake all night framing up apologies."

Tom pulled thoughtfully on his pipe. He had hoped that Paul would stay clear of entanglements until he got his law degree. He was not sure that there was much point in advice, but if Paul did not want help he would not be laying the cards on the table.

"The girl seems to be the key to the problem," he said finally. "What makes her so wonderful?"

"She isn't wonderful. She's got a mind like a sheet of carbon paper, all cluttered up with phrases and ideas that have hit it from time to time. She's a narcissist and a hedonist and a lot of other things that I dislike."

Paul hesitated. "On the other hand," he said softly, "she's as feminine as Eve. She's lovely-looking and she has a thousand surprises. She'll come out looking and smelling like a hothouse flower, and you get the idea that she's a clotheshorse—and then she goes rowdy on you. She knows music, all kinds, and she dances like the music was written for her. You can give her wine out of a tin cup and it's still wine to her—if that makes sense."

"Yes, it does. I know another girl like that. Not like all the rest of it, but certainly she doesn't balk at tin cups."

"Who?"

"Victoria Leighton."

Paul's eyes widened. "No!" he said. "Not the little Leighton! You haven't fallen for her, have you?"

"Why not?"

"No reason. It's all to the good. You need somebody. But, Victoria?" Paul paused and then laughed. "Well, at least she'll make a good Catholic out of you," he said. "There's nobody like a zealous convert to bring a deserter back to the fold."

Tom made a ceremony of relighting his pipe. It gave him time to bring a sudden flash of anger under control, and to bite back the words that he might have said. "I've been seeing her quite often since I took over that date for you," he said quietly, "but you had a priority. I didn't know exactly how you felt."

It was quiet in the room. Paul looked suddenly older, more mature. "No priority, Tom," he said. "I never had one. I probably couldn't have if I'd wanted one. Victoria is a swell kid. She's game, and she has a mind and she knows what she believes. I like her. That's all of it."

Tom laughed. Everything was all right again. "Okay," he said. "Let's get back on the track. How does Beverly feel about you?"

"Bev doesn't feel about other people. Never! She feels about herself, and other people get the reflection. Sometimes it can be quite a glow. I think she's amazed at herself for giving me a second look. I'm a queer fish that she brought up in her net, and she knows she should throw me back but she can't seem to do it."

"You don't sound to me as though you're in love with her," Tom said, frowning at his pipe.

"This isn't what I thought love would be like, but if it isn't love, then I'll never know. It's a real problem to me, and I haven't any answers."

There was a shadow in Paul's eyes. His hands moved jerkily when he gestured, and he was smoking one cigarette after another. There was desperation in him, mingled with his embarrassment, and the light touch that he had sought to maintain was wearing out.

TOM groped for words. "It could be infatuation," he said slowly. "Sex with a capital S."

"I thought of that. It's the popular solution. You reduce all man-woman problems to that, then you fulfill yourself and the problem vanishes. It's as simple as taking vitamin pills." He shook his head. "I don't want it that way, Tom."

"I wasn't suggesting that. I see too much of it. I see too many people who are more afraid of frustration than of sin. A woman has to mean something and stand for something. If she's just a target for passion, a man has one hell of a nerve talking about love."

Paul's eyes held a startled, slightly awed expression, and he had let his cigarette burn out. "Right!" he said. "I'll buy it. But don't worry. I wasn't planning to make a play for an affair anyway."

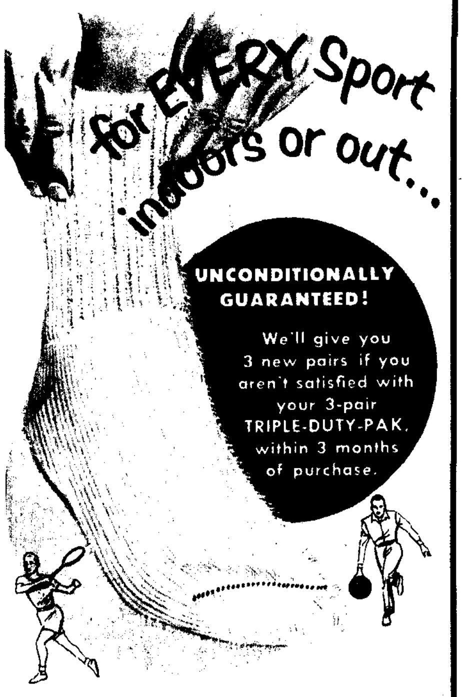
The tension broke, and the two brothers smiled at each other. Paul looked at his watch. "I'll have to shove," he said. "Date with Beverly." He rose to his feet. "How about coming along and meeting her?" he said.

Tom studied his own watch, frowning slightly. "I've got a date too," he said, "but I've got enough time. Let's go."

The ride was short, but when they turned into Covenant Street, with the College Courtel ahead of them, Paul slowed the car. "There's something I forgot to tell you," he said. "Bev likes to seem daring. She likes to shock people. Her pet gimmick is a statue of Satan. She's got it on a shelf in her bedroom."

"What were you doing in her bedroom?"

Paul laughed. "The very same thing you'll be doing in it—looking at the


for EVERY Sport indoors or out...

UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED!

We'll give you 3 new pairs if you aren't satisfied with your 3-pair TRIPLE-DUTY-PAK within 3 months of purchase.

Sport-Age

ATHLETIC SOCKS BY Portage

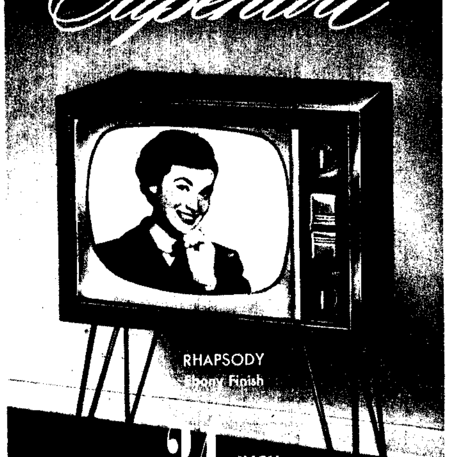
Soft, shrink-sized for comfort. Nylon reinforced toe, high-spliced heel FOR STREET AND CASUAL WEAR, BOWLING, TENNIS, GOLF, GYM. Sizes for men and boys. At your favorite Men's Wear or Department Store.

PORTAGE HOSIERY CO. • Portage, Wis. Also Boot Socks, Bundle Socks, Ski Socks, Slipper Socks, Dress Hose and Wool Mittens.

In Canada: Portage Hosiery Co. of Canada, London, Ont.

BEST BUY ANYWHERE

THE INCOMPARABLE Capehart



24 INCH PICTURE

only $299^95* (Base Extra)

Prices Slightly Higher in South and West

image! Anyway, I'm warning you. Don't act impressed with it. That will kill her."

Tom grinned. "Okay," he said.

Tom did not know quite what he expected Beverly Colter to be, but he was not prepared for the soft-haired blonde who opened the door.

HER eyes were blue, wide, expectant, curious. She was shorter than he thought she would be, shorter than Victoria—a small girl, and young.

"You're Tom," she said. "You must be."

"That's right."

"How swell! I've been so curious."

She gave him both of her hands. There was momentary pressure in her fingers.

"All right," Paul said. "Give him all the attention. I'm just his brother."

Beverly's eyes widened as she released Tom's hand and turned to Paul. "But he's new," she said. She raised her lips. A trifle self-consciously, Paul kissed her, and then she moved swiftly, gracefully away. Tom followed Paul's example and hung up his coat. When he turned around, he met Beverly's eyes.

"I've been looking forward to this, too," he said.

"Have you? What did you expect?"

"A bigger girl."

"Is that all? I could be. I skip dessert."

Paul said, "I promised our distinguished guest that he could see your bedroom."

"He will. I always take strange men into my bedroom immediately." She led the way.

Satan stood on the shelf over the bed, wrapped in shadow, with a black-velvet hanging at his back. Tom remembered Paul's admonition that he was not to be impressed with the image. He looked around the room instead, then looked at Beverly. "I like your room," he said. "It's worth seeing."

Beverly suddenly snapped off the lights and pressed past him in the narrow passageway between the bed and the dressing table. He was conscious of the faint, elusive scent she wore; then a match flared in her fingers and she lighted the two candles on either side of the figure. The candles leaped then into flickering light that brought the image of Satan out of the darkness in awesome majesty.

Tom Logan stared at the figure, appalled. The joke was a joke no longer. The unsteady light playing over the figure seemed to endow it with life and breath and movement. The dark angel stood proud and defiant, his arms raised in a vehement gesture, scorn on his lips, his amber eyes glittering like the eyes of a leopard.

There was malevolence in the image on the shelf, the malevolence perhaps of the man who had carved it. There was hatred and cruelty, defiance, resentment and arrogant self-will in every line of the figure, and Tom Logan had seen those qualities manifested too many times. Because the confessional was always dark, a priest, perhaps, knew less about the face of evil than he did; in the police station, a light beat upon it.

He reached for the light switch, and as the soft light flowed again over the blue of the walls, he saw Beverly sitting on the foot of the bed, smiling at him. "Do you still think it's funny?" she said.

"No. It isn't funny." Tom turned his back on the room, and Paul moved out of the doorway to let him pass. Paul looked worried.

"Hell, Tom," he said, "you played it wrong. As long as people encourage her by being shocked, she'll keep on making a show of it."

He walked across the living room, and went into the kitchen.

Beverly took her time in the bedroom. When she came out she was wearing a tight self-satisfied smile that Tom found slightly infuriating. "Paul doesn't understand me at all," she said.

"Why should he?" Tom said. "You wouldn't want that. If he did, he'd spoil your fun."

She lifted her head, and there was nothing smug or self-satisfied now in the smile that she flashed on him.

"Oh, Walt, just look at her! Doesn't the ten-dollar-a-lesson seem insignificant now?"

COLLIER'S STAN FINE

"Paul would never have thought that," she said.

They were both laughing when Paul came in with the drinks.

TOM LOGAN drove along the long, winding streets from the College Courtel to the downtown area, listening out of long habit to the police calls but feeling no particular concern with them. He had had an interesting day so far, and he was glad that he had met Beverly.

I'm damned if I know what Paul is going to do about her, he thought. He wasn't kidding when he said that he had a problem. Maybe he ought to point his nose southward and run. He was vaguely worried about Paul, but the worry remained vague.

He thought of his coming date with Victoria. They had come a long way in these last several weeks. It was difficult for him to remember what his life had been like before she entered it. He spent his days off with her and the evenings when he wasn't on duty. They took long drives and they ate in out-of-the-way places and they sang together for the entertainment of Victoria's grandmother, Elizabeth. He had even gone regularly to Lenten devotions with Victoria at Saint Edmund's, liking it so long as she merely took his going for granted and did not try to convince him of anything.

Elizabeth had broken him in on debate too, and he had found it fun. Knowing very little of her pet subject, the schisms and the heresies, he had evolved his own series of police analogies to answer moral and religious questions—confusing them more often than he answered them, but satisfying Elizabeth's contentious mind by giving it something new to work on.

VICTORIA refused to be drawn into the religious discussions. Tom understood that Victoria's decision to become a Roman Catholic some years before had brought on the stormiest of all her quarrels with her grandmother. But Elizabeth respected a worshiper even when she did not respect his form of worship. There was a dignity in the relationship of the two women and a deep bond of attachment.

All in all, Victoria had brought something vital into his life that had not been there before her coming; but she had withheld much of herself. He had a feeling that she did not entirely trust him, that she included him in her prejudice against something that she called "the police mind" and that when she was gayest, at her spontaneous best, she was merely unmindful, temporarily, of a prejudice that continued to exist. She liked him—he was certain of that—but he did not feel in her an emotional response that would meet or match the want that she had awakened in him, a want that was increasingly difficult to hold in leash.

He pulled to the curb in front of 1411 Winchester and ran up the porch steps. Victoria opened the door and stepped out on the porch. She had her forefinger pressed against her lips. "Ssh!" she said. "Don't make any noise that will wake Elizabeth. She's laying for you. Do you want to argue with her about Saint Thomas Aquinas?"

There was a vital expectancy about Victoria, the attitude of a girl to whom something pleasant, and possibly exciting, is happening. Tom felt the mood and liked it.

They crossed the sidewalk, and Tom held the car door open. "I can't hold up my end of the argument with her. I'm not an intellectual Catholic," he explained.

Victoria laughed. "I'm not either. But you know how she loves to argue with Catholics," she said. "Are you going to buy me a sandwich?"

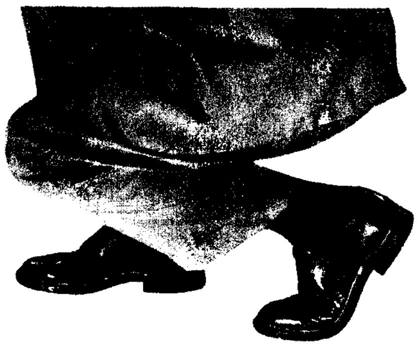
"I'll do better than that. There's a little French place on East Oregon."

"No. I want a sandwich—a roast beef sandwich with brown gravy. At the Bob White."

Her voice was light and lilting, and she seemed happy, so he resigned himself. He had been looking forward to the leisurely atmosphere of a French restaurant and to ordering a meal in French. He wanted to exhibit that side of himself to Victoria, the side that was not roughneck and two-fisted, but she was making it impossible. On her part, he thought, she's probably putting me at my ease by liking my part of town. We could misunderstand each other.

His entrance into the Bob White with Victoria created a mild stir, as it had on the first occasion. Nick, smiling broadly, led them to a booth and made

Sunshine
CHEEZ-IT
A DAINTY CHEESE CRACKER
GOOD... any old time
GOOD any old time!
America's largest selling cheese cracker!
Sunshine Biscuits, Inc.
Rob't Day



WARD HILL SHOES
PROVED FLEXIBLE
BY "SQUAT TEST"

Even brand new Ward Hill Shoes, right out of the box, bend and flex completely. There's no breaking in! Visit a Ward Hill dealer. Let him fit you, and then try the Squat Test yourself. You'll see that Ward Hill Shoes are instantly flexible . . . and shoe flexibility means shoe comfort.

Ward Hill Style 2101

"Feel the difference on your feet."

WARD HILL Shoes for Men

KNIPE BROS., INC., WARD HILL, MASS.

PREVENT SUDDEN BATTERY FAILURE...
WITH OLIN LEAKPROOF BATTERIES
SIZE "D"
OLIN
LEAKPROOF
BATTERY

Made with *SOLINITE magic new ingredient

No other battery has it! *Exclusive Olin discovery* stops sticky ooze that shorts batteries and ruins flashlights. Longer life. More dependable. Ask your dealer for new Olin Leakproof Batteries *today*. *Corrosion inhibitor

New flashlight plus batteries free if this battery damages your flashlight.

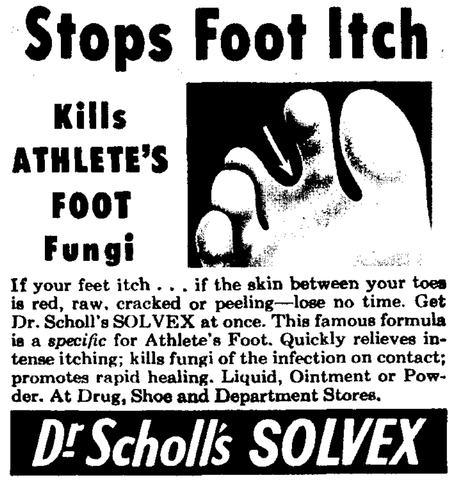
An Olin Product

OLIN INDUSTRIES, INC. • ELECTRICAL DIVISION • NEW HAVEN 4, CONN.

IF YOU SUFFER PAIN
of HEADACHE NEURALGIA NEURITIS
get FAST RELIEF with
ANACIN

the way thousands of physicians and dentists recommend.

HERE'S WHY . . . Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one but a combination of medically proved active ingredients. No other product gives faster, longer-lasting relief from pain of headache, neuralgia, neuritis than Anacin tablets. Buy Anacin® today!



If your feet itch . . . if the skin between your toes is red, raw, cracked or peeling—lose no time. Get Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX at once. This famous formula is a *specific* for Athlete's Foot. Quickly relieves intense itching; kills fungi of the infection on contact; promotes rapid healing. Liquid, Ointment or Powder. At Drug, Shoe and Department Stores.

Men, Here's Lather Right Out of a Can!

It isn't magic, but it works like magic! Just push the valve . . . and out comes the richest, creamiest lather you ever saw. No brush to slow you down, no greasy cream to clog your razor. AERO SHAVE contains 3 beard softeners for smoother, more comfortable shaves. And built-in Lano-Lotion soothes your skin *while you shave*. Get new AERO SHAVE push-button lather . . . only 59¢.

CONTAINS SOOTHING LANO-LOTION
Use "Push Button" Lather
AERO SHAVE
ONLY 59¢
AERO SHAVE

FALSE TEETH

KLUTCH holds them tighter

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost **as well as with natural teeth.** Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 25¢ and 50¢ at druggists. . . . If your druggist hasn't it, **don't waste money on substitutes,** but send us 10¢ and we will mail you a generous trial box.

KLUTCH CO., Box 5307-J, ELMIRA, N. Y.

WANTED: 100 MEN—100 WOMEN!

Wanted both men and women to use some of their leisure time to make extra income by taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S and all popular magazines. For money-making supplies, *write to:*

Independent Agency Division
THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY
640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

a ceremony of seating Victoria. She was still smiling when he went away, but suddenly the smile faded.

"You have lipstick on your cheek," she said calmly.

Instinctively Tom's right hand went to his cheek. Victoria shook her head, her eyes grave. "Your left cheek," she said. "Should there be some on both?"

"I don't think so."

Tom dabbed awkwardly with his handkerchief. The waitress came for their order, and he seized the interruption as respite from an embarrassing moment. When they had ordered, he leaned forward. "Look," he said. "About this lipstick—"

"It isn't any of my business."

"It was a gag kiss. I didn't know it was coming. I was out with Paul."

"Oh!" Victoria raised her eyebrows. "Beverly, no doubt."

"Yes. It was the first time I'd met her."

"She's efficient. She works fast. Did you enjoy it?"

"I don't know. It was a gag, as I said. I was saying good-by to them."

"In other words, you did enjoy it. Paul got some too, I suppose. Everybody having fun—like sandwiches at a picnic."

Tom grinned, and he could see in the grave dark eyes of the girl across the table a swift censorship or words still unsaid. He saw a great deliberate calm come over the small, oval face, wiping out expression.

Victoria picked up a roll and broke it. "What was Beverly wearing?" she asked casually.

"I don't know. Let's see—" He looked back into his mind, remembering. "A blue-gray suit. Military-looking. Brass buttons."

"Close your eyes. Quick!"

The girl's voice was urgent, so he closed his eyes. "Why?"

"Keep them closed. Tight. What am I wearing?"

"A gray dress," he said without hesitation. "A scarf of reddish brown. Hat the same shade. A lizard pin. Red stones for eyes."

Victoria sighed. "You win," she said. "You observe innocently. It must be part of your training. Did I sound like a cat?"

TOM opened his eyes. "Not like a full-grown cat," he said gravely. "A medium-sized kitten, I'd say."

"You're disconcertingly honest. But even a medium-sized kitten, with sound feminine sense, would purr pleasantly now and say that Beverly is a very attractive girl and so impulsive."

"But you don't feel like purring?"

"I do not."

"And you don't like Beverly?"

She said blandly, "Do you?"

"I'm not sure. In some ways, certainly."

"What ways? What's attractive about her? I'm not being nasty. I'm really terribly interested. I've never heard a man's honest opinion of any woman. It would be a new experience."

"How do you know my opinions would be honest?"

"Because *you* are. But if you'd rather not talk about Beverly, that's all right."

"I don't mind."

They had toyed with soup and salad while they talked, but the roast beef that the waitress brought now demanded serious attention. Victoria was frowning intently as she cut the beef on her plate.

I probably made a mistake, talking about Beverly, Tom thought. I slippe into it without thinking. How can man ever be sure of what a woma wants from him?

He was tempted to tell Victoria the Satan image. His instinct warne him against it. It would be too eas to create misunderstanding, and might not be fair to Beverly to tal about the image when he did not kno whether she took it seriously whether it fulfilled some distorted ide she had of fun. Talking about it might in some way, be a breach of confidence

"I was thinking of the spiritual sid of things," he said. "Paul is very religious. Beverly is not."

VICTORIA waited. Then she aske casually, almost too casually, "D you think Paul is religious?"

"Of course he is," Tom said an grinned. "Ask your grandmother."

"She wouldn't know. Paul has a l of answers. He's too rational and gli to be a good Catholic. He could d more praying and less talking."

"He's way ahead of most of us wh aren't very good at doing either."

Victoria did not seem to have hear him. "I can imagine Paul as a ma tyr in the arena," she said though fully, "one of the bravest and th best. That's a big thing, of cours But I can't imagine Paul being a ma tyr in the dark, alone."

"Very few people could be marty in the dark, alone."

Her eyes came back to him, grav unsmiling. "You could," she said. " you believed something!"

Tom laughed. "I'd probably be o of the Romans with badges, lockin the Christians up," he said.

"I wonder."

The waitress brought the desse menu. Victoria looked at it innocentl She lifted her eyes to the waitress. "D you have any cupcakes?"

Tom made a half-muffled protes The waitress, however, was a stoli literal girl who obviously paid no a tention to her boss's jokes. She w gone less than a minute and she ca back with two discouraged-looki cupcakes on a small plate.

It took slightly more than anoth minute for Nick to hear of it fro someone at the counter. He ca down the aisle, charged with excit ment. "Oh," he said, "you have o dered the police dessert, the copcak That is fine! With the police, y should always order them. Lieutenan this is a fine girl."

He hustled around spreading t news, and Tom looked sternly acro the table. "Why did you do that?" said. "He'll be wound up now for a other six months."

"I'm a girl who likes cupcakes Victoria said.

She was laughing at him, and fe people ever laughed at him. Tom L gan liked it. It made life simple aga and waved into the background t strange, complicating traits of peop —their prides, appetites, compulsio habits and antagonisms. He enjoy the film that they saw later. Th laughed together at it, instead of at ea other, and they took a warm glow wi them when they went out of the the ter into the mild night.

Victoria sat close to him in the c going home. They walked together the three steps of the small porch. felt big beside Victoria, clumsy-b where she was slimly graceful, and saw her small white face, her viv mouth, her dark eyes as she turned him. He was not an articulate p son when emotion touched him, and it touched him now.

"Look," he said, "I'm going to stop calling you Victoria. I'm going to call you Vicky."

The girl's eyes met his. "Why?" she asked.

"Because it belongs to you. It's the way I think of you. You're only Victoria part of the time."

She smiled then, and he knew that, of all the reasons for calling her Vicky rather than Victoria, he had chosen the right one. Swiftly then, she stretched her hands out, touching his shoulders briefly and kissed him on the cheek.

"That's a gag, too," she said, "but mine doesn't smear. Good night, Tom, and thanks."

She moved quickly away from him, but he caught her hand and drew her close. He bent to kiss her, and she pulled away. "That was good night," she said.

He did not want it to be that. If she were just a girl, any girl, it would not be good night, but he knew as he looked at her that she wasn't just any girl.

This, he thought, is the girl you've been waiting for and wanting all your life. Don't spoil it, Logan!

His fingers relaxed their grip and she drew away, hesitating there for a moment, held to him by the mood they had created together. "Thank you, Tom," she said.

He watched her as she opened the door, and he wanted her; strangely, too, he wanted to wait for her. He raised his hand in salute. "Good night, Vicky," he said.

THERE was an electric atmosphere in Beverly Colter's apartment after Tom Logan left. Beverly turned away from the door, humming under her breath. "I want to go somewhere," she said. "I want to go far and fast and have fun. Let's go to the mountains."

There was eagerness in her, as there always was when she wanted something, and the eagerness of Beverly Colter was a contagious thing. "We'll take my car," she said, "and I'll drive going up. You drive home. I hate the downgrades."

Her car was a yellow hardtop convertible. Beverly flicked on the radio when she started the engine, pressing buttons till she brought in a station that carried dance music. That done, she straightened her body and smiled, resting her hands high on the wheel.

She drove dexterously through the early-evening traffic, seemingly reckless but alert and watchful under the casual mask of indifference. When the last suburb was behind her she sighed and slid back in the seat.

PAUL watched her, sitting quietly on his own side of the car, letting her alone. It was one of the good things he had with Beverly—that sensing of her mood, that knowing when she would rather not talk, that instinctive respect he had for the something in her that would always be solitary. There were few people with whom one could share experience without the intrusion of words or touch. He thought about his conversation with Tom, and it all seemed foolish now, incredibly stupid. A girl like Beverly was not a problem. She was something that happened to a man—a revelation of self, calling out of him a riot of thoughts and emotions that he did not know were in him. A man did not do anything about a girl like Beverly; he got carried along with her in some strange, jointly created emotional sense.

She laughed softly. "Paul," she said.

"Yes."

"I discovered today what my devil was saying when he raised his arms like that."

"I knew long ago. He was saying, 'Hello, sucker.' "

"Don't be profane!"

"What do you mean, profane?" he asked.

"You believe in angels, don't you? He was an angel." Her voice softened. "The very greatest of the angels. He was Lucifer, bearer of light."

"He was a flying heel, a supernatural bum, a spiritual incompetent. Forget him."

"I can't. And I know what he was saying. I found it in a book."

"All right, if it makes you happy! What priceless gem did he give the world in his oration?"

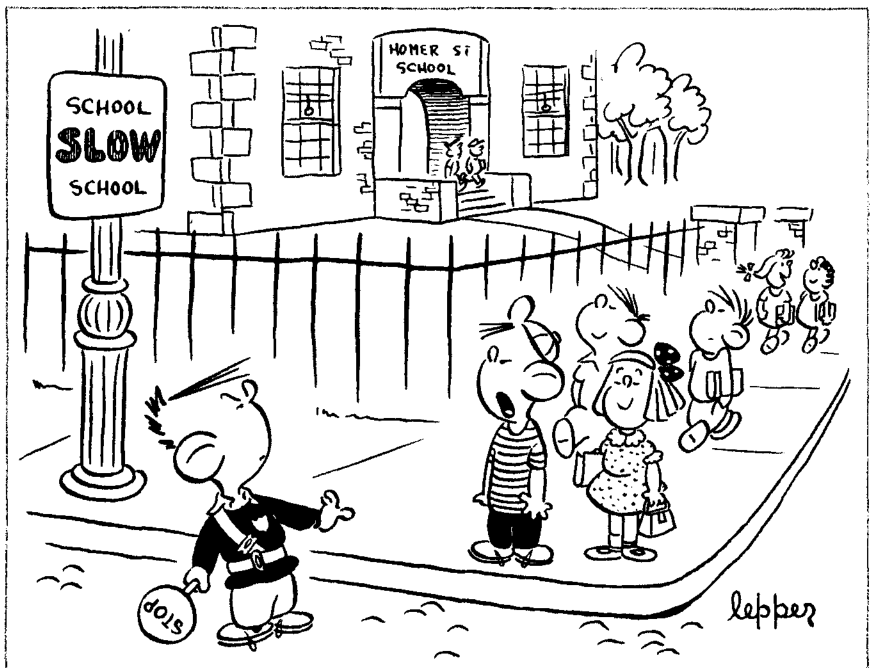
"I won't tell you. You wouldn't mock though, if you heard it. It makes my knees weak."

"You should exercise them more. Kneeling on them."

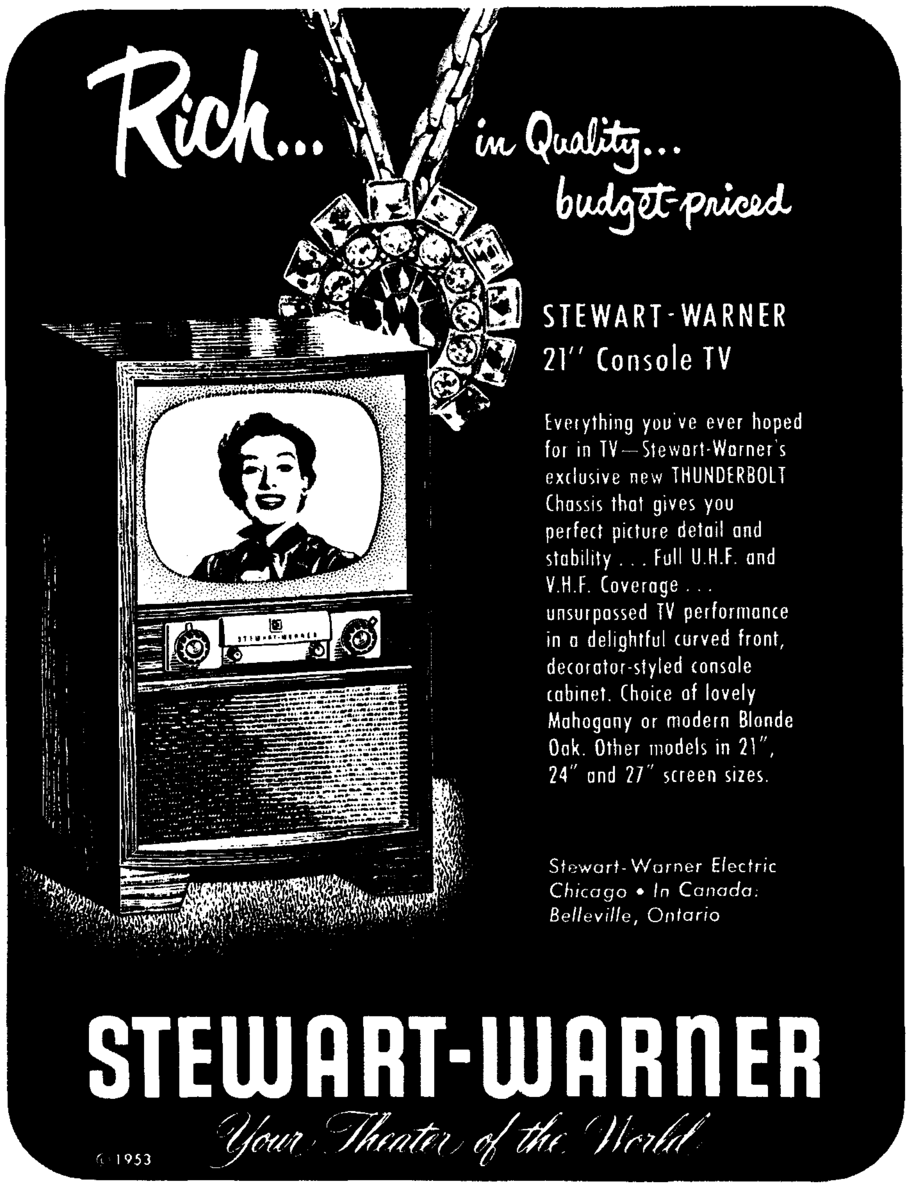
"Aren't you curious?"

"Why should I be? I've heard all the Satanic arguments."

Paul lounged on his own side of the wide seat, feigning an indifference that



COLLIER'S "Well, how about it, Flatfoot?" EDWIN LEPPER

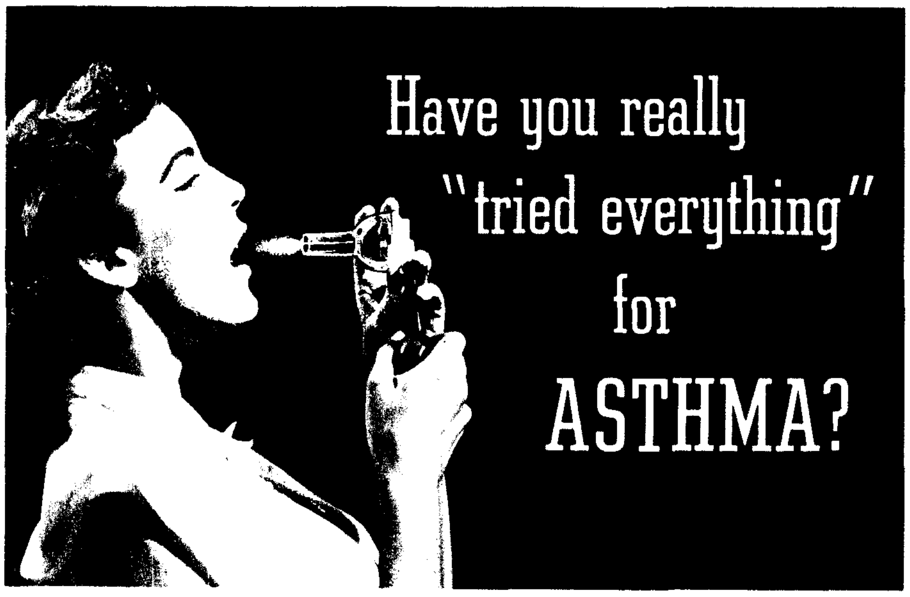


STEWART-WARNER
21" Console TV

Everything you've ever hoped for in TV—Stewart-Warner's exclusive new THUNDERBOLT Chassis that gives you perfect picture detail and stability . . . Full U.H.F. and V.H.F. Coverage . . . unsurpassed TV performance in a delightful curved front, decorator-styled console cabinet. Choice of lovely Mahogany or modern Blonde Oak. Other models in 21", 24" and 27" screen sizes.

Stewart-Warner Electric
Chicago • In Canada:
Belleville, Ontario

STEWART-WARNER
Your Theater of the World
© 1953


Have you really "tried everything" for ASTHMA?

Inhalation therapy is accepted world-wide as an effective means of controlling the agonizing symptoms of Bronchial Asthma.

You can try this therapy with the AsthmaNefrin Nebulizer and Solution 'A'® Inhalant on a 10-day money-back guarantee. So easy to use—just inhale a mist-like vapor directly into the affected area.

Your druggist will tell you that AsthmaNefrin is one of the pioneers in this field—that thousands have found relief with this method after other means had failed. Use only as directed.

Sold through Registered Pharmacies

ASTHMANEFRIN®
ASTHMANEFRIN CO., INC. • 6049 N. INTERSTATE, PORTLAND 11, OREGON

America's No. 1 Comfort Shoe

DR. LOCKE SHOES

they look as good as they feel

Style L701 Tan calf wing tip oxford

For Free booklet, write

Field and Flint Co.
BROCKTON 68, MASS.

SEAL UP DRAFT CRACKS

EASY! Handles like putty, hardens into wood. Keeps out drafts, dust, ashes and insects. Just press into cracks and let dry.

PLASTIC WOOD®

A CELLULOSE FIBRE FILLER

IN CANS OR TUBES

P.S. Stop hinges from squeaking with just a drop of 3-IN-ONE Oil

PSORIASIS

doesn't ruin my outdoor pleasures I USE SIROIL

Learn how hundreds of thousands of users have found Siroil tends to remove psoriasis crusts and scales on outer layer of skin. Light applications help control recurring lesions. Siroil doesn't stain clothing or bed linen. Offered on two weeks satisfaction or money refunded basis. 20 years of successful results.

AT ALL DRUG STORES

Write for free booklet
Siroil Laboratories, Inc.
Dept. CR-100, Santa Monica, Calif.

Mothersill's

The fast-acting aid in preventing and relieving Travel Sickness. *for Adults & Children*

MOTHERSILL'S TRAVEL REMEDY 53

THE WORLD OVER

AT DRUGGISTS

YES! AMAZING PAZO ACTS TO

REDUCE SWELLING OF SIMPLE PILES...

RELIEVE AGONY INSTANTLY!

Amazing Pazo* relieves torture of simple piles *fast*. Acts to relieve itching, pain *instantly*. Soothes inflamed tissues. Helps reduce swelling, prevent agonizing soreness. So don't suffer needless misery of simple piles. Get Pazo, get real comfort *right away*. Ask your doctor about it. Suppository form—also tube with perforated pile pipe for easy thorough application.

**Pazo Ointment and Suppositories®*

he did not entirely feel. There was something oddly compelling about that damned image. It had in it the lure of the abyss. One looked at that wise, sardonic, mocking face and curiosity stirred, the desire for the forbidden knowledge of the tree, the desire to know what evil knew. Reason said that when you hurled yourself from a height, you could not turn back, and that when you learned the unholy, all holy things were barred to you forever; but the glittering eyes of the image were mocking. Those eyes said: "But wouldn't you like to know?" And the curiosity-ridden, sensation-seeking, terrified human soul answered, "Yes."

Beverly turned her head. "Paul, I do want to tell you what he's saying. I'm excited about it. But I can't tell you here. You have to be looking at him. Then you will see how perfect it is. You can almost hear him as he says it. I'll tell you when we get back."

They were deep in the mountains now, surrounded by them. Beverly's foot eased on the accelerator as she coasted into a half-moon clearing where a dozen cars were parked. The electric sign above them spelled *Midway Inn.*

They piled out of the car into the tingling mountain cold, hurrying across the clearing to the inn. Inside a huge log fire blazed in a wide, old-fashioned fireplace. Two young couples were playing cards, and two men sat at another table with drinks before them. Paul and Beverly sat at one of the tables where they could look out toward the lonely highway that curved up the mountain.

The waitress took their orders and went away. Paul looked across the table at Beverly. Some magic of the mountains, of speed and cold and the sense of adventure, had deepened the blue of her eyes and intensified the gold of her coloring. At that moment, with the flame of the candle on the table flickering gently, and with the blazing logs sighing softly in the other room, emotion swelled in him. "I'm going to remember this minute forever," he said huskily.

Beverly smiled lazily. There was softness in her and mystery and a strange beauty. "Why?" she said.

"I have just discovered that I am in love with you," he said.

Beverly continued to smile a moment longer, then the smile faded and she leaned toward him, her eyes searching his. "Not here, Paul," she said. "Please."

"I didn't choose the place. It just happened."

"It couldn't," she said.

"It did." She stretched out her hand to him. "I had to say it, Bev."

"Will you tell me again? Later?"

"I couldn't help myself."

She pressed his fingers hard and released them. The waitress came back then, and they made an uneasy return to the platform of light conversation, but it was a return. Once they had made it they chatted easily, satisfying their hunger and enjoying the warmth, the sense of remoteness, the consciousness of cold pressing against the fortress that sheltered them. The long highway waited for them, and they were aware of that, too—an awareness that made the interlude more precious.

Paul recognized in himself a fear of words unsaid, a reluctance to face again a mood that he could not master. He got up. "Let's go!" he said. "My turn to drive."

Beverly gave him the keys, and they went out into a cold that cut their lungs. "I'll be glad when that heater works again," Beverly said.

The time for soft speech was not yet. As he started the engine and turned the car toward the highway, Paul had a depressing conviction that the moment would never return—that the perfect moment, through some mad paradox, had been the inappropriate and impossible one. Beverly Colter, in all of her life, would never be as beautiful again; and he, himself, would never again gaze from such a depth of wordless humility toward such a shining height.

The car dropped swiftly down, circling the mountain, picking up the straight road, ever descending. Beverly hugged her knees. "Are you angry at me?" she said.

"No. Of course not."

"You're so quiet and tense."

"I'm not tense. I was watching the road."

"You can watch the road and talk. You don't have to look at me when you talk."

"I like to look at you."

"That's better. Why do you?"

"I've never seen anyone I'd rather look at."

"Did you mean what you said back there at the inn?"

"You know I meant it."

Beverly's eyes searched his face. "Why?" she said. "You're not happy about it. I'm not the kind of person you like at all. I believe different things. I do things you hate."

"You don't give me much of a chance to be happy about it."

Paul turned the wheel, braked the car to a stop and flicked off the lights. He turned in the seat. "I told you I was in love with you," he said savagely, "even if you didn't want to hear it. That has nothing to do with whether I approve of you or not. It has nothing to do with what you believe or don't believe."

The harshness of his own voice shocked him, and the emotion behind his voice shocked him. In the moment when he was insisting vehemently that he was in love with a girl, he came close to hating her. Beverly, however, was not shocked. She smiled at him, and her eyes had a peculiar light of their own in the darkness. "I don't believe you are in love with me," she told him.

The very softness of her voice was a challenge; her expression of doubt demanded rebuttal. She was offering him sympathy because he was mistaken, rather than questioning his sincerity.

His fingers tightened on her shoulder and she flinched. "Paul!"

He released her, seeing her in a white blur, still feeling the urge to violence, unable to reason or to speak.

Beverly gripped his right hand in hers, and there was gentleness in her. She relaxed her fingers, and he put his arm around her, drawing her close to him, feeling the warmth and the softness of her and the yielding, inhaling the faint, elusive scent in her hair, and his whole mood changed.

"I must have been crazy," he said huskily. "I was hating a little—not you but life, I guess. I could only tell you that I loved you in some impossible place because I can't back it up. I haven't a damn' thing to offer you, nothing that you wouldn't be better off without."

She raised her head. "What did you want to offer me, Paul?"

"Everything, if I had it—a big ring, a long honeymoon, a big house—"

"I've got everything like that, Paul. I can have anything I want."

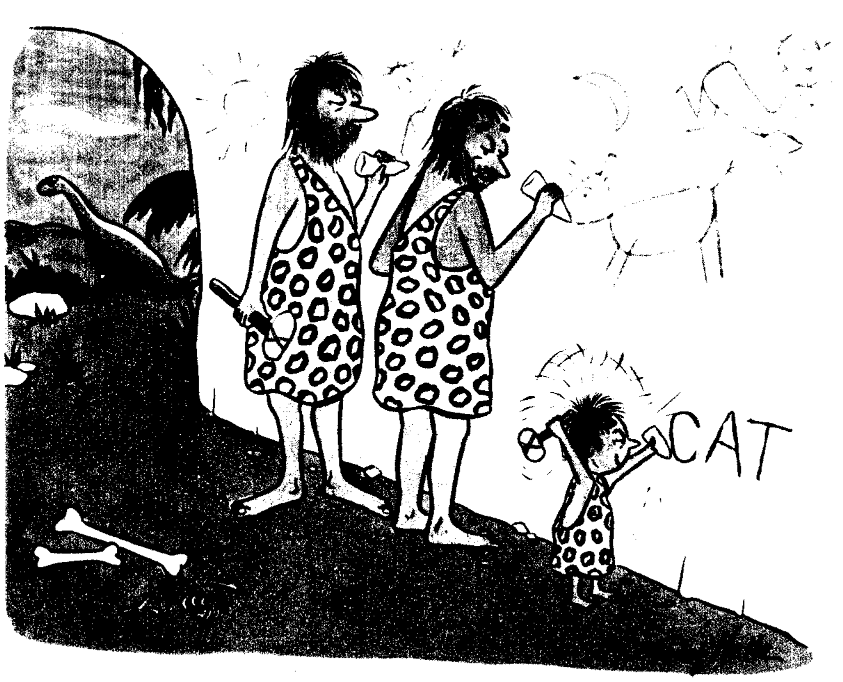
"I know. That's the hell of it. But I can't give them to you."

"It's silly to give me something I've got, or don't need."

She lay relaxed in his arms, and he pressed his lips to her hair. His mind was back in confusion. What could anyone give Beverly? The things of the spirit? The sharing of struggle? The sense of being needed? He shook his head. One did not think of her in those terms, and she did not understand those terms. Then what? Ask her to marry him and share in her bounty, bringing only himself? There was no dignity in it, no equality. Unless she could accept the only gifts he had, *the things of the spirit*—and she wouldn't—then in offering himself, he would be accepting vassalage.

His throat was dry. "Do you love me, Bev?" he said.

"I don't know." Her fingers caressed his cheek. "I like being with



"Someday people are going to go crazy trying to figure out what he's scribbling down there"

COLLIER'S RAY HELLE

you, Paul. I want to be with you. I never felt like that about anybody else. Not strongly."

He drew her to him and kissed her, feeling her response in every nerve of his body. She seemed to lift into his embrace. He held her tightly, and then she moved back from him, but only slightly back. There was an odd shining quality in her eyes, almost an expressionless quality. He felt protective toward her, gentle.

"Bev," he said, "marry me. Take what I have, not what you have. I'll try to make you happy."

"I'm glad you love me, Paul," she said. "But I don't want to get married."

She gave him her lips again, and they clung together until he drew back. "If you love me, you'll marry me," he said.

"No."

He moved away from her, seeking with one hand the chill of the wheel. Not like this! he thought. Not like this! Wait!

"What has marriage got to do with it?" she said drowsily.

"A lot."

"No!" Her body straightened suddenly. "It's that God business, isn't it?" she said. "You're afraid of Him. You can't think of loving anybody without thinking of Masses and of being prayed over."

"No, Bev," he said. "But I wouldn't offer you less than marriage because I'm not offering you less than love."

She stared at him, then looked away, confused. "If anybody else said that, it would be corny," she said. "But you believe it. I never knew anybody who thinks as you do. Never! Maybe that's why I can't get you out of my mind." She raised her face to his. "I'm sorry, Paul. I'm all wrong for you."

"No."

He kissed her, and the overpowering want of her was in his blood again. She turned in his arms. "Paul!" There was sudden excitement in her eyes. "Do you really believe that God is always watching you? That He is here? Right in this car *now?*"

He drew her to him, kissed her roughly, then turned on the ignition and put the car in gear. "The answer to that is yes," he said.

HE DROVE again, not slowly now nor carefully, but with a sort of fury. His anger was a clean anger, directed at himself. She did not know any better. She had no faith. She was melodramatic and a thrill seeker. It excited her to believe that by mentioning Him, she was invoking the image of God in his mind, calling upon God to witness her power to awaken lust. She did not understand, and her action was as childish as her reasoning. He had given her the only possible answer and he had, he knew, confused her. The thing now was not to make an issue of it.

She drew a deep breath, and he knew that she was seeking some neutral ground again. "Let's sing something," she said. "People Will Say We're in Love."

"Okay. Anybody can sing that."

He sang with her, and he knew he was in love with Beverly Colter—right or wrong, possible or impossible, he could not imagine any other girl anywhere. She did not have to be anything or conform to anything; she was complete in herself. Instead of loving, I reason, he thought, but not with Beverly.

His desires no longer tortured him; there was a drowsy peace in his nerves, a languor in his blood. He mated his voice to Beverly's, and they tried the songs they knew, harmonizing with improvised barbershop effects, enjoying their own voices and the sound they produced and the unity they achieved.

They held the mood when they stopped singing, watching the city flow toward them on the river of the road. The city slept as they drove through it.

THEY came to the university neighborhood, and the sign over the arch of the College Courtel was unlighted. Paul stopped in her driveway. Beverly turned toward him.

"Paul—"

"Yes."

"I want to tell you what he is saying."

"It's pretty late, Bev."

"That's the best time."

Instinctively they whispered. He walked around the car and helped her out. He was not sleepy. All his senses were in sharp focus. He was reluctant to leave her, and his curiosity was stirred.

"Wait for just a second, Paul," she said.

She opened the door and darted away from him across the dark room. He closed the door gently and stood with his back against it. A small light flared in her bedroom, and he knew that she had struck a match to light the candles before the image. He hated those candles, borrowed from pure worship, as he hated the Satan image; but he thought less about them tonight than about the girl. There was something naïve in her sensationalism, something incredibly young in her attempts to be bold and shocking and unorthodox, to be a colorful rebel without first learning to conform. She called out to him: "Paul."

"Coming."

He walked into the other room. The candlelight flickered over the dark form of Satan, and the amber eyes gleamed out of the lean face. Paul stopped, appalled as he was always appalled when he returned to a new vision of the image after being away from it. In memory it faded and lost its malevolence, becoming almost innocuous, the stupid toy of a girl who snapped her fingers at shadows; but the reality of it permitted no liberties, no lightness, no easy dismissal.

Beverly stood just below the figure with a small book in her hand, her fingers thrust as bookmarks between the pages. "Let me do this my way, Paul," she said. "I've been reading about him. I love his names. He has so many: the Prince of Angels, the Ruler of Darkness, the Alienate of God, the Rebel of Eternity, the Lost Archangel, Lord of Reprisals, Lord of Retaliation, Prince of Tears, the Dark Adversary!"

Paul moistened his lips. "Please!" he said. "No litanies."

Beverly hesitated. "I like his name, Lucifer," she said. "It's more right for him than Satan. He was a great angel, Paul. He really was. He was the first being created, the brightest angel in heaven."

She was faltering, defensive. Paul shrugged. "What is that, Paradise Lost?"

"Yes. I—"

"Well, Milton isn't Scripture."

"I don't care—he's thrilling. He made me understand my statue. Lucifer was alive. He didn't ask to be alive, but God gave him life, and he felt that he had a right to use it. If he had to do everything that God told him to do, and nothing that he wanted to do, he would be just a dummy, a robot. A lot of other angels felt the same way, and your God drove them out."

It was incredible to Paul that Beverly, with all that she was and with all the sophistication she pretended, could stand there like a schoolgirl reciting some elementary lesson and offer such simplicities.

"So you reach God by the back door," he said. "You can't have your devil without Him, so you accept Him."

"I don't!" Her voice dropped, grew softer, took on colorings of drama. "When all those angels were driven into a dark pit," she said, "they were beaten and discouraged. They had fought bravely but they were outnumbered and driven out, and they did not know what to do. Then Lucifer stood up before them, and this is how he looked, Paul."

She opened her book and her voice deepened. She put fire and intensity into the reading, rounding the syllables, taking dramatic pauses, projecting herself into the lines:

. . . Their dread Commander. He, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower. His form had not yet lost
All its original brightness, nor appeared
Less than Archangel ruined, and the excess
Of glory obscured. . . .

She lifted her eyes from the page and glanced toward the image. Paul's eyes followed hers. Lucifer seemed to smile, then not to smile. With hands uplifted, Lucifer seemed to draw in breath, as if he were about to speak.

BEVERLY tossed the book aside and lifted her head. "Lucifer stood out there before all those defeated angels who had fought so bravely," she said, "and they looked at him, waiting for him to speak. And he spoke."

She drew her breath in, glanced at the image, and let the words ring in the room, raising her arm as she did it. "'Awake! Arise! Or be forever fallen!'" she cried.

The candle flames flickered in the room, and the face of the image seemed alive, the eyes moving, the mouth moving. Paul looked at it, chilled, and Beverly laughed softly, delighted. He knew that she had rehearsed this and that she did not even have to look at the image—that she knew about the effect of that loud, rallying cry on the tiny flames, the effect of flickering light on the graven face.

"Isn't it wonderful, Paul?" she said. "Isn't it perfect?"

"No. For God's sake, Bev!"

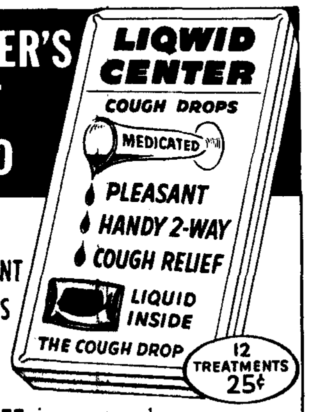
She turned swiftly and, rising on her toes, her rounded figure stretched, pinched out the candle flames. The room was dark, with the warm scent of the wax intermingled with the delicate fragrances from her dressing table. He felt her move toward him in the darkness, and there was a want of him in her voice.

"Paul!"

The emotion of the night, the many emotions that yet were one, swept through the room like a great, silent wind. He was swept up in it, and Beverly was in his arms, her body pressed to his, her lips waiting for his own. He floated in the embrace, his lips and all his being seeking her.

—WILLIAM E. BARRETT

(This is the first of five parts)


COUGHER'S BEST FRIEND

GREATEST ADVANCEMENT IN 50 YEARS

LIQWID CENTER COUGH DROPS
MEDICATED
PLEASANT
HANDY 2-WAY
COUGH RELIEF
LIQUID INSIDE
THE COUGH DROP
12 TREATMENTS 25¢

FAST RELIEF is yours when you use the *only* cough drop containing real liquid cough medicine.
BATHE YOUR THROAT with this soothing, pleasant-tasting liquid medication sealed inside the medicated candy shell . . . to relieve coughs due to simple colds.
EASY to carry your cough medicine in your pocket or purse.

LIQWID CENTER
MEDICATED COUGH DROPS
Product of Iodent Co.— Detroit

MY SEWING MACHINE RUNS LIKE A WATCH WITH 3-IN-ONE

3-IN-ONE OIL

P.S. Reset loose handles and hinges so easily with PLASTIC WOOD

A.1 SAUCE

Gives savor to STEW!

Ask for A.1. when dining out, too!

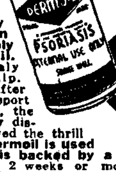
NOCONAS

STYLED IN SOFT KANGAROO

Your feet will enjoy the soft comfort of Kangaroo Leather fashioned in the exclusive lasts and colorful patterns of NOCONA BOOTS.

Ask your dealer

NOCONA BOOT COMPANY
ENID JUSTIN, President NOCONA, TEXAS


SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS (SCALY SKIN TROUBLE) Use DERMOIL

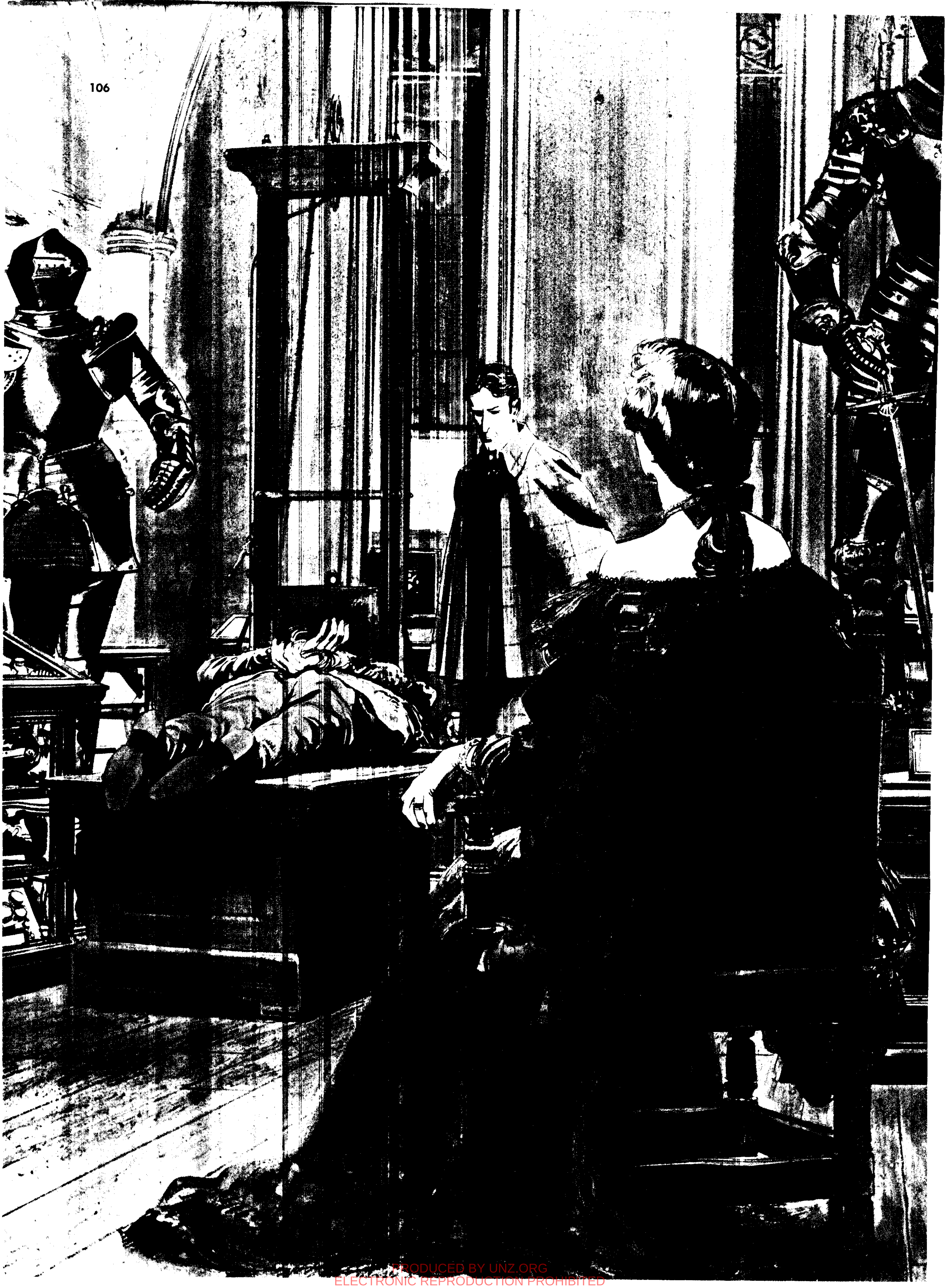
MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST

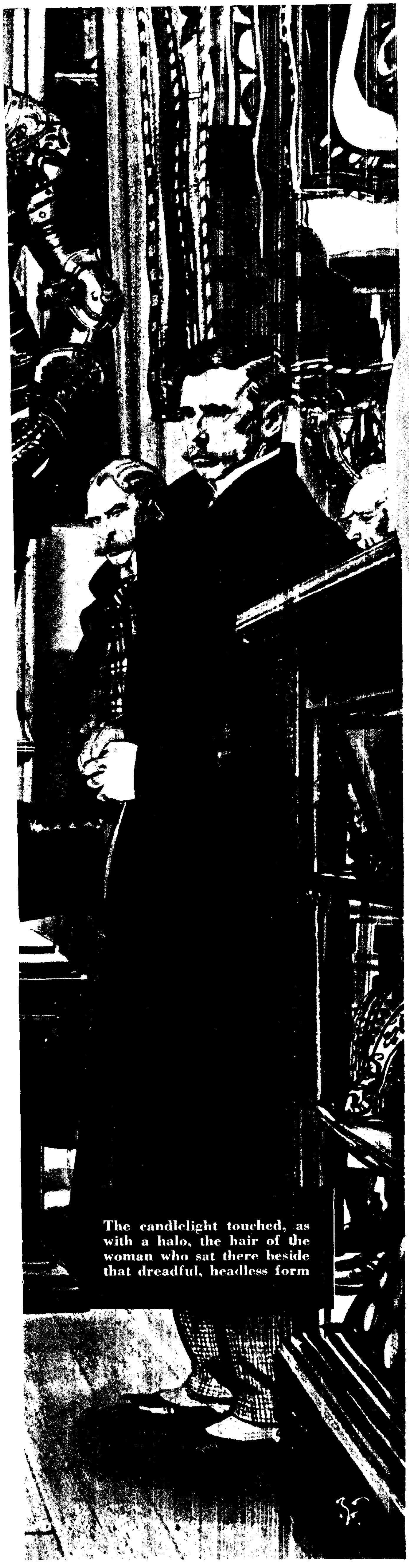
Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on psoriasis and Dermoil with amazing, true photographic proof of results sent FREE. Write for it.

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Send 10c (stamps or coin) for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test". Test it yourself. Results may surprise you. Write today for your test bottle. Caution: Use only as directed. Print name plainly. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 3925 Strathmoor Station, Dept. 3523, Detroit 27, Mich.

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

©1935 LAKE LAB.





The candlelight touched, as with a halo, the hair of the woman who sat there beside that dreadful, headless form

The Adventure of the RED WIDOW

By ADRIAN CONAN DOYLE

A man was beheaded, and another man had vanished. To the police it was obvious who the murderer was—but Sherlock Holmes had another idea

"YOUR conclusions are perfectly correct, my dear Watson," remarked my friend Sherlock Holmes. "Squalor and poverty are the natural matrix for crimes of violence."

"Precisely so," I agreed. "Indeed, I was just thinking—" I broke off to stare at him in amazement. "Good heavens, Holmes," I cried, "this is too much. How could you possibly know my innermost thoughts!"

My friend leaned back in his chair and, placing his finger tips together, surveyed me from under his heavy drooping eyelids. "I would do better justice to my limited powers, perhaps, by refusing to answer your question," he said, with a dry chuckle. "You have a certain flair, Watson, for concealing your failure to perceive the obvious by the cavalier manner in which you invariably accept the explanation of a sequence of simple but logical reasoning."

"I do not see how logical reasoning can enable you to follow the course of my mental processes," I retorted, a trifle nettled by his superior manner.

"There was no great difficulty. I have been watching you for the last few minutes. The expression on your face was quite vacant until, as your eyes roved around the room, they fell on the bookcase and came to rest on Hugo's Les Misérables, which made so deep an impression upon you when you read it last year. You became thoughtful; your eyes narrowed;

Another New Sherlock Holmes Story

THIS STORY IS PRINTED BY ARRANGEMENT WITH THE ESTATE OF THE LATE SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE. COPYRIGHT 1953 BY ADRIAN CONAN DOYLE

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT FAWCETT

it was obvious that your mind was drifting again to that tremendous, dreadful saga of human suffering.

"At length your gaze lifted to the window with its aspect of snowflakes and gray sky and bleak, frozen roofs, and then, moving slowly on to the mantelpiece, settled on the jackknife with which I skewer my unanswered correspondence. The frown darkened on your face, and unconsciously you shook your head despondently. It was an association of ideas. Hugo's terrible submerged world, the winter cold of poverty in the slums and, above the warm glow of our own modest fire, the bare knife blade. Your expression deepened into one of sadness, the melancholy that comes with an understanding of cause and effect in the unchanging human tragedy. It was then that I ventured to agree with you."

"Well, I must confess that you followed my thoughts with extraordinary accuracy," I admitted. "A remarkable piece of reasoning, Holmes."

"Elementary, my dear Watson."

THE year of 1887 was moving to its end. The iron grip of the great blizzards that commenced that month had closed on the land, and beyond the windows of Holmes's lodgings in Baker Street lay a gloomy vista of gray, lowering sky and white-capped tiles, dimly discernible through a curtain of snowflakes.

Though it had been a memorable year for my friend, it had been of yet greater importance to me, for it was but a few months since that Miss Mary Morstan had paid me the signal honor of joining her destiny to mine. The change from my bachelor existence as a half-pay ex-army surgeon into the state of wedded bliss had not been accomplished without some uncalled-for and ironic comments from Sherlock Holmes; but, as my wife and I could thank him for the fact that we had found each other, we could afford to accept his cynical attitude with tolerance and even understanding.

I had dropped in at our old lodgings on this afternoon—to be precise, December thirtieth—to pass a few hours with my friend and inquire whether any new case of interest had come his way since my previous visit. I had found him pale and listless, his dressing gown drawn around his shoulders, and the room reeking with the smoke of his favorite black shag.

"Nothing, save a few routine inquiries, Watson," he had replied to my question, in a voice shrill with complaint. "Creative art in crime seems to have become atrophied since I disposed of the late lamented Bert Stevens." Then, lapsing into silence, he curled himself up morosely in his armchair, and not another word passed between us until my thoughts were suddenly interrupted by the observation that commenced this narrative.

As I rose to go, he looked at me critically. "I perceive, Watson," said he, "that you are already paying the price. The slovenly state of your left cheek bears regrettable testimony that somebody has changed the position of your shaving mirror. Furthermore, you are indulging in extravagances."

"You do me a gross injustice."

"What, at the winter price of fivepence a blossom! Your buttonhole tells me that you were sporting a flower not later than yesterday."

"This is the first time I have known you parsimonious, Holmes," I retorted with some bitterness.

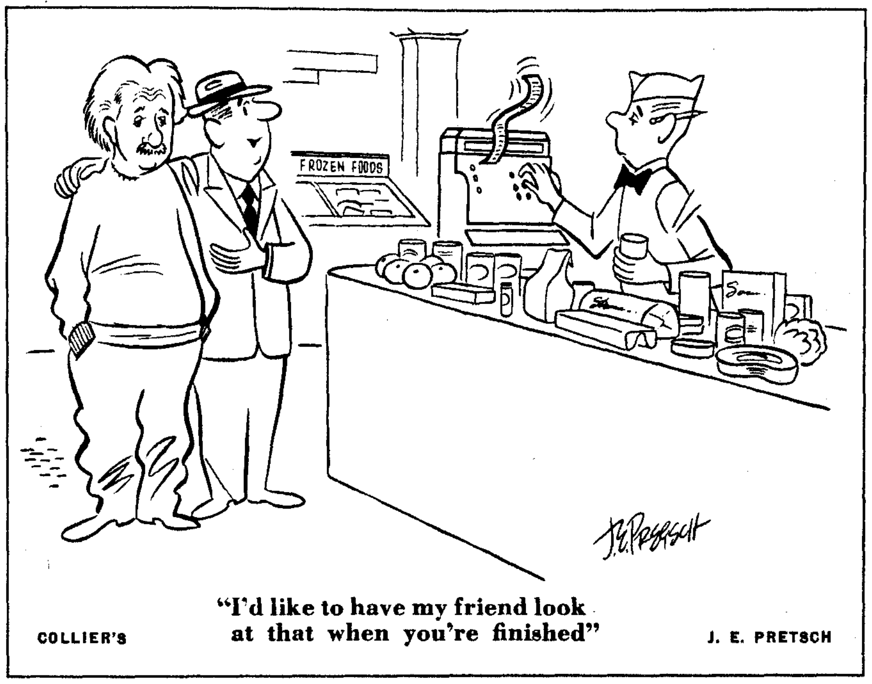
He broke into a hearty laugh. "My dear fellow, you must forgive me!" he cried. "It is most unfair that I should penalize you because a surfeit of unexpended mental energy tends to play upon my nerves. But hullo, Watson, what's this!"

There was a heavy step on the stairs. My friend waved me back into my chair. "Stay a moment, Watson," said he. "It is Gregson, and the old game may be afoot once more."

"Gregson?" I asked.

"There is no mistaking that regulation tread. Too heavy for Lestrade's, and yet known to Mrs. Hudson or she would accompany him. It is Gregson."

As he finished speaking, there came a knock on the door, and a figure muffled to the ears in a heavy cape entered the room. Our visitor tossed his bowler on the nearest chair and, unwinding the scarf wrapped around the lower part of his face, disclosed the flaxen hair and the long pale face of the Scotland Yard detective.



COLLIER'S "I'd like to have my friend look at that when you're finished" J. E. PRETSCH

"Ah, Gregson," greeted Holmes, with a sly glance in my direction. "It must be urgent business that brings you out in this inclement weather. But throw off your cape, man, and come over to the fire."

THE police agent shook his head. "There is not a moment to lose," he replied, consulting a large silver turnip watch. "The train to Derbyshire leaves in half an hour, and I have a hansom waiting below. Though the case should present no difficulties for an officer of my experience, nevertheless I shall be glad of your company."

"Something of interest?"

"Murder, Mr. Holmes," snapped Gregson curtly, "and a singular one at that, to judge from the telegram from the local police. It appears that Lord Cope, the deputy lieutenant of the county, has been found butchered at Arnsworth Castle. The Yard is quite capable of solving crimes of this nature, but in view of the curious terms contained in the police telegram, it occurred to me that you might wish to accompany me. Will you come?"

Holmes leaned forward, emptied the Persian slipper into his tobacco pouch, and sprang to his feet.

"Give me a moment to pack a clean collar and a toothbrush," he cried. "I have spares for you, Watson. No, my dear fellow, not a word. Where would I be without your assistance? Scribble a note to your wife, and Mrs. Hudson will have it delivered. We should be back tomorrow. Now, Gregson, I'm your man and you can fill in the details during our journey."...

The guard's flag was already waving as we rushed up the platform at St. Pancras and tore open the door of the first empty smoker. Holmes had brought three traveling rugs with him, and as the train roared its way through the fading winter daylight, we made ourselves comfortable enough in our respective corners.

"Well, Gregson, I shall be interested to hear the details," remarked Holmes, his thin, eager face framed in the ear flaps of his deerstalker, and a spiral of blue smoke rising from his pipe.

"I know nothing beyond what I have already told you."

"And yet you used the word 'singular' and referred to the telegram from the county police as 'curious.' Kindly explain."

"I used both terms for the same reason. The wire from the local inspector advised that the officer from Scotland Yard should read the Derbyshire County Guide and a gazetteer—a most extraordinary suggestion!"

"I should say a wise one. What have you done about it?"

"The gazetteer states merely that Jocelyn, Lord Cope is a deputy lieutenant and county magnate, married, childless, and noted for his bequests to local archaeological societies. As for the guide, I have it here." He drew a pamphlet from his pocket and thumbed over the pages. "Here we are," he went on. "*Arnsworth Castle, built reign of Edward III. Fifteenth century stained-glass window to celebrate Battle of Agincourt. Cope family penalized for suspected Catholic leaning by Royal Visitation, 1574. Museum open to public once a year. Contains large collection of martial and other relics, including small guillotine built originally in Nîmes during French Revolution for execution of a maternal ancestor of the present owner. Never used, owing to escape of intended victim, and later purchased as relic by family after Napoleonic Wars and brought to Arnsworth.* Pshaw! that local inspector must be out of his senses, Mr. Holmes. There is nothing to help us here."

"Let us reserve judgment. The man would not have made such a suggestion without reason. In the meantime, I would recommend to your attention the dusk now falling over the landscape. Every material object has become vague and indistinct, and yet its solid existence remains, though almost hidden from our visual senses. There is much to be learned from the twilight."

"Quite so, Mr. Holmes," said Gregson, with a wink at me, "very poetical, I'm sure. Well, I'm for a short nap."

IT WAS some three hours later that we alighted at a small wayside station. The snow had ceased, and beyond the roofs of the hamlet the long, desolate slopes of the Derbyshire moors, white and glistening under the light of a full moon, rolled away to the sky line. A stocky, bowlegged man swathed in a shepherd's plaid hurried toward us along the platform.

"You're from Scotland Yard, I take it?" He greeted us brusquely. "I got your wire in reply to mine, and I have a carriage waiting outside. Yes, I'm Inspector Dawlish," he added in response to Gregson's question, "but who are these gentlemen?"

"I considered that Mr. Sherlock Holmes's reputation—" began our companion.

"I've never heard of him," interposed the local man, looking at us with a gleam of hostility in his dark eyes. "This is a serious affair, and there is no room for amateurs. But it is too cold to stand arguing here and, if London approves his presence, who am I to gainsay him. This way, if you please."

A closed carriage was standing before the station, and a moment later we had swung out of the yard and were bowling swiftly but silently up the village high street.

"There'll be accommodation for you at the Queen's Head," said Inspector Dawlish. "But first to the castle."

"I shall be glad to hear the facts of this case," stated Gregson, "and the reason for the most irregular suggestion contained in your telegram."

"The facts are simple enough," replied the other, with a grim smile. "His lordship has been murdered, and we know who did it."

"Ah!"

"Captain Jasper Lothian, the murdered man's cousin, has disappeared in a hurry. It's common knowledge hereabouts that the man's got a touch of the devil in him—a hard hand with a bottle, a horse or the nearest woman. It's come as a surprise to none of us that Captain Jasper should end by slaughtering his benefactor and the head of his house. Aye, head's a well-chosen word," he ended softly.

"If you've a clear case, then what's this nonsense about a guidebook?"

Inspector Dawlish leaned forward while his voice sank almost to a whisper. "You've read it?" he said. "Then it may interest you to know that Jocelyn, Lord Cope was put to death by his own ancestral guillotine."

His words left us in a chilled silence.

"What motive can you suggest for the murder and for the barbarous method employed?" asked Sherlock Holmes at last.

"Probably a ferocious quarrel. Have I not told you already that Captain Jasper had a touch of the devil in him? But there's the castle, and a proper place it looks for deeds of violence and darkness."

We had turned off the country road to enter a gloomy avenue that climbed between banked snowdrifts up a barren moorland slope. On the crest loomed a great building, its walls and turrets stark and gray against the night sky. A few minutes later our carriage rumbled under the arch of the outer bailey and halted in a courtyard.

At Inspector Dawlish's knock, a tall, stooping man in butler's livery opened the massive oaken door and, holding a candle above his head, peered out at us, the light shining on his weary red-rimmed eyes and ill-nourished beard. "What, four of you!" he cried querulously. "It isn't right her ladyship should be bothered this way at such a time of grief to us all."

"That will do, Stephen. Where is her ladyship?"

The candle flame trembled. "Still with him," came the reply, and there was something like a sob in the old voice. "She hasn't moved—still sitting there in the big chair and staring at him, as if she had fallen fast asleep with them wonderful eyes wide open."

"And you've touched nothing, of course?"

"Nothing. It's all as it was."

"Then let us go first to the museum where the crime was committed," said Dawlish. "It is on the other side of the courtyard."

He was moving away toward a cleared path that ran across the cobblestones when Holmes's hand closed upon his arm. "How is this!" he cried imperiously. "The museum is on the other side, and yet you have allowed a carriage to drive across the courtyard and people to stampede over the ground like a herd of buffalo."

"What then?"

Holmes flung up his arms appealingly to the moon. "The snow, my good man, the snow! You have destroyed your best helpmate."

"But I tell you the murder was committed in the museum. What has the snow to do with it?"

Holmes gave vent to a most dismal groan, and then we all followed the local detective across the yard to an arched doorway.

I HAVE seen many a grim spectacle during my association with Sherlock Holmes, but I can recall none to surpass in horror the sight that met our eyes within that gray Gothic chamber. It was a small room with a groined roof, lighted by clusters of tapers in iron sconces. The walls were hung with trophies of armor and medieval weapons and edged by glass-topped cases crammed with ancient parchments, thumb rings, pieces of carved stonework and yawning mantraps. These details I noticed at a glance, and then my whole attention was riveted to the object that occupied the center of the room.

It was a guillotine, painted a faded red and, save for its smaller size, exactly similar to those that I had seen depicted in woodcuts of the French Revolution. Sprawling between the two uprights lay the body of a tall thin man clad in a velvet smoking jacket. His hands were tied behind him, and a white cloth, hideously besmirched, concealed his head, or rather the place where his head had been.

The light of the tapers, gleaming on a blood-spattered steel blade buried in the lunette, touched as with a halo the red-gold hair of the woman who sat beside that dreadful form. Heedless of our approach, she remained motionless in her high, carved chair, her features an ivory mask from which two dark and brilliant eyes stared into the shadows with the unwinking fixity of a basilisk. In all my experience I have never beheld a colder nor a more perfect face than that of the chatelaine of Castle Arnsworth, keeping vigil in that chamber of death.

Dawlish coughed. "You had best retire, my lady," he said bluntly. "Rest assured that Inspector Gregson, here, and I will see that justice is done."

For the first time she looked at us, and so uncertain was the light of the tapers that for an instant it seemed to me that some swift emotion more akin to mockery than grief gleamed and died in those wonderful eyes. "Stephen is not with you?" she asked incongruously. "But, of course, he would be in the library. Faithful Stephen."

"I fear that his lordship's death—"

She rose abruptly, her bosom heaving and one hand gripping the skirt of her lace gown. "His damnation!" she hissed, and then, with a gesture of despair, she turned and glided slowly from the room.

AS THE door closed, my friend dropped on one knee beside the guillotine and, raising the bloodsoaked cloth, peered down at the terrible figure beneath.

"Dear me," he said quietly. "A blow of this force must have sent the head rolling across the room."

"Probably."

"I fail to understand. Surely you know where you found it?"

"I didn't find it. There is no head."

For a long moment, Holmes remained on his knee, staring up silently at the speaker.

"It seems to me that you are taking a great deal for granted," he said at length. "Let me hear your ideas on this singular crime."

"It's plain enough. Sometime last night, the two men quarreled and eventually came to blows. The younger overpowered the elder and then killed him by means of this instrument. The evidence that Lord Cope was still alive when placed in the guillotine is shown by the fact that Captain Lothian had to lash his hands. The crime was discovered this morning by the butler Stephen, and a groom fetched me from the village, whereupon I took the usual steps to identify the body of his lordship and listed the personal belongings found upon him. If you'd like to know how the murderer escaped, I can tell you that too—on the mare that's missing from the stable."

"Yes, yes, most instructive," observed Holmes. "As I understand your theory, the two men engaged in a ferocious combat, being careful not to disarrange any furniture or smash the glass cases that clutter up the room. Then, having disposed of his opponent, the murderer rides into the night, a suitcase under one arm and his victim's head under the other. A truly remarkable performance."

An angry flush suffused Dawlish's face. "It's easy enough to pick holes in other people's ideas, Mr. Sherlock Holmes," he sneered. "Perhaps you will give us your theory."

"I have none. I am awaiting my facts. By the way, when was your last snowfall?"

"Yesterday afternoon."

"Then there is hope yet. But let us see if this room will yield us any information."

For some ten minutes we stood and watched him—Gregson and I with interest and Dawlish with an ill-concealed look of contempt on his weather-beaten face—as he crawled slowly about the room on his hands and knees muttering and mumbling to himself and looking like some gigantic dun-colored insect. He had drawn his magnifying glass from his cape pocket, and I noticed that not only the floor

DISCRIMINATING PEOPLE PREFER

HERBERT TAREYTON

WITH THE GENUINE CORK TIP

HERBERT TAREYTON
CIGARETTES
Cork Tip
MODERN SIZE
TAREYTON

MRS. J. WILLIAM ROBBINS, JR., striking young socialite of Greenwich, Connecticut. Discriminating in her choice of cigarettes, Mrs. Robbins says: "Herbert Tareytons are so pleasant to smoke because they have a genuine cork tip and such mild tobacco."

Discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton. They appreciate the kind of smoking that only fine tobacco and a genuine cork tip can give. The cork tip doesn't stick to the lips . . . it's clean and firm. And discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton because their modern size not only means a longer, cooler smoke, but that extra measure of fine tobacco makes Herbert Tareyton today's most unusual cigarette value.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THEM YOU'LL LIKE

Copr., The American Tobacco Company

but the contents of the occasional tables were subjected to the closest scrutiny. Then, rising to his feet, he stood wrapped in thought, his back to the candlelight and his gaunt shadow falling across the faded red guillotine.

"It won't do," he said suddenly. "The murder was premeditated."

"How do you know?"

"The cranking handle is freshly oiled, and the victim was senseless. A single jerk would have loosed his hands."

"Then why were they tied?"

"Ah! There is no doubt, however, that the man was brought here unconscious with his hands already bound."

"You're wrong there!" interposed Dawlish loudly. "The design on the lashing proves that it is a cord from one of these window curtains."

Holmes shook his head. "They are faded through exposure to daylight," said he, "and this is not. There can be little doubt that it comes from a door curtain, of which there are none in this room. Well, there is little more to be learned here."

THE two police agents conferred together, and Gregson turned to Holmes. "As it is after midnight," said he, "we had better retire to the village hostelry and tomorrow pursue our inquiries separately. I cannot but agree with Inspector Dawlish that while we are *theorizing here* the murderer may reach the coast."

"I wish to be clear on one point, Gregson. Am I officially employed on this case by the police?"

"Impossible, Mr. Holmes!"

"Quite so. Then I am free to use my own judgment. But give me five minutes in the courtyard and Dr. Watson and I will be with you."

The bitter cold smote us as I slowly followed the gleam of Holmes's dark lantern along the path that, banked with thick snow, led across the courtyard to the front door. "Fools!" Holmes cried, stooping over the powdered surface. "Look at it, Watson! A regiment would have done less damage. Carriage wheels in three places. And here's Dawlish's boots and a pair of hobnails, probably a groom. A woman now, and running. Of course, Lady Cope and the first alarm. Yes, certainly it is she. What was Stephen doing out here? There is no mistaking his square-toed shoes. Doubtless you observed them, Watson, when he opened the door to us. But what have we here?"

The lantern paused and then moved slowly onward.

"Pumps. Pumps," he cried eagerly, "and coming from the front door. See here he is again. Probably a tall man from the size of his feet and carrying some heavy object. The stride is shortened and the toes more clearly marked than the heels. A burdened man always tends to throw his weight forward. He returns! Ah, just so, just so! Well, I think we have earned our beds." . . .

My friend remained silent during our journey back to the village. But, as we separated from Inspector Dawlish at the door of the inn, Holmes laid a hand on his shoulder.

"The man who has done this deed is tall and spare," said Holmes. "He is about fifty years of age with a turned-in left foot and strongly addicted to Turkish cigarettes, which he smokes from a holder."

"Captain Lothian!" grunted Dawlish. "I know nothing about feet or cigarette holders but the rest of your description is accurate enough. But who told you his appearance?"

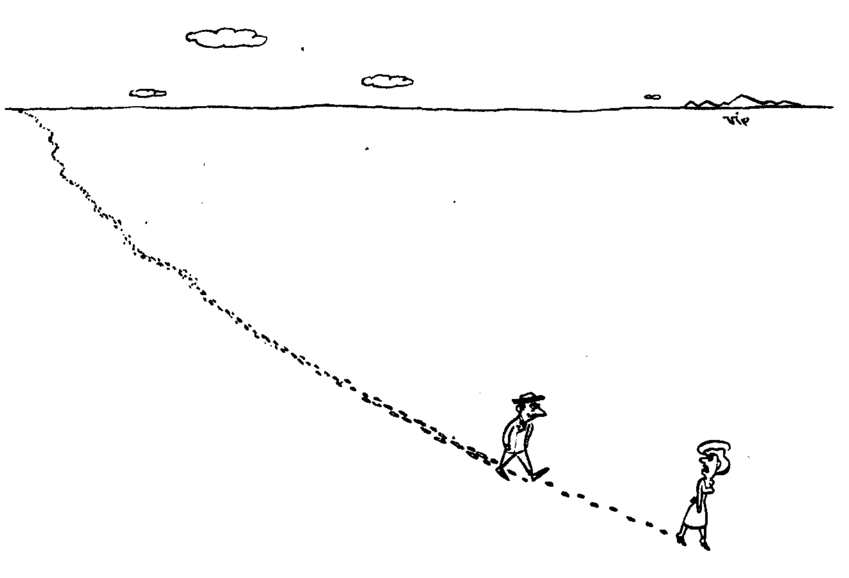
"I will set you a question in reply," Holmes said. "Were the Copes ever a Catholic family?"

The local inspector glanced significantly at Gregson and tapped his forehead. "Catholic? Well, now that you mention it, I believe they were in the old times. But what on earth—!"

"Merely that I would recommend you to your own guidebook. Good night."

On the following morning, after dropping my friend and myself at the castle gate, the two police officers drove off to pursue their inquiries further afield. Holmes watched their departure with a twinkle in his eye. "I fear that I have done you injustice over the years, Watson," he commented enigmatically, as we turned away.

The elderly manservant opened the door to us, and, as we followed him into the great hall, it was painfully obvious that the honest fellow was still deeply afflicted by his master's death. "There is nought for you here," he cried shrilly. "My God, will you never leave us in peace?"


COLLIER'S

"Masher!"

VIRGIL PARTCH

I have remarked previously on Holmes's gift for putting others at their ease, and by degrees the old man recovered his composure. "I take it that this is the Agincourt window," observed Holmes, staring up at a small but exquisitely colored stained-glass casement, through which the winter sunlight threw a pattern of brilliant colors on the ancient stone floor.

"It is, sir. Only two in all England."

"Doubtless you have served the family for many years," continued my friend gently.

"Served them? Aye, me and mine for nigh two centuries. Ours is the dust that lies upon their funeral palls."

"I fancy they have an interesting history."

"They have that, sir."

"I seem to have heard," Holmes went on, "that this ill-omened guillotine was specially built for some ancestor of your late master?"

"Aye, the Marquis de Rennes. Built by his own tenants, the varmints. Hated him they did, simply because he kept up old customs."

"Indeed. What customs?"

"Something about women, sir. The book in the library don't explain it exactly."

"Le droit du seigneur, perhaps."

"Well, I don't speak heathen, but I believe them was the very words."

"H'm. I should like to see this library."

The old man's eyes slid to a door at the end of the hall. "See the library?" he grumbled. "What do you want there? Nothing but old books, and her ladyship don't like—oh, very well."

He led the way ungraciously into a long, low room lined to the ceiling with volumes and ending in a magnificent Gothic fireplace.

HOLMES, after strolling about listlessly, paused to light a cheroot. "Well, Watson, I think that we'll be getting back," said he. "Thank you, Stephen. It is a fine room, though I am surprised to see Indian rugs."

"Indian!" protested the old man indignantly. "They're antique Persian."

"Surely Indian."

"Persian, I tell you! Them marks are inscriptions, as a gentleman like you should know. Can't see without your spyglass? Well, use it then. Now, drat it, if he hasn't spilled his matches!"

As we rose to our feet after gathering up the scattered vestas, I was puzzled to account for the sudden flush of excitement in Holmes's sallow cheeks. "I was mistaken," said he. "They are Persian. Come, Watson, it is high time that we set out for the village and our train back to town."

A few minutes later we had left the castle. But to my surprise, on emerging from the outer bailey, Holmes led the way swiftly along a lane leading to the stables.

"You intend to inquire about the missing horse," I suggested.

"The horse? My dear fellow, I have no doubt that it is safely concealed in one of the home farms, while Gregson rushes all over the country. This is what I am looking for."

He entered the first loose box and returned with his arms full of straw. "Another bundle for you, Watson, and it should be enough for our purpose."

"But what is our purpose?"

"Principally to reach the front door without being observed," he chuckled, as he shouldered his burden.

Having retraced our footsteps, Holmes laid his finger on his lips and, cautiously opening the great door, slipped into a nearby closet, full of capes and sticks, where he proceeded to throw both our bundles on the floor.

"It should be safe enough," he whispered, "for it is stone-built. Ah! These two mackintoshes will assist admirably. I have no doubt," he added, as he struck a match and dropped it into the pile, "that I shall have other occasions to use this modest stratagem."

As the flames spread through the straw and reached the mackintoshes, thick black wreaths of smoke poured from the cloakroom door into the hall of Arnsworth Castle, accompanied by a hissing and crackling from the burning rubber.

"Good heavens, Holmes," I gasped, the tears rolling down my face, "we shall be suffocated!"

His fingers closed on my arm. "Wait," he muttered, and even as he spoke, there came a sudden rush of feet and a yell of horror.

"Fire!"

In that despairing wail, I recognized Stephen's voice. "Fire!" he shrieked again, and we caught the clatter of his footsteps as he fled across the hall.

"Now!" whispered Holmes, and in an instant he was out of the cloakroom and running headlong for the library. The door was half open, but as we burst in, the man drumming with hysterical hands on the great fireplace did not even turn his head.

"Fire! The house is on fire!" he shrieked. "Oh, my poor master! My lord! My lord!"

Holmes's hand fell upon his shoulder. "A bucket of water in the cloakroom will meet the case," he said quietly. "It would be as well, however, if you would ask his lordship to join us."

The old man sprang at him, his eyes blazing. "A trick!" he screamed. "I've betrayed him through your cursed tricks!"

"Take him, Watson," said Holmes, holding him at arm's length. "There, there, you're a faithful fellow."

"Faithful unto death," whispered a feeble voice.

I started back involuntarily. The edge of the ancient fireplace had swung open, and in the dark aperture thus disclosed there stood a tall, thin man, so powdered with dust that for the moment I seemed to be staring not at a human being but at a specter. He was about fifty years of age, gaunt and high-nosed, with a pair of somber eyes that shone feverishly in a face that was the color of gray paper.

"I fear the dust is bothering you, Lord Cope," said Holmes very gently. "Would you not be better seated?"

THE man tottered forward to drop heavily into an armchair. "You are the police, of course," he gasped.

"No. I am a private investigator, but acting in the interests of justice."

A bitter smile parted Lord Cope's lips. "Too late," said he.

"You are ill?"

"I am dying." Opening his fingers, he disclosed a small empty phial. "There is only a short time left to me."

"Is there nothing to be done, Watson?" Holmes asked.

I laid my fingers upon the sick man's wrist. His face already was livid, and the pulse slow and feeble.

"Nothing, Holmes," I said.

Lord Cope straightened himself painfully. "Perhaps you will indulge a last curiosity by telling me how you discovered the truth," said he. "You must be a man of some perception."

"I confess that at first there were some difficulties," admitted Holmes, "though these dissolved themselves later in the light of events. This is not New Guinea. Why, then, should a murderer take his victim's head? The obvious answer was that he wished to conceal the dead man's identity. By the way," he demanded sternly, "what have you done with Captain Lothian's head?"

"Stephen and I buried it at midnight in the family vault," came the feeble reply, "and that with all reverence."

"The rest was simple," went on Holmes. "As the body was easily identifiable as yours by the clothes and other personal belongings which were listed by the local inspector, it followed naturally that there could have been no point in concealing the head unless the murderer had also changed clothes with the dead man. That the change had been effected before death was shown by the bloodstains. The victim had been incapacitated in advance, probably drugged, for it was plain from certain facts already explained to my friend Watson that there had been no struggle and that he had been carried to the museum from another part of the castle. Assuming my reasoning to be correct, then the murdered man could not be Lord Cope. But was there not another missing, his lordship's cousin and alleged murderer, Captain Jasper Lothian?"

"HOW could you give Dawlish a description of the wanted man?" I interposed.

"By looking at the body of the victim, Watson. The two men must have borne a general resemblance to each other or the deception would not have been feasible from the start. An ash tray in the museum contained a cigarette stub, Turkish, comparatively fresh and smoked from a holder. None but an addict would have smoked under those terrible circumstances. The footmarks in the snow showed that someone had come from the main building carrying a burden and had returned without that burden. I think I have covered the principal points."

For a while, we sat in silence, broken only by the moan of a rising wind at the windows and the short, sharp panting of the dying man's breath. "I owe you no explanation," he said at last, "for it is to my Maker who alone knows the innermost recesses of the human heart that I must answer for my deed. Nevertheless, I shall tell you enough to enlist perhaps your forbearance in granting me my final request.

"You must know, then, that following the scandal which brought his army career to its close, my cousin Jasper Lothian has lived at Arnsworth. I welcomed him as a kinsman, affording him not only financial support but, what was perhaps more valuable, the social aegis of my position in the county.

"As I look back now on the years that passed, I blame myself for my own lack of principle in my failure to put an end to his extravagance, his drinking and gaming. I had thought him wild and injudicious. I was yet to learn that he was a creature so vile and utterly bereft of honor that he would tarnish the name of his own house.

"I had married a woman considerably younger than myself, a woman as remarkable for her beauty as for the romantic yet singular temperament which she had inherited from her Spanish forebears. It was the old story, and when at long last I awoke to the dreadful truth it was also to the knowledge that one thing only remained for me in life—vengeance against this man who had disgraced my name and abused the honor of my house.

"On the night in question, Lothian and I sat late over our wine in this very room. I had contrived to drug his port, and before the effects of the narcotic could deaden his senses I told him of my discovery and that death alone could wipe out the score. He sneered back at me that in killing him I would merely put myself on the scaffold and expose my wife's shame to the world. When I explained my plan, the sneer was gone from his face and the terror of death freezing in his black heart. The rest you know. As the drug deprived him of his senses, I changed clothes with him, bound his hands with a cord torn from the door curtain and carried him across the courtyard to the museum, to the virgin guillotine which had been built for another's infamy.

"When it was over, I summoned Stephen and told him the truth. The old man never hesitated in his loyalty. Together we buried the head in the family vault and then, seizing a mare from the stable, Stephen rode it across the moor to convey an impression of flight and finally left it concealed in a lonely farm owned by his sister. All that remained was for me to disappear.

"Arnsworth, like many mansions belonging to families that had been Catholic in the olden times, possessed a priest's hole. There I have lain concealed, emerging only at night into the library to lay my final instructions upon my faithful servant."

"Thereby confirming my suspicion as to your proximity," interposed Holmes, "by leaving no fewer than five smears of Turkish tobacco ash upon the rugs. But what was your ultimate intention?"

"In taking vengeance for the greatest wrong which one man can do to another I had successfully protected our name from the shame of the scaffold. I could rely on Stephen's loyalty. My wife, though she knew the truth, could not betray me without announcing to the world her own infidelity. Life held nothing more for me. I determined therefore to allow myself a day or two in which to get my affairs in order and then to die by my own hand. I assure you that your discovery of my hiding place had advanced the event by only an hour or so. I had left a letter for Stephen begging him as his final devoir that he would bury my body secretly in the vaults of my ancestors. There, gentlemen, is my story. I am the last of the old line, and it lies with you whether or not it shall go out in dishonor."

Sherlock Holmes laid a hand upon his. "It is perhaps as well that it has been pointed out to us already that my friend Watson and I are here in an entirely private capacity," said he quietly. "I am about to summon Stephen, for I cannot help feeling that you would be more comfortable if he carried this chair into the priest's hole and closed the sliding panel after you."

We had to bend our heads to catch the nobleman's response. "Then a higher tribunal will judge my crime," he whispered faintly, "and the tomb shall devour my secret. May a dying man's blessing rest upon you."

OUR journey back to London was both chilly and depressing. With nightfall the snow had recommenced, and Holmes was in his least communicative mood, staring out of the window at the scattered lights of villages and farm houses.

"The old year is nodding to its fall," he remarked suddenly, "and in the hearts of all these kindly, simple folk awaiting the midnight chimes dwells the perennial anticipation that what is to come will be better than what has been. Hope remains the one supreme panacea for all the knocks and bruises which life metes out to us." He leaned back and began to stuff his pipe with shag. "Should you eventually write an account of this curious affair," he went on, "I would suggest that a suitable title would be The Red Widow."

"Knowing your unreasonable aversion to women, Holmes, I am surprised that you noticed the color of her hair."

"I refer, Watson, to the popular sobriquet for a guillotine in the days of the French Revolution," he said.

THE hour was late when, at last, we reached our old lodgings in Baker Street, where Holmes, after poking up the fire, lost not a moment in donning his mouse-colored dressing gown. "It is approaching midnight," I observed, "and as I would wish to be with my wife when this year of eighteen eighty-seven draws to its close, I must be on my way. Let me wish you a happy new year, my dear fellow."

"I heartily reciprocate your good wishes, Watson," he replied. "Pray bear my greetings to your wife and my apologies for your temporary absence."

I had reached the deserted street and, pausing for a moment to raise my collar against the swirl of the snowflakes, I was about to set out on my walk when my attention was arrested by the strains of a violin. I raised my eyes to the window of our old sitting room and there, sharply outlined against the lamplighted blind, was the shadow of Sherlock Holmes. I could see the slight stoop of his shoulders as he bent over his fiddle, the rise and fall of the bow. But surely this was no dreamy Italian air, no complicated improvisation of his own creation, that drifted down to me through the stillness of that bleak winter night.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And auld lang syne?

A snowflake must have drifted into my eyes, for, as I turned away, the gas lamps glimmering down the desolate expanse of Baker Street seemed to be strangely blurred.

* * *

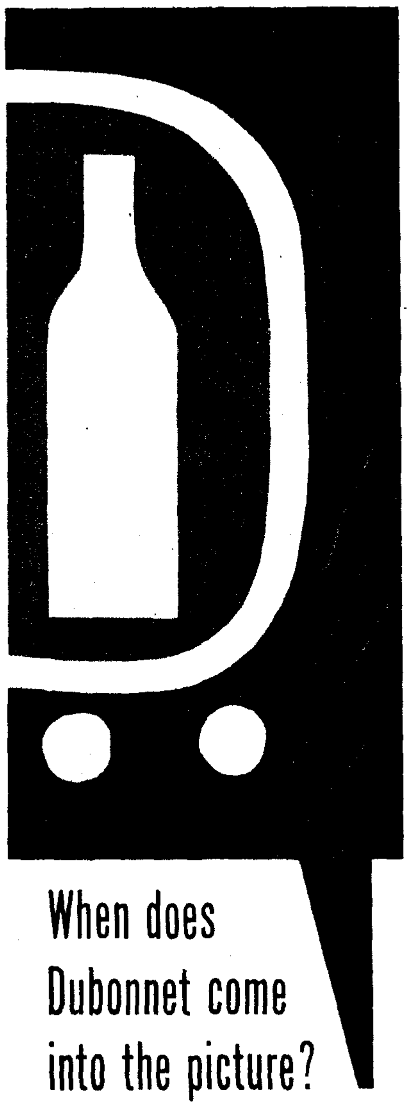
My task is done. My notebooks have been replaced in the black tin deedbox where they have been kept in recent years, and for the last time I have dipped my pen in the inkwell.

Through the window that overlooks the modest lawn of our farmhouse, I can see Sherlock Holmes strolling among his beehives. His hair is quite white, but his long thin form is as wiry and energetic as ever and there is a touch of healthy color in his cheeks, placed there by the clover-laden breezes that carry the scent of the sea amid these gentle Sussex Downs. Our lives are drawing toward eventide, and old faces and old scenes are gone forever, and yet as I lean back in my chair and close my eyes, for a while the past rises up to obscure the present, and I see before me the yellow fogs of Baker Street, and I hear once more the voice of the best and wisest man whom I have ever known:

"Come, Watson, the game's afoot!"

—ADRIAN CONAN DOYLE

This is the last of a series of new Sherlock Holmes stories, which Collier's has published this year. These stories will appear in a book which will be published by Random House, Incorporated, in February, 1954.



When does
Dubonnet come
into the picture?

If you like your TV far into the P.M....
why not add to your enjoyment
with mild, pleasant Dubonnet?

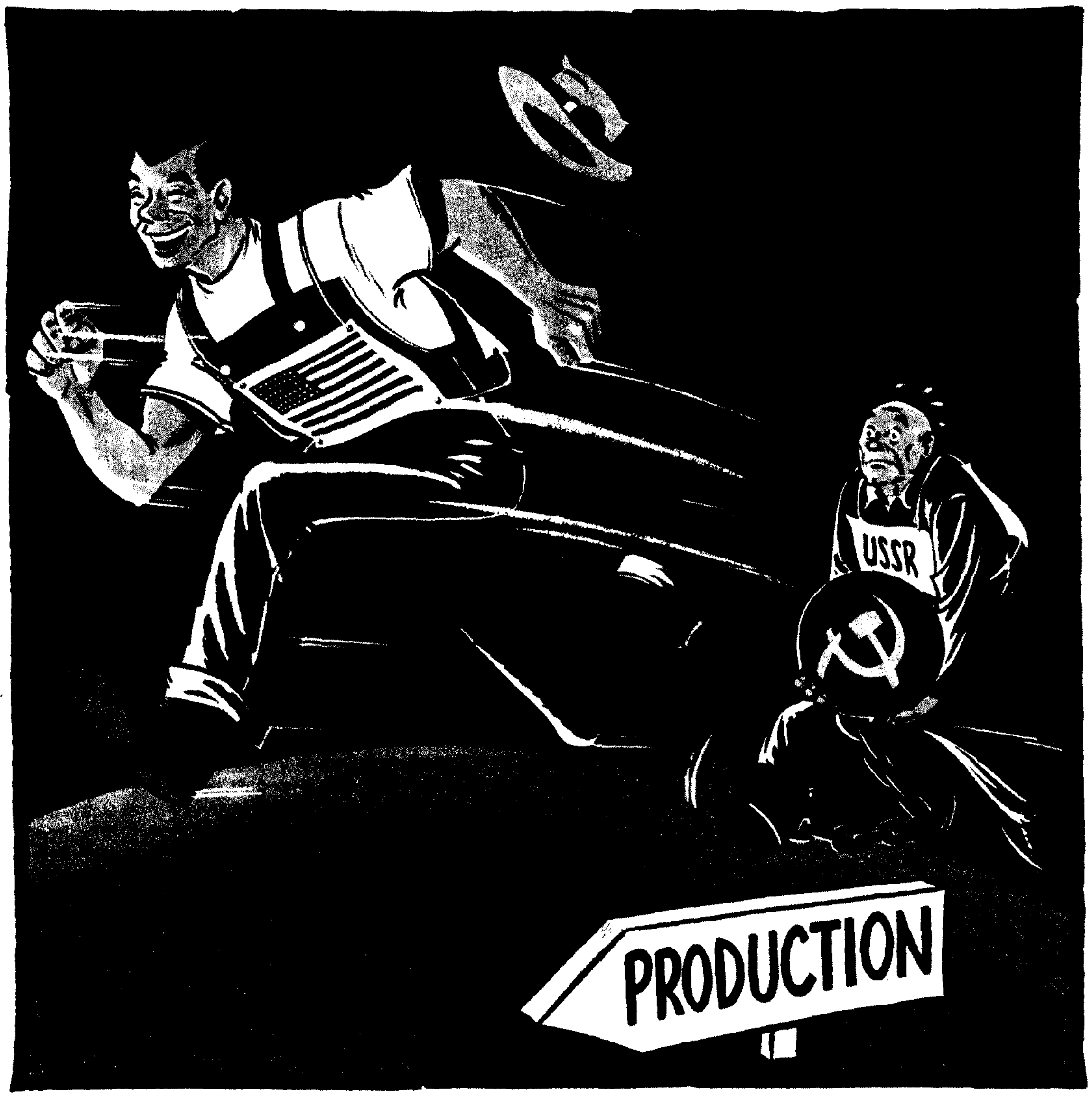
Dubonnet is tangy. Zestful. Satisfying.
Yet so light you can safely enjoy it any hour
of the day or night. (Nobody ever wonders
whether to risk another Dubonnet!)

So tonight and every night, sit back
and enjoy the long, late TV hours...
with Dubonnet in the picture!

Dubonnet

DUBONNET
Dubonnet
An Aperitif Wine
MADE SINCE 1846

DUBONNET APERITIF WINE, PRODUCT OF U.S.A.
© 1953 DUBONNET CORP., PHILA., PA.



JOHN FISCHETTI

What Are We Afraid Of?

FEAR HAS BECOME a kind of national habit. Since the end of World War II we Americans have been developing an increasing tendency to jump at strange noises, peer under beds and generally quake in our boots as if we were walking through a graveyard after dark.

The analogy is not strained—the small boy walking through the graveyard and the modern American in today's world are equally beset by mankind's ancient dread of the unknown.

The unknown in our case comprises the mechanics and mental processes that revolve behind the Iron Curtain. The focal point of our apprehension is that bleak, turreted, high-walled fortress, the Kremlin. . . .

We would not undertake to downgrade the fearsomeness of World Communism. But we would like to upgrade the awe the men behind the Kremlin's walls feel when they peer out at their own particular bogy—the United States of America. If we have cause for a certain nervousness, they have reason for galloping jitters.

We are not a secretive people; we broadcast the statistics of our strength from the rooftops.

The two most important materials of modern war are steel and oil; possibly atomic energy ought to be added now as a third.

The U.S.S.R., by bending every effort, imposing every sacrifice upon its people, straining every sinew, is bringing its steel production up to around 42,000,000 tons per year. Without any visible strain, we can produce nearly three times as much.

By Herculean effort Russia pumps up around 378,000,000 barrels of oil per year. We produce six times as much.

We don't know what our edge is in A-bombs and H-bombs, but we probably have at least ten to their one, and better ones, too.

And the worst of it, from their view, is that they haven't a whisper of a chance of closing the gap. The productiveness of our free-enterprise system is too much for them.

They just haven't got the know-how, the economic oomph, to do it. To devise even a poor imitation of this system of ours lies beyond their power, and always will.

For the open secret, the lubricant, of our system is freedom. It is the free interplay of supply and demand, the freedom of the buyer to choose and the producer to compete for trade and to profit from his success—this is the cornerstone of American productivity.

We have parlayed the results of these freedoms into mass production, and we have turned out such surging floods of goods as the world has never known.

To assure the perpetuation and the ever-increasing fecundity of this system we have reared a whole new profession—industrial management—and spread the parts of our intricate know-how among hundreds of thousands of competent men. Here we have developed a new kind of genius—the genius of teamwork carried to the highest degree. This genius has managed the almost incredible task of building a mighty defense with one hand, and building a matchless living standard with the other. It has done these things while carrying a sick Europe across the treacherous bog of the postwar slump. And we never yet—even at the height of World War II—have thrown the throttle wide open.

The men of the Kremlin can watch while this system spirals ever upward, deriving momentum from freedom and in turn bulwarking that freedom with ever-gaining strength. They can watch, but beyond their frantic and so far puny efforts at sabotage they can't do anything about it.

For they are shackled to a different system, and a cardinal tenet of that system is that they dare not give their people freedom. Freedom is anathema to Marxism.

So they must go on lacking the essential lubricant that makes ours the strongest system on earth. They must go on pitting the dreary impetus of compulsion against the dynamic force of free men working gladly together.

Burdened with an inflexible and soul-deadening dogma, plagued with the unrest of captive nations who knew freedom and have seen it wrenched away, they have reason enough to fear our strength. And they do fear it—profoundly. Their very secretiveness is proof.

Plainly the advantage, over the long run, lies all with us. Only foolish and groundless fear, swollen into panic, could forfeit that victory.

Grading Isn't Degrading

IN SPITE OF OBJECTIONS *from the* CIO and AFL government workers' unions, Harold Stassen is going ahead with intelligence tests of 1,700 Washington employees of the Foreign Operations Administration, which he heads. The tests will be used as partial guidance in the economy dismissal of some 400 workers in the agency.

The union contends that anyone dismissed after taking the tests, which it calls "degrading and legally debatable," would "never be able to erase the stigma." But Mr. Stassen has said that nothing in the employees' tests will be used against them, so far as civil-service records are concerned.

We believe that Mr. Stassen has the better of the argument. It doesn't seem that he is quarreling with the Founding Fathers' thesis of freedom, equality and inalienable rights when he accepts the fact that some people are more able than others. And we see no degradation or illegality when, as a member of an administration pledged to budget reduction, he decides that tests of intelligence and ability shall help to determine who shall go from his department and who shall remain.

Throughout this country's history, private business has generally followed a policy of hiring the best people it can get at the going wage. That policy has contributed to our economic growth and strength. We believe that the federal government has not only the right but the obligation to operate in the same way. To argue otherwise is simply to help perpetuate an inflated bureaucracy which the Eisenhower administration, with the mandate and approval of the majority of voters, is pledged to reduce.

If you like beer You'll Love Schlitz

No harsh bitterness . . .
Just the kiss of the hops

This dry and mellow beer . . . this beer of *matchless flavor* . . . is the world's largest seller.

Year after year more bottles and cans of Schlitz are bought—*millions more*—than of any other beer. This popularity is the result of the most conclusive taste test in beer history.

Schlitz
Schlitz
Schlitz
First in Sales

Schlitz is available in quart bottles, 12-ounce bottles and cans, and the 7-ounce bottle. Also in 24-Pak and handy 6-Pak cartons of cans and "one-way" bottles that require no deposit.

ON TV EVERY WEEK—The popular "SCHLITZ PLAYHOUSE OF STARS." See your newspaper for time and station.

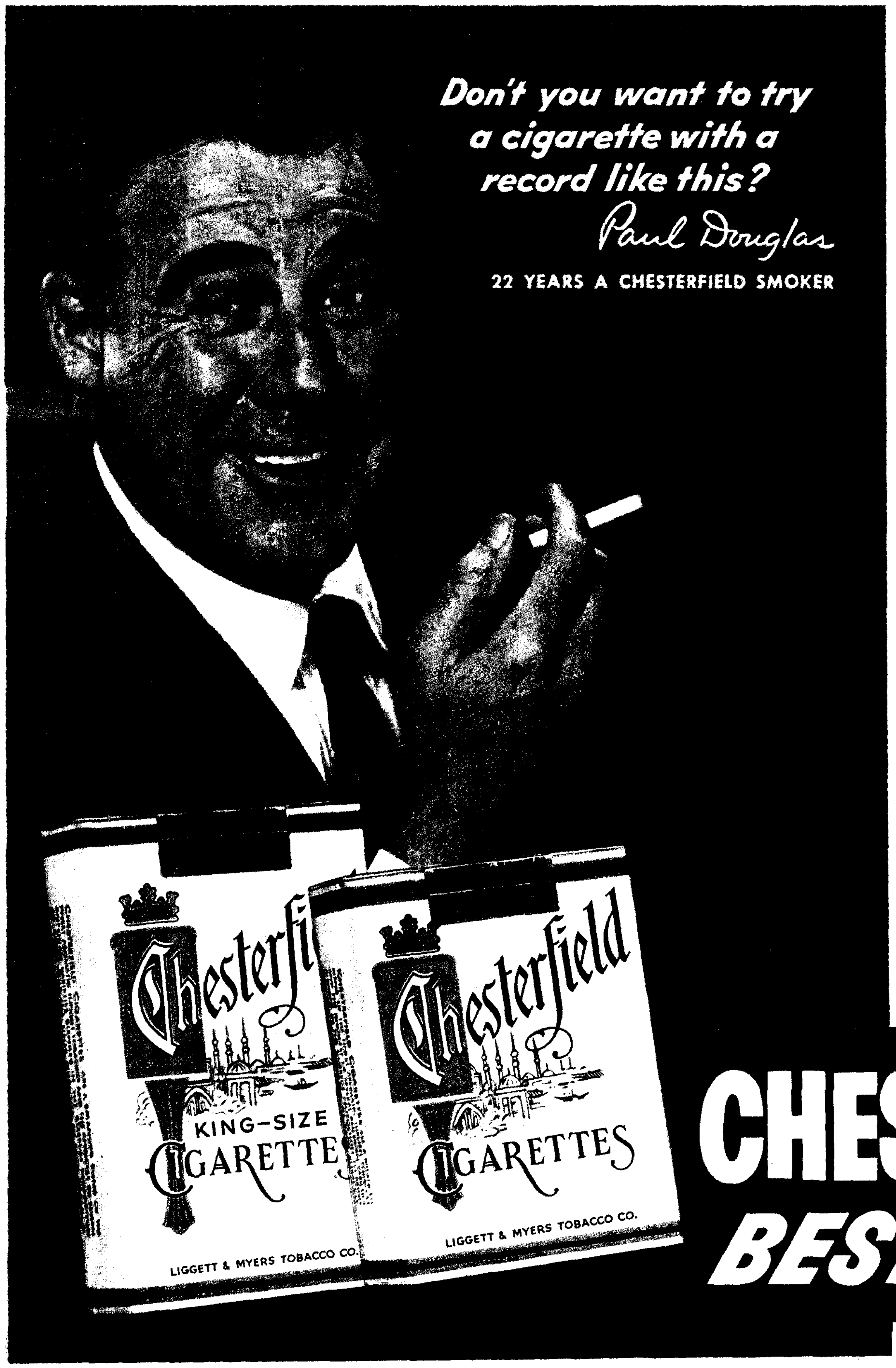
© 1953—Jos. Schlitz Brewing Company,
Milwaukee, Wis.
Breweries at Milwaukee, Wis.
and Brooklyn, N. Y.

®

The Beer that Made Milwaukee Famous

DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY L
PITTSBURGH 19, P

LOW IN NICOTINE HIGHEST IN QUALITY


Chesterfield
KING-SIZE
CIGARETTES
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.
Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

Don't you want to try a cigarette with a record like this?

Paul Douglas

22 YEARS A CHESTERFIELD SMOKER

When you smoke Chesterfield it's so satisfying to know that you are getting the one cigarette that's low in nicotine, highest in quality.

A fact proved by chemical analyses of the country's six leading cigarette brands.

• • • •

And it's so satisfying to know that a doctor reports no adverse effects to the nose, throat and sinuses from smoking Chesterfield.

The doctor's report is part of a program supervised by a responsible independent research laboratory and is based on thorough bi-monthly examinations of a group of Chesterfield smokers over a period of a year and four months.

CHESTERFIELD—FIRST WITH PREMIUM QUALITY IN BOTH REGULAR AND KING-SIZE.

CHESTERFIELD

BEST FOR YOU

Copyright 1953, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co